THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu[illegible] Weekly
Founded A[illegible]. Franklin

FEBRUARY 3, 1917 — 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

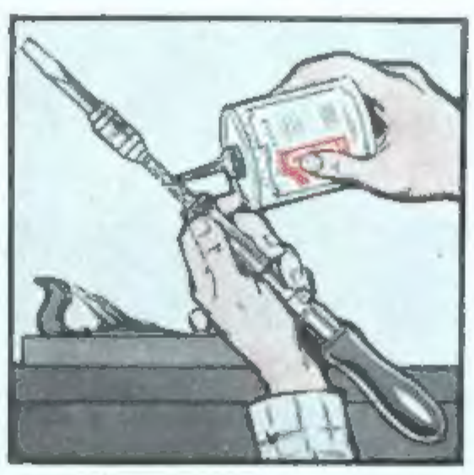
In This Number

Albert W. Atwood—Peter B. Kyne—Helen Van Campen—George Pattullo—Edwin Lefèvre
Melville Davisson Post—Joseph Hergesheimer—Will Payne—Philip E. Hubbard—Will Irwin

Movie of a Man Just Discovering 3-in-One

Told by friend that 3-in-One takes the "pull" out of razors, by preventing rust forming on edge of blade. Gives the idea a tryout. Finds it's a fact.

Uses 3-in-One on his auto springs. Prevents rust and stops squeaks. Better than graphite. Easy to apply. Needn't jack up car or spread leaves apart.



Finds that 3-in-One is great stuff for tools. Lubricates action parts just right. Prevents rust on cutting edges. Keeps them sharp. Makes saws work easy.

Passes the Handy Oil Can along to Miss Steno at the office. 3-in-One makes typewriter and adding machine work like new. Cleans and polishes desks, too.

Learns that 3-in-One is the oil his gun and fishing reel need. It oils all delicate mechanisms perfectly. Never gums or collects dirt.

The Oil His Wife Has Known All Her Life

Years ago, mother taught her to oil the sewing machine with 3-in-One. It works all dust, dirt and lint out of the delicate bearings. Never dries out.

She makes her own dustless dusters. Some 3-in-One on a piece of cheesecloth—that's all. Sanitary. Collects and holds every speck of dust.

Pouring 3-in-One on an ordinary mop (cut off as shown) gives her a perfect polish mop that cleans hardwood and painted floors and "heals" the scratches.

With a little 3-in-One on a damp cloth she cleans her piano and fine furniture. Then a soft, dry cloth brings a beautiful, lasting polish.

Nothing else is as good as 3-in-One for polishing and preventing tarnish and verdigris on nickeled bathroom fixtures. It brightens up the metal-work all over the house.

3-in-One Lubricates—Cleans and Polishes—Prevents Rust

Three different kinds of work, but 3-in-One does them all well. It lubricates to perfection all light mechanisms. Cleans and polishes all veneered and varnished surfaces. Makes mirrors, windows and glassware shine. Prevents rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces. Makes shaving easier by preventing razor-rust.

3-in-One has 79 distinct uses—in household, office, factory, garage, stable and outdoors. Only a few are mentioned here. The Dictionary of Uses, sent free, describes them all. You probably use 3-in-One for several purposes. Why not learn its *full efficiency* and benefit by its manifold usefulness?

3-in-One is sold at all stores in this Handy Oil Can (actual size), 25c. Also in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles.

Automobile Owners Find Many Uses for 3-in-One Oil

If you own a car, stop spring squeaks and preserve your springs from rust and breakage by using 3-in-One as pictured above.

Oil your magneto (any make) with 3-in-One, the oil that never clogs a bearing—never burns at any rate of speed. It gives you a fat hot spark at precisely the right firing instant. Magneto manufacturers recommend 3-in-One.

Keep your car bright and new-looking by using 3-in-One on the varnished body surfaces. It hardens the high finish.

Polish the nickeled parts of your car with 3-in-One. Prevents rust and tarnish on all the metal parts. Use it to clean and polish the windshield. Also to preserve the upholstery and leather cushions.

If you are a Ford owner, try 3-in-One on your commutator. Makes cranking much easier. No dust or dirt can collect if 3-in-One is used.

Motorists, in sending coupon, should ask for the Special Automobile Circular.

Send This Coupon for FREE Sample of 3-in-One

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
42 EUP. Broadway, New York.

Send me a generous sample of 3-in-One Oil and the Dictionary of Uses—both FREE.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

HEADLIGHT (UNION MADE) OVERALLS

Dyed with Genuine Indigo

Headlights are Money Savers

one pair of Headlights outwears two pairs of ordinary overalls

No matter how high dye and cotton prices go, HEADLIGHT wearers will be protected. HEADLIGHT quality will be *always* maintained.

Here's Our Guarantee to You

Buy a pair of HEADLIGHT OVERALLS—wear them 30 days—and if you don't find them the *most comfortable, convenient* and *generally satisfactory* overalls you have ever had on, *take them back and get your money without quibble or question.*

To Merchants

Sell HEADLIGHT OVERALLS—they are the *biggest* overall value you can give your customers for their money. They *outwear* and *outsell* any other overall. HEADLIGHT advertising and sales helps coupled to HEADLIGHT quality have created a demand that *moves* the *goods from your shelves rapidly* and *regularly.*

EXCLUSIVE AGENCY OFFERED YOU. Use the coupon now—get the exclusive agency in your town for this fast selling popular line before your competitor beats you to it.

LARNED, CARTER & CO., DETROIT

World's Greatest Overall Makers

Factories: Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., St. Louis, Mo., San Francisco, Cal.
Canadian Factory, Sarnia, Ont. (22)

Mail This Coupon Today — Larned, Carter & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Trial Order — With the understanding that we are to have the exclusive agency for Headlights in our town you may ship us a well selected assortment of (state how many)_____dozen Headlight overalls, accompanied by your full equipment of advertising matter—posters for bill boards with our name as exclusive agents, store cards, display signs, memo books and time books for distribution, electros for local newspapers, also one Headlight window display.

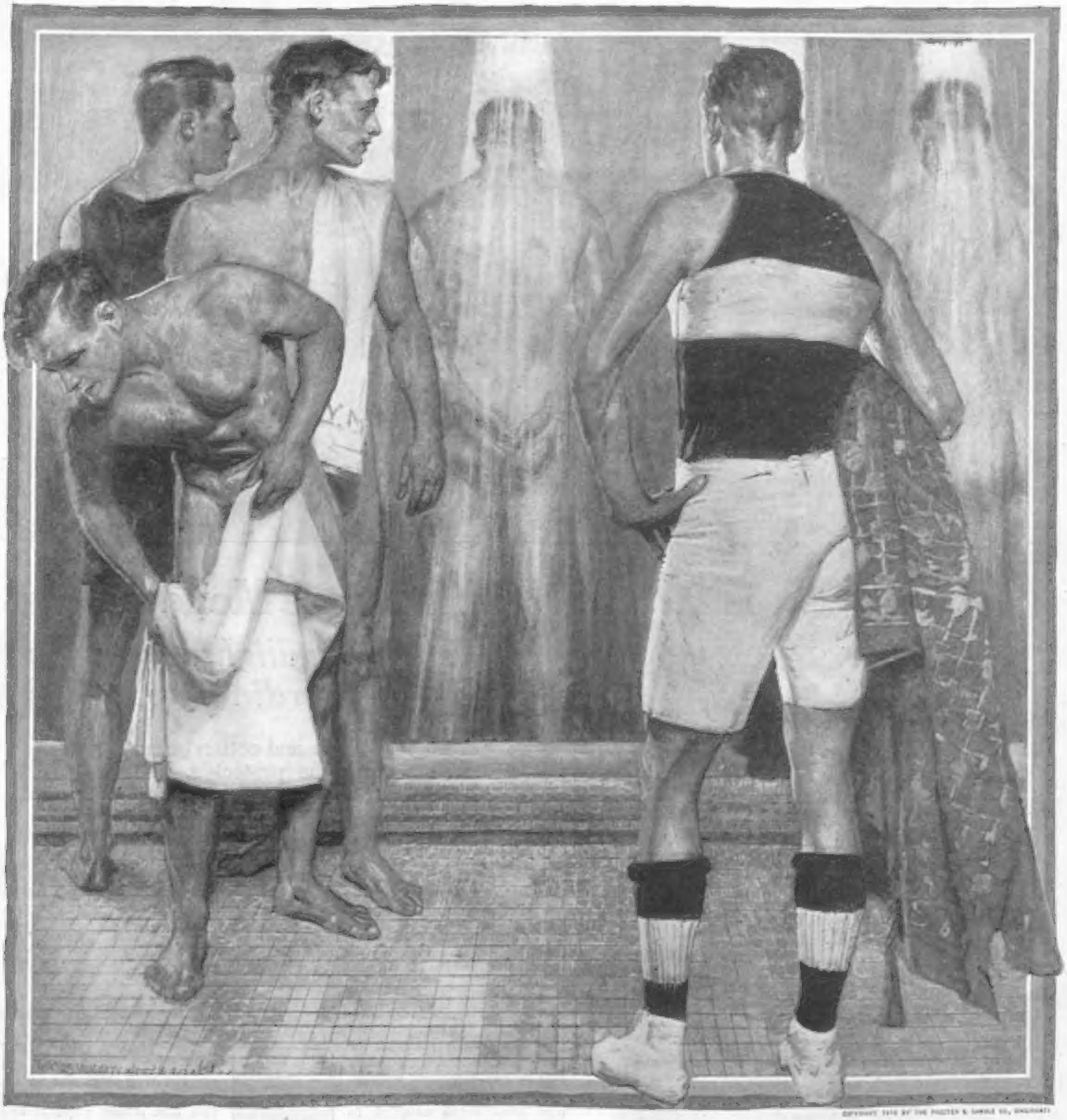
Name_____

Town_____ State_____

Request for Samples — We prefer to see sample garments before ordering. Therefore, send us a few pairs representing your best selling numbers. You to prepay express charges—we to have the privilege of returning samples after examination. In sending samples, explain fully your exclusive agency proposition.

Name_____

Town_____ State_____



NOT the least of the pleasures of a hard game is the bath that follows it. For it is just after the final whistle, when you realize for the first time how warm you are and how your skin is chafing, that the cooling, soothing, refreshing qualities of Ivory Soap are most appreciated.

The mild, smooth, copious Ivory lather feels grateful to the sweating skin and tired muscles. Just a few moments' stand under the rushing water removes every particle of soap and dirt. A brisk rub-down leaves the body aglow with health, and muscles and nerves in perfect trim.

It is this ability to cleanse thoroughly without irritation to the skin that makes Ivory Soap so popular with all athletes. In it quality and purity combine to produce cleanliness pleasantly and perfectly under every conceivable condition.

IVORY SOAP. . . . . IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

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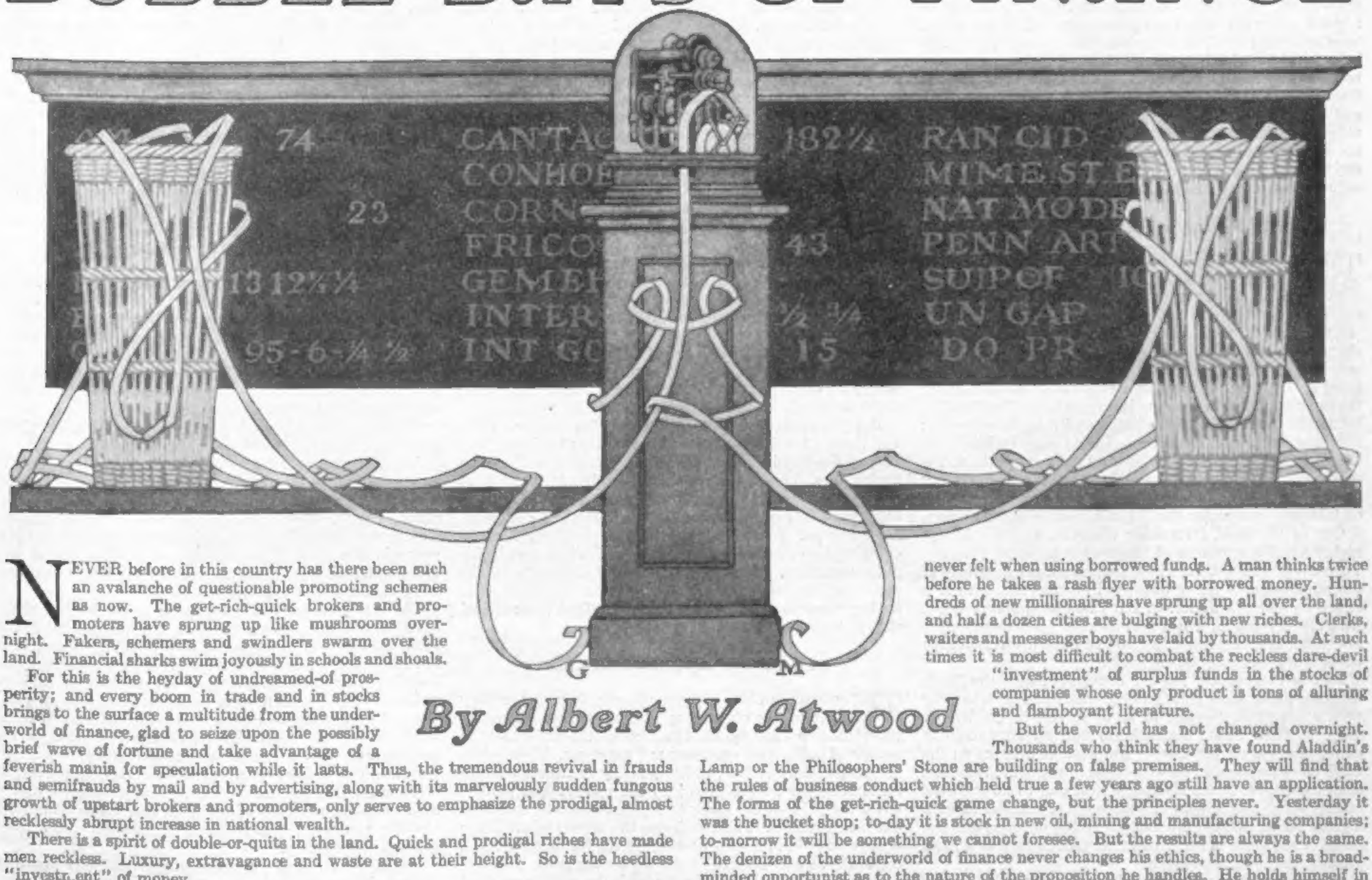
BUBBLE DAYS OF FINANCE



By Albert W. Atwood

NEVER before in this country has there been such an avalanche of questionable promoting schemes as now. The get-rich-quick brokers and promoters have sprung up like mushrooms overnight. Fakers, schemers and swindlers swarm over the land. Financial sharks swim joyously in schools and shoals.

For this is the heyday of undreamed-of prosperity; and every boom in trade and in stocks brings to the surface a multitude from the underworld of finance, glad to seize upon the possibly brief wave of fortune and take advantage of a feverish mania for speculation while it lasts. Thus, the tremendous revival in frauds and semifrauds by mail and by advertising, along with its marvelously sudden fungous growth of upstart brokers and promoters, only serves to emphasize the prodigal, almost recklessly abrupt increase in national wealth.

There is a spirit of double-or-quits in the land. Quick and prodigal riches have made men reckless. Luxury, extravagance and waste are at their height. So is the heedless "investment" of money.

"It's nobody's business. I am going to do what I d——d well please with my own money!"

The present boom in questionable and probably worthless stocks is not unique. They have come in waves or periods or cycles for several hundred years. As insane as any was the Tulip Craze in Holland. John Law, in France, and a long series of foolish bubbles in England separated the credulous from their money long years ago. Ever since the modern world existed men have been afflicted by this strange disease, whether the promise of untold wealth dangled before their eyes was located in South African mines, the broad pampas of South America or the islands of the South Seas.

But the get-rich-quick delirium of to-day differs from and exceeds previous speculative excitements—in this country at least—by the more ample means of those who are seized by it. The greatest previous period of American speculation was that which began in 1899 and came to an end in 1907. People woke up to the fact that there had been too much lost motion. So they started trusts and combinations. The crossroads blacksmith, with his thousand-dollar business, capitalized it for a hundred-thousand-dollar stock company. Inflation was rampant; and what went up ultimately came down.

All this was very instructive and interesting; but the speculator of that period operated largely on borrowed money. To-day conditions are very different. Money has been distributed and filtered out over the country everywhere. Farmers have had huge prices for their crops. A man with a few acres of potatoes has thereby become almost rich. Mechanics have had wages and bonuses beyond anything previously known. And investors have received larger dividends than the most optimistic had dared hope for. These conditions are, in the first place, the result of enormous profits, which the nations at war have been obliged to pay us. War business has always been hazardous, and therefore has commanded large profits. Secondly, the result of our having repaid to Europeans on our own terms practically all the debts that were entered into on their terms.

So the speculator of to-day, whether he operates in recognized and established securities or in the fly-by-night, get-rich-quick variety, claims a measure of independence he has never felt when using borrowed funds. A man thinks twice before he takes a rash flyer with borrowed money. Hundreds of new millionaires have sprung up all over the land, and half a dozen cities are bulging with new riches. Clerks, waiters and messenger boys have laid by thousands. At such times it is most difficult to combat the reckless dare-devil "investment" of surplus funds in the stocks of companies whose only product is tons of alluring and flamboyant literature.

But the world has not changed overnight. Thousands who think they have found Aladdin's Lamp or the Philosophers' Stone are building on false premises. They will find that the rules of business conduct which held true a few years ago still have an application. The forms of the get-rich-quick game change, but the principles never. Yesterday it was the bucket shop; to-day it is stock in new oil, mining and manufacturing companies; to-morrow it will be something we cannot foresee. But the results are always the same. The denizen of the underworld of finance never changes his ethics, though he is a broad-minded opportunist as to the nature of the proposition he handles. He holds himself in readiness to take advantage of whatever comes along; and he is both mentally and physically about the nimblest creature on earth.

For the first time in a great stock-market boom the old-fashioned bucket shop was absent. That was the place, as almost everybody knows, where one could bet on the prices of stocks made on the New York Stock Exchange, or the prices of wheat, corn and oats made on the Chicago Board of Trade. Ten years ago there were perhaps five thousand of these places in the United States. To-day there are practically none. There is a great difference of opinion regarding stock speculation; but there is no difference of opinion concerning its parasite, the bucket shop.

The bucket shop was a place where proprietor or customer must lose. It was mechanically and physically impossible for both to win. Whatever the morals, or lack of them, in stock speculation, it is at least possible for both the regular broker and the customer to win. But the bucket-shop keeper makes his living out of his customers' losses. He ran a gambling joint, mechanically, legally and technically, as well as morally.

Ever since telegraphic quotations for stock and produce prices had first been known the bucket shop had flourished. It commanded the most talented practitioners of low finance, and its leaders became millionaires. Always the bucket shop pretended to have a connection with the New York Stock Exchange or the Chicago Board of Trade. Or if "pretend" be too strong a word for every case, there was always the seeming, simulated—or at least implied—connection.

Twenty years ago John Hill, then a director of the Board of Trade and member of a committee to investigate and prosecute frauds, examined more than fifteen hundred such schemes, and said: "Though the schemes are limited in variety only by the number of subjects upon which it is possible to found a swindle, the vast majority of them are based on an active speculative or investment market, such as the Chicago Board of Trade or New York Stock Exchange.

"The reason is apparent. Most persons are aware of the fluctuations and opportunities in these two great markets and very frequently read of large sums of money being made by

shrewd speculators. . . . Hence unscrupulous knaves, bent on preying upon the unwary and inexperienced, paint for them a rosy word picture of the great fortunes which can be made in grain and stocks by an easy and safe—absolutely safe—method of speculating, according to 'their system,' which is the 'result of years of experience and study' on the part of these rogues who, having perfected their system, are anxious to take in the dear public in any sum from ten dollars up."

The bucket shop has gone, for many reasons. It became too notorious and laws were passed against it. The slow-moving processes of law are sure to reach any particular form of financial swindle, provided it remains in the open long enough. The big exchanges in New York and Chicago fought it bitterly. Most important of all, the telegraph and telephone companies began, within very recent years, to stop giving wire service to the bucket shops.

Deprived of wire service, there are to-day few if any concerns of a patently fraudulent nature conducting business on the basis of Stock Exchange or Board of Trade quotations. Nor is this the day of the "discretionary pool," or even of the professional stock-market tipster, who flourished so generally about ten years ago, and whose claims were so absurd that it is difficult to see how even the merest babe could have been deceived by them. Nor do we appear to be in a period of cotton swindles. Absent, too, is the flood of fake fruit-grove, banana-plantation, nut-orchard and other land schemes. Gullible mankind will always bite at new inventions and "secret processes"; but these are not especially numerous now. Irrigation projects had their day a few years ago, and fake insurance and publishing schemes are pretty well in the discard.

The Swarm of Doubtful Stocks

THE characteristics of the recent boom are numerous and intensely instructive. Of course some of the swarm of fake motor stocks are brand-new, with the varnish still on. Not so with the oil and mining shares. Beginning with '49, we have had them at regular intervals ever since. But the present crops of promoters have shown unusual cleverness in taking advantage of that human desire to get something for nothing, to expect that riches are concealed under the ground. Even the most uninformed know that in other industries there are definite limits and margins of profit; but they feel that no one can tell what may be hidden in the bowels of the earth. As for the fake motor stocks, the promoters have merely taken advantage of the enormous profits made by legitimate properties, to sell shares in certain new companies that exist almost solely on paper.

One of the most interesting discoveries of the fly-by-nighters is the existence of the open market on the New York Curb. It has always been there; but the discovery of the advantages of doing business in connection with it is relatively new—a matter of ten years at the very most. And this revelation, which first dawned upon them only a few years ago, has recently come to have the cumulative effect of a great and blazing truth.

Just as the vaguely implied connection with the Stock Exchange that came from having some form of ticker—or even a blackboard—used to be of service to the bucket shop, so their lineal descendants find an advantage in doing business on the Curb. Respectable brokers on the Curb have no more to do with these mushroom promoters than the honest Stock Exchange firm had to do with the bucket shop; but a definite impression of connection with a great public market is conveyed to the unwary, and the name of the Curb is being taken in vain to further a most gigantic and nefarious game.

There are really two ends to the present flotation of new mining and industrial stocks of dubious worth: There are the brokerage and the promotion. So many wildcatters have rushed into the business that even the detective agencies and the secret investigators of great financial institutions cannot name or even count them all. I asked the head of one of the leading reporting detective bureaus, which attempts to follow the crooked trail of every financial swindler, what he thought of a certain firm that had been advertising extensively.

Ordinarily this prince of financial sleuths is one of the coolest and most self-confident specimens of mankind. He gave me a look that was half angry and half bewildered. He seemed on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

"You are the fiftieth man who has asked me that question this morning!" he said. "If these people don't stop their advertising campaign I'll be driven out of business from having too much work to do."

But all these gentry—ranging from the lone adventurer with desk room in another man's office, and one stenographer, up to the great houses with their two to three hundred employees, private wire systems and salesmen on the road—work along the same general principles. The main idea is to get people in, keep them in, and keep their money. The exact machinery for doing this is what most interests us.

There is one concern that always buys stock for its customers, but immediately sells them out again. It runs perhaps a hundred dummy accounts, and the moment a customer buys stock the same amount is sold for one of the dummy accounts.

Some of these brokers never buy at all, except in a few cases where they are compelled to make delivery. When they get an order, though no actual purchase has been made, they report back to the customer that the stock has been bought "at the market"; which means at the prevailing price. Usually the report is delayed as long as possible so as to get the customer on their books at the highest price of the day. The reason for this will appear shortly.

Now, though speculators are richer than ever before, a large part of the buying of these stocks is still being done on margin. But the significant fact is that even if these brokers wanted to buy new stocks of questionable merit for their customers on margin they probably could not do so, because it is practically impossible to borrow money on such collateral.

The whole theory of margin trading rests on the existence of lenders. Brokers must borrow the bulk of the cost price of a stock—usually about eighty per cent—from a bank. The New York Stock Exchange would dwindle to a tiny rivulet of trade if it were not for this system of bank loans upon stocks. Only a few of the very richest millionaire brokers have resources enough of their own to buy stocks for all their customers. It is the banks that really make the whole business of stock speculation possible.

But the banks do not loan upon wildcat stocks. Here and there a few institutions conduct such a business; but they make the brokers "pay through the nose," as the saying goes. There are a few money-lenders in Wall Street of the pawnbroker type who will lend to brokers on the thousands of newly floated shares; but they charge at least one per cent a month when the ordinary bank is charging two or three per cent a year for loans on legitimate securities. Thus it is very difficult for the mushroom stockbrokers to buy stocks for their customers, even if they want to do so. They couldn't afford to do it and stay in business.

Heads I Win, Tails You Lose

THE central idea is to induce customers to invest, as they think, in stocks on a rising market, and to encourage them to increase and pyramid their commitments so that the margin of safety gets narrower and narrower. Then, when the proper time arrives, either directly or through representatives, the broker goes into the market and pounds down the price of the stock to a point where he can wipe out his customers. Thus, he keeps the money where it has always been—in his own pocket; for he has never bought the stock at all. Naturally the higher the price at which the stock was "bought," the sooner is the customer wiped off the books.

A curious side light upon this now extensive business is the fact that most of these brokers will never take an order to sell stock short. The reason is obvious to anyone at all familiar with the technic of the stock markets. A short sale requires immediate delivery—that is, within twenty-four hours; because the broker on the other side of the deal, who has bought the stock, insists upon having it. Consequently brokers who make a regular business of selling short must constantly have large quantities of stock in their possession which they can deliver to the buyers, or else have the resources and credit to borrow stocks. Thus it has always been that bucket shops, and every other form of imitation or parasite stockbroker, have gone broke on declining markets, because their customers began to sell stocks instead of buy them. As soon as the prices of stocks throughout the country generally begin to drop the swarm of fake brokers will again disappear overnight.

Already there are signs of retribution. Even since this article was started some brokers with small resources, but of tremendous profit to certain newspapers during their brief heyday of advertising prosperity, have been arrested. But for the larger firms the harvest of gold is still bounteous. It is true that several of the big concerns had a narrow escape not long ago. They at least suffered a premonitory chill of the fatal disease that always attacks this too-easy game sooner or later.

A mining stock, to which we shall give the purely imaginary name of Little Mary Consolidated, was boosted from the humble price of a few cents a share to several dollars. Its value was unknown; and its promoter and his associates had at all times actual control of the company.

As the stock continued to rise month after month the outside public, fairly maddened by the fortunes made in Bethlehem Steel and other war brides, rushed into Little Mary. Seeing their chance, the mushroom brokers "touted" the stock for a further rise and, with suspicious uniformity, filled their market letters and "house organs" with puffs of the stock. Some brokers did not execute the orders to buy the stock for their customers on margins, expecting that the promotion would collapse and they could with safety pocket the money.

The Skyrocket Career of Little Mary

BUT Little Mary kept on soaring and the brokers found themselves in a bad situation, with customers clamoring for stock that had not been bought. Then came anonymous broadside attacks upon the stock; reports from alleged mining inspectors to the effect that the mine was of no value were circulated. Still the stock did not fall; and as a last resort a powerful combination of brokers sold it short on an enormous scale. But they had no stock to deliver and, as the saying goes, sold into a bag. They were badly "whipsawed" and suffered big losses.

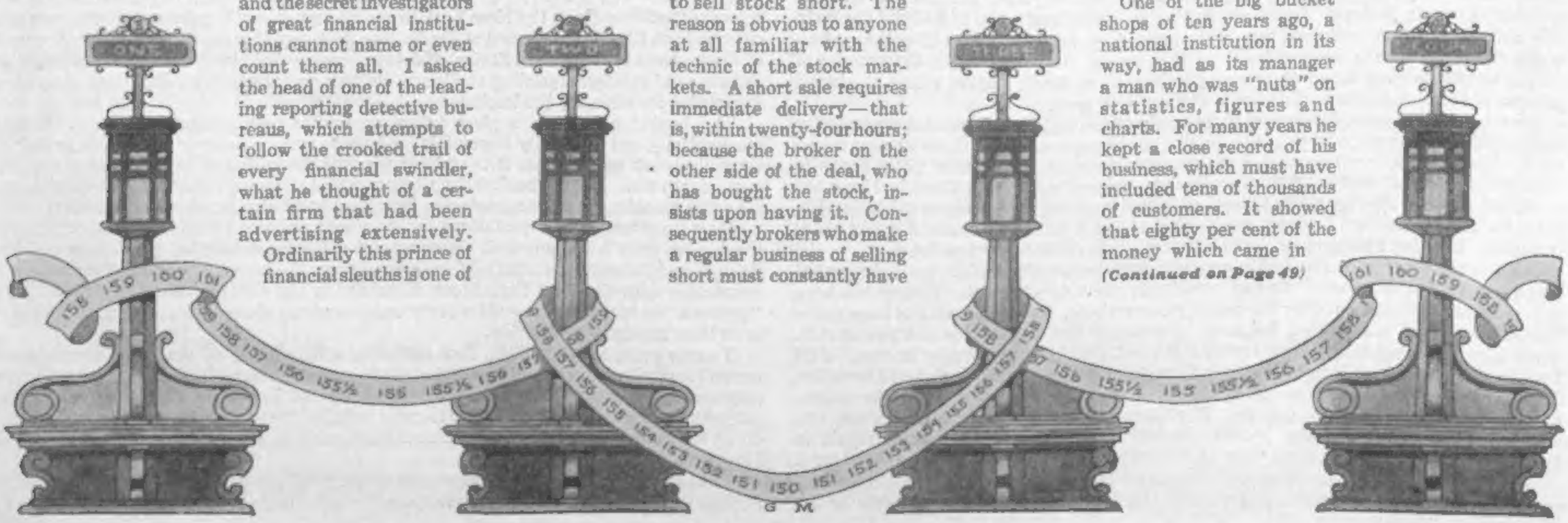
A quiet investigation at the time of this incident showed an extraordinary degree of coöperation upon the part of leaders in the underworld of finance. They not only constitute a gang—they form a perfect web. It is a dark, mysterious underground system, which is only brought to light now and then by the failure of one of its members or the occasional interruption of its activities at a single point by the police or post-office authorities.

The real principals in many firms are notorious characters in the back yards of finance. The nominal heads are often men of real or supposed respectability—even, in a few cases, persons who have held minor public offices, or at least have been candidates for such offices. The real backers or leaders are almost always ex-bucket-shop men or relatives of bucket-shop keepers who made millions in their time. Scores—perhaps a hundred concerns nominally independent and with no conceivable resemblance—are interwoven in this sinister web. Most commonly, however, it is found that the real head or backer of some concern with a high-sounding name, conducting a vast advertising and circular campaign, was formerly a manager for a now defunct bucket shop.

It is said that many of the now prosperous fly-by-nighters started with a stolen sucker list. Of course when a bucket shop or other fake brokerage office is raided by the police the wise employee, thoughtful of his family's future comfort, steals the customers' list as a last service to his fleeing employer.

One of the big bucket shops of ten years ago, a national institution in its way, had as its manager a man who was "nuts" on statistics, figures and charts. For many years he kept a close record of his business, which must have included tens of thousands of customers. It showed that eighty per cent of the money which came in

(Continued on Page 49)



SALT OF THE EARTH

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

ALL this happened a long time ago, when Sinful John, Snowshoe Sam and their joint property, a yellow dog named Toby, roamed the desert country of the Far Western States and found life sweet and wholesome, though a trifle uncertain. All three partners have long since reached the end of the rainbow and will come no more to Kelcey's Wells in the fall of the year for "a time"; nevertheless, their memory is still fresh and green among the survivors of the old boom camps. And it was from such a one I had this tale of a crime accomplished in the name of charity, fraternity and elemental justice—a crime the record of which surely must have been erased from the Book of Life when the Recording Angel dropped a mirthful tear upon the entry and neutralized the ink.

Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam, as has been explained elsewhere in the chronicles of their wanderings, were prospectors who had followed the lure too long, with the result that, though they did not know it, the gold they sought became a secondary consideration. What they really wanted—what they had to have—was the silence of the desert; sunrise and sunset; saw-toothed mountain and lava scarp; the scent of the sage at dawn; and wood smoke and the odor of frying bacon in their eager nostrils at eventide.

"You Old, White-Whiskered, Toothless, Chatterin' Child o' Misfortune, Where'd You Git That There Nightgown?"

With no false convention to respect; with defeat behind them, and victory ever in front beckoning them on; possessed of immunity from the competition of life and calm in their knowledge that Mother Earth would yield from her treasures sufficient for their modest needs—Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam journeyed blithely on to the finish; for theirs was a simple code, embraced in three commandments, partly orthodox and partly natural, to wit: Thou shalt not kill—unnecessarily. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not be small of heart and mean of soul. Thus fortified spiritually, they found in their primitive life an elemental peace that can be understood by those only who have walked through the purple haze into the silence.

In the beginning, of course, Sinful and Snow had regular names, like other folk, but lost them early in life; and, finding them of no particular value, never insisted on replacing them. As Snowshoe once remarked, his name was only useful when attached to a location notice; and, inasmuch as he and Sinful were in the habit of posting such notices in singularly out-of-the-way places, the opportunities for advertising their identity were negligible, to say the least—a condition which Mr. Brandon P. Hyde, of Wall Street, New York City, found furiously disconcerting when, following the expenditure of nearly ten thousand dollars in an effort to discover and apprehend the scoundrels who had sold him the Sweepstake Mine, the national detective agency he employed reported the trail irrevocably lost.

However, if Mr. Hyde will go to Weeping Water, on the trail to the old forgotten camp of Paradise, he will find one of the culprits. Sinful John and Toby sleep in the sage there under the same blanket, and a wooden cross marks their last dry camp. To the cross is nailed the end of a cracker box, and carved thereon with a jackknife is the legend:

HERE LIE SINFUL JOHN AND HIS
CUR DOG TOBY
THEIR BARK WAS WORSE THAN THEIR BITE

Here the record of Sinful John ends. As for Snowshoe Sam, he died in the Prospectors' Home down Inyo way, and lies in the local cemetery, disgraced for aye by a neat tombstone bearing the devilish announcement that here lie the mortal remains of Elmer Sampson Postelwaithe. It is to be feared that Snowshoe was forced to reveal his disgrace, when he bought his living in the Home, in order that the demands of red tape might be complied with.

Nobody ever knew why Snowshoe Sam was so called, unless it be that the nickname was meant to convey a tribute to his extremely large feet. No such mystery attached to Sinful John, however. He was called Sinful because he was sinful—that is, if one judged him by his language, which for picturesque profanity was beyond comparison. Snowshoe was in the habit of explaining to horrified strangers that Sinful, in his impressionable youth, had been a bullwhacker and later a mule skinner; and hence had come by the awful habit legitimately, as it were. Sustained by this comforting information and an intimate acquaintance with Sinful John, one presently forgot the latter's deficiency in the matter of verbal convention, and loved him for a clean-minded, simple-hearted, whimsical, gallant old soldier of fortune, or misfortune, depending on how the pay dirt ran.

For more than two years prior to the beginning of our story Sinful John, Snowshoe Sam and Toby had been attending strictly to business, dry-washing gold in some surface placer claims in that choice bit of second-class Purgatory known as Big Smoky Valley. During that period they had not been once to civilization together, Sinful John having abruptly sickened of the shams and foibles of society and declared his weariness of Snowshoe's habit of helling round and getting nowhere. Sinful was all for saving the firm's capital until a sufficient stake had been gathered, whereupon they would "take in" the Paris Exposition. He had heard tales of the delightful wickedness of gay Paree, but was desirous of ocular evidence before believing.

Nevertheless, such a picture of joy unconfined did he paint that Snowshoe's alert imagination was roused, and they had set forth with Toby and the jacks, and plenty of grub and powder, to seek a healthy road stake wherever fortune might be lurking in the mineralized sections of North America. In Big Smoky they located the dry diggings; with a dry-washing apparatus of their own invention and construction, plus the high hopes that had always sustained them, they had spent two years dry-washing the gravel down to the bedrock, and at the time our story opens the partners were possessed of eighteen thousand dollars in coarse gold dust and a tremendous yearning for the fleshpots.

Came a day when Snowshoe Sam straightened up from his task of shoveling the gravel into the dry-washer. Ostensibly he was about to spit on his hands. Instead, he tilted back his hat, ran the toil-worn fingers of his right hand through his thick gray foretop, and sighed. Sinful John heard the sigh, caught the yearning look in Snowshoe's eyes—and understood perfectly. In the desert men do not speak unless they have to, for speech shatters the silence, which is like a benediction.

Moreover, after one has adjusted oneself to the silence, speech is not vitally necessary; and this was so with Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam. After twenty years of partnership, mental telepathy had taken the place of the spoken word; so now Sinful looked sternly at Snowshoe and shook his head negatively. Resignedly Snowshoe replaced his hat, spat on his hands, took a fresh firm grasp of the shovel handle, thrust the lip of the implement into the face of the gravel, changed his mind, and faced round on Sinful, who swore dreadfully at him.

"How many times have I got to tell you, Snowshoe, that I ain't a-goin' to leave these diggin's until the scales tells us we've got twenty thousand in the poke? I'm tellin' you, you"—here Sinful essayed a flight of the language peculiarly his own, returning, after thirty seconds, to the original subject—"that a trip to the Paree Exposition is danged expensive, an' I don't aim to go there an' miss a lot o' fun just because I didn't come properly heeled. Now you quit this vain repinin' an' git to shovelin' gravel, or the first thing we know the Exposition'll be over before we've dry-washed our limit."

"Oh, to hell with the Paree Exposition!" Snowshoe shrilled in sudden, unreasonable rage. "I'm sick an' tired talkin' about it; an' I'm layin' you five to one Paree ain't what she's cracked up to be, nohow. Me—I can have a pretty good time over to Kelcey's Wells."

"That's becuz you're just plumb low an' ordinary by nature," Sinful growled. "Snowshoe, you ain't got a speck o' art in that rabbit soul o' yourn. You ain't got no more culture than a sage hen. Don't you never figger there's somethin' else in life besides goin' to town to git drunk?"

"Don't you never figger there's somethin' else in life besides meltin' away in the middle o' Big Smoky, dry-washing this hell-fired gravel?" Snowshoe retorted.

"We got a good thing, you parasite!"

"A feller can git tired o' too much of a good thing."

There was profound philosophy in this latter statement, and Sinful knew it. He was silent, pondering; whereat Snowshoe pursued his advantage:

"We're about out of matches an' plumb out of airtights, an' it does seem as if Toby'd ought to have a can o' flea powder."

Sinful John banged his fist on the dry-washer.

"Dang you, Snowshoe," he protested, "you are a-gittin' town-hungry."

Snowshoe admitted it.

"'All work an' no play makes a dull boy o' Jack,' they say," he quoted.

"It's my turn to go out," Sinful John reminded him with considerable asperity and profanity.

"I thought mebbe me an' Toby might fix up to go 'long with you," Snowshoe suggested mildly.

This was rank heresy, for Snowshoe knew their weakness quite as well as did Sinful. According to their code, neither could "go on a bender" without the company of the other. That would have been unspeakable. Consequently, following the principle of "safety first," for the past two years they had taken turns at going out for supplies; and, as a result of this precaution, the gilded palaces of sin in Kelcey's Wells had not fattened on the toil of the partners.

Sinful John, figuratively speaking, went up in the air. When he came down again he knew that Snowshoe was unimpressed. He could tell that from the dogged manner in which Snowshoe looked at him. So Sinful surrendered.

"All right!" he announced. "I ain't aimin' to make a dull boy o' you, Snowshoe, because I ain't anxious to tackle the impossible. Nature give you a head like a porcelain doorknob long before I met up with you. Now listen, you ornery, quittin', no-good son of a horse thief: I've took a vow not to tread the primrose path, as the feller says, until me an' you've got twenty thousand dollars to tread it with. I ain't longin' none for assiety—not even your'n. From now until the day me an' you lights in Paree an' starts hikin' up the Rue de la Pakes or the Champs Ulysses—take it from me, Snowshoe—I'm pure. I know you're ——"

"I been a he-angel for two year'!" Snowshoe complained bitterly.

"Seein' which, it sorter looks as if you might stick it out three months longer," Sinful reminded him.

"But we got to have grub."

"Well, you go out to-morrow mornin' an' git it. I'll give you dust enough to buy everything we need—an' you see that you buy it. Tend to all your business first—an' then take a week off an' do your hell-raisin'. Five hundred ought to give you all the joy a man o' your age can stand."

"There ain't no fun if I go alone," the prodigal protested.

"You go alone an' you have your little spash an' git it over with," Sinful thundered. "I'm excusin' you this time. I won't be jealous, nohow. All your life, Snowshoe, you've been a weak vessel; so I reckon the time has come when you've just got to let off steam or bust. I'm plumb weary listenin' to your protests an' whinin'; an' if I got to look forward to three months more o' bellyachin' I might as well set on a stick o' dynamite, light the fuse an' go to glory. At least I'll have peace then—an' peace is my long suit. To-morrow mornin' ——"

"But Sinful ——"

"Don't interrupt me. I'm talkin'. You'll leave here light, takin' two jacks an' ridin' t'other. I'll give you four days to git to Kelcey's Wells; one day to rest up; one day to tend to business; six days to raise hell; one to take a brace on yourself; an' five days to git back to camp. That's eighteen days."

"I'll bring you back a coupler quarts o' liquor?" Snowshoe suggested.

"Wa-al, I suppose we ought to have some round—in case o' snake bite," Sinful admitted grudgingly. "Not that I'm a-hankerin' for the danged stuff."

Snowshoe nodded his comprehension and once more the gravel commenced to drop into the dry-washer. Early the following morning he took the jacks, bade Sinful a perfunctory "So long!" and headed out across Big Smoky. Sinful watched him until he disappeared in the sea of sage; then he sat down, while Toby came and laid his cool muzzle in his master's hand. "Toby," quoth Sinful John presently, "this here dog-goned Snowshoe would sure have been a fizzle as a Christian martyr, wouldn't he?"

Toby made a queer yawning little noise in his throat, wagged his stubby tail, licked Sinful's hand, looked understandingly at him, and thence out into the sage that had swallowed Snowshoe Sam. Sinful John nodded.

"I reckon you'd better go along too, Toby, an' sorter look after him," he suggested.

Toby trotted away on Snowshoe's trail.

II

LATE in the afternoon of the sixth day following Snowshoe Sam's departure for Kelcey's Wells, Sinful John, gazing out across Big Smoky, was aware of a tiny cloud of alkali dust coming rapidly toward him. While he was still wondering whether the dust was stirred up by a jack rabbit or a coyote, Toby burst from the sage and trotted, panting, to his other master. His tongue was hot and dry, and hung sideways out of his open mouth, round the fringes of which the slaver had long since dried. As he caught sight of Sinful he tried to bark his joy at the meeting, but made a dismal failure of it; he could only lean up against Sinful's shins and make queer rattling noises in his throat. He quivered with weakness.

"Well, Toby-boy, you just did make it, didn't you?" Sinful John greeted the dog. "The desert a'mos' got you this time, didn't it? Toby, where's Snowshoe?"

He carried Toby into the tent and poured some water for him. In about five minutes he gave the parched dog some more, after which he bathed him and plastered Toby's sore pads with a healing unguent that was always kept in the kyacks in case the packsaddles should gall the jacks. Utterly exhausted, Toby fell asleep, while Sinful prepared a meal for him. After Toby had eaten he fell asleep again. At midnight Sinful John woke him up.

"Come, Toby-boy," he said, "we've got to get out an' shake a leg; an' it's up to you to lead me to Snowshoe. You've had your rest, Toby. If you hadn't been plumb beat out when you got here I'd 'a' started then. I've got two canteens an' some grub, Toby. Let's hit the trail an' hit it fast."

As they passed out into the moonlight Sinful John was weeping, for he knew Snowshoe was in trouble. The jacks had stampeded, doubtless; the water had given out; and even now Snowshoe was dying—perhaps dead—on the trail. Toby would not have deserted him except as a last resort. It was terrible!

"Oh, partner!" murmured Sinful John—and this time he did not swear.

Toby trotted on ahead, paused, and looked back expectantly; whereat, to test him, Sinful John turned and pretended to go back to camp. Toby barked protestingly, ran after him, circled round him, and once, in desperation, pretended to bite Sinful's ankle. "I guess I can trust you, Toby," Sinful addressed the dog affectionately. "Lead on, pup!"

And Toby led on. Thus, in time they came to Kelcey's Wells, and at the very first saloon on the fringe of the camp Sinful John paused; a procedure Toby took small stock in apparently, for he trotted on, paused, looked back, barked once briefly and sharply, saw that he was making no impression on Sinful John, and forthwith sat down on his hunkers to scratch fleas and think it over. He did not know that Sinful, being wise in his day and generation, would have bet anybody a twenty-dollar sombrero to a chew of tobacco that in this first saloon he would glean news of the missing Snowshoe. And he was not disappointed.

"I Guess I Can Trust You, Toby," Sinful Addressed the Dog Affectionately. "Lead On, Pup!"

"Snowshoe?" the barkeeper repeated. "Why, yes; I reckon I can tell you about him, Sinful. What's your pleasure?" And he set out a bottle and a glass.

"Then tell me about him; an' be quick about it," Sinful answered with deadly calm, and shoved the temptation away from him. "Where's my pardner?"

"Why, Snowshoe's in the Railroad Hospital."

"Who put him there?"

Unconsciously Sinful John's hand strayed to the old blue forty-five at his hip. Snowshoe's quarrels were his quarrels too; the enemy of one must needs kill both if he would survive.

"Old Man Pneumony, Sinful. Snowshoe just did make the camp, I guess. One o' the boys found him wanderin' up Main Street, drier'n a covered bridge an' talkin' to himself; somebody called Doc Bleeker, an' the doc took his pulse an' temperature, an' had him sent down to the Railroad Hospital. Word come up that Snowshoe had pneumony o' the lungs, an' Doc Bleeker says he ain't got a chance."

"Why ain't he got a chance?" Sinful demanded fiercely.

"Well, principally on account o' all the liquor he's drunk in his day—so Doc Bleeker says."

"He'll pull through," Sinful declared with conviction. "I know Snowshoe from soul to guts. Besides, he ain't had a drink o' liquor in two years."

"That there dog followed him to the hospital," the barkeeper continued. "But they wouldn't let him in; so he hung round all o' one day an' night, an' then lit out."

"He come for me." The door banged and Sinful John was gone.

The instant Sinful John emerged from the saloon Toby rose and trotted confidently ahead; nor did he pause once until he came to the Railroad Hospital, which the T. & G. maintained at this terminus of its line. It was a small frame shack, presided over by a superannuated doctor and two trained nurses. Arrived before the half-screen door, Toby promptly reared himself on his hind legs and looked in; then he scratched the screen vigorously with his forepaws and uttered a propitiatory bark; which peremptory summons had the effect of bringing to the door the nurse on duty. She was a sweet-faced girl of twenty-two or twenty-three, and to weary, alkali-laden old Sinful John she appeared, in her freshly starched uniform, as sweet as a royal flush.

"Oh, I'm glad you've come!" she declared. "You're Sinful, aren't you?"

Sinful removed his hat, held it to his breast and looked at her. There was fright in the fine old eyes. He bowed low.

"I be," he said huskily.

"Sinful, I'm Tellin' You That if it Wasn't for That There Nurse You'd Be Goin' to Paree Alone"

"Snowshoe said you'd come. He said Toby would go back alone, and then you'd know something had happened and come looking for him."

"Is he—dead, young lady?"

"No; he isn't even going to die. The crisis is past now. He'll be himself in a couple of weeks."

Sinful John's chin ceased to quiver; his mouth set in hard lines.

"Might I see the wuthless cuss?" he queried.

The nurse nodded smilingly and led Sinful John into the tiny ward where Snowshoe, with a clean white nightgown on him, lay with his eyes closed. At the sound of the door opening his eyes opened also; he gazed severely at Sinful John.

"Well," he piped thinly, "what in blue blazes did you come here for, Sinful?"

"To be handed the disapp'intment o' my life when I find you're alive," Sinful roared angrily. "You old, white-whiskered, toothless, chatterin' child o' misfortune, where'd you git that there nightgown?"

"It tickles me," Snowshoe complained.

Doubtless it did; for Snowshoe had been sleeping in his shirt, or fully dressed, the greater portion of his life.

"I hope it kills you, you—you ——"

"Ladies present," cried Snowshoe warningly.

The door was pressed gently open again and a fuzzy nose was poked into the room; a bright eye appraised the vision in the bed and a short bark from Toby greeted the lost partner e'er the proprietor of that bark dashed madly into the room, leaped up on the bed and licked Snowshoe's face. The nurse, being a discreet young woman, knew Sinful John had things to say to Snowshoe; so she withdrew, leaving the partners together.

At eight o'clock that night, when she came in to announce to Sinful John that he must terminate his visit in accordance with the rules of the hospital, she found the light turned out. So she lit it again, and beheld at the foot of Snowshoe's bed a pair of miner's boots, and hanging to Snowshoe's bedpost a cartridge belt and a long gun in a holster. On the floor, beside the bed, Sinful John lay stretched, sound asleep; on the bed with Snowshoe, filling it with fleas, Toby lay, with his muzzle in Snowshoe's hand. The nurse, who had been on the desert long enough to know its children, covered Sinful John with a spare blanket and left the partners alone together.

III

"SINFUL," Snowshoe Sam declared solemnly, the day the former called to take him away from the hospital, "I've had a durned narrer squeak. I'm tellin' you that if it wasn't for that there nurse you'd be goin' to Paree alone."

"So?" said Sinful John.

Fell a silence, broken presently by Snowshoe.

"No," he declared emphatically; "she ain't that kind. She's a lady. We can't give her no new dress or bunnit, same as we would a Washoe squaw."

"How d'ye know she wouldn't like a new dress or a bunnit? Besides, I was thinkin' of a silk dress."

"Sinful, there's times when you don't show good sense. If she wears a silk dress in a camp like this, right off folks'll think she's a dance-hall gal."

"Wa-al, then, seein' as how you're so danged up on etiquette, suppose you suggest somethin'."

"What do you suggest, Sinful?"

"I don't suggest nothin'. I'm askin' you to suggest it; an' I don't give a durn what it is—provided it's right. We've just nacherly got to show our appreciation, an' there ain't a thing I hate worse than bein' a short sport when it comes to showin' appreciation. Of course we pay the railroad people for your hospital expenses an' they pay that gal what they think she's worth; but then—hell's bells!—the railroad company never gits sick with pneumony o' the lungs, so how can they know what that gal's really entitled to draw down?"

"Them's my sentiments, Sinful. I'm tellin' you that young woman ain't content with doin' what the doctor tells her to do; she goes further. Sinful, I'm tellin' you! I can't grunt at night without she's up an' awake, an' wantin' to know how about me. I can't even think I'm thirsty but she knows it before I do. Just about the time them bedsheets an' the nightgown has me driven to distraction, she's givin' me an alcohol rub to cool me off. She puts ice on my head; she curries my hair an' whiskers; she feeds Toby; she frisks me an' finds my poke an' puts it away in the safe; she goes uptown an' gets a feller to care for the jacks until you come. Sinful, every which way you figger her, that girl is allers up an' doin'. She reads to me. When I'm out o' my head an' cussin' somethin' scandalous, she ain't scandalized none. An', on top of it all, she makes me up a lot of fancy grub an' cooks it herself. An' if that ain't a hand hard to beat I'm a Chinaman!"

"Them's the things money can't pay for," Sinful John declared with conviction. "Whatever makes her take such an interest in you, Snowshoe?"

"That's what I says to her myself, Sinful. Which she 'lows as how her daddy was a prospector; in consequence of which she takes a special interest in the breed. Her name's Kincaid—Marjorie Kincaid. We both knowed her old man thirty year ago—Pyrites Kincaid. He was a big, dark-complected man; an' me an' him had an argyment once in Ballarat."

"Which it's just the mercy o' hell you don't kill Pyrites that time," Sinful declared. "He pulls first an' cuts down on you—an' his gun's emptier'n a banker's heart! I ain't never forgot the look that come in his eyes then; an' I ain't never forgot how you takes off your hat an' bows to him. 'Pyrites,' you says to him, 'I'm a-goin' to make you my debtor the longest day you live. Permit me to present you with your wuthless life.' An' then you shoves back your gun an' invites all hands to step up an' liquidate."

"We was young an' generous in them days," sighed Snowshoe.

"Which it's well we was, pardner. An', seein' as how Pyrites lived to father this here nuss, I'm a-layin' you ten to one he's paid his debt."

Snowshoe nodded and Sinful went on:

"Whatever become o' Pyrites Kincaid? Did the gal tell you, Snowshoe?"

"Why, yes. He hits the pay in Panamint, drops his roll, an' finds it again in Cinnabar. Then a swindling, sneakin' son of a hoss thief, by the name o' Brandon P. Hyde, relieves him of his million in a placer proposition down in Mexico; an' after that Pyrites don't seem quite able to come back. He loses his sperrit after he discovers there ain't no more pay in that ground than there be in Toby's whiskers."

"Salt?" queried Sinful John.

"Salt a-plenty."

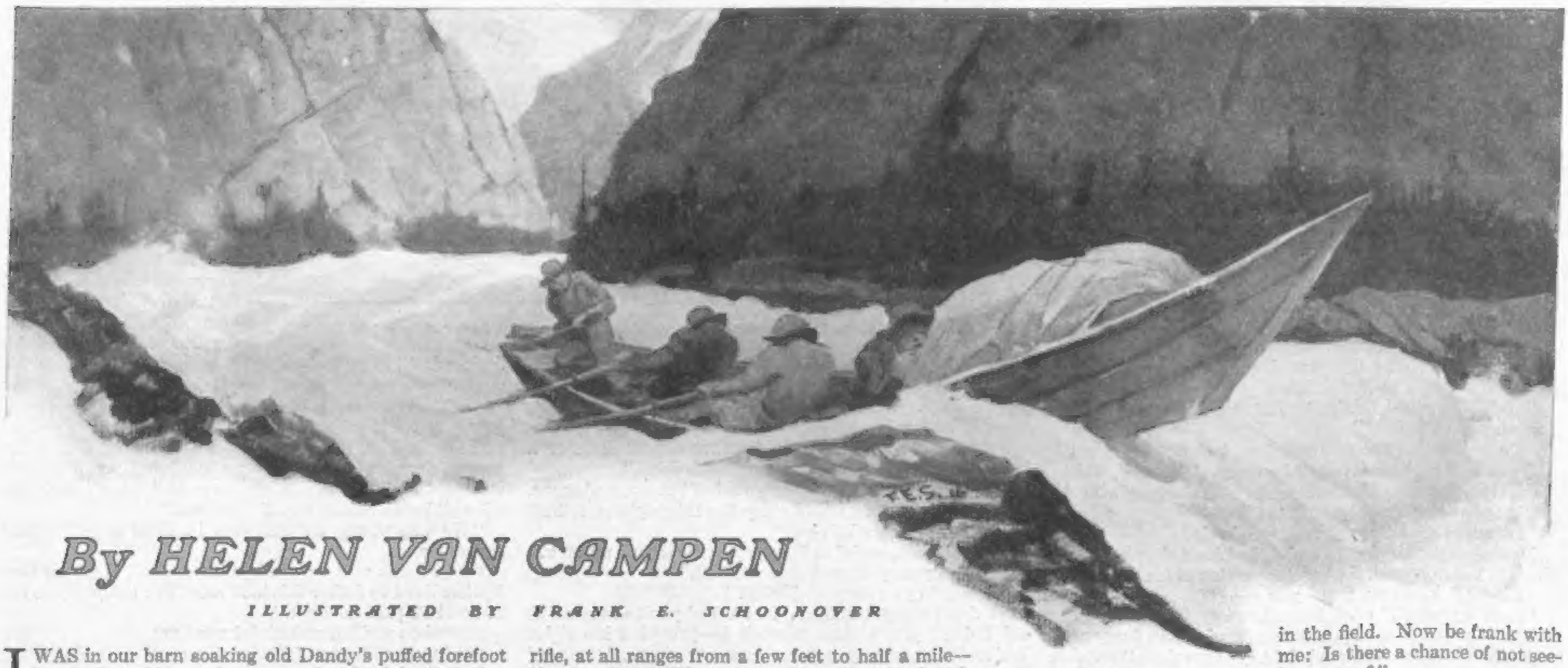
"I don't rightly see how this man Hyde managed to salt the property on an old-timer like Pyrites. He ought to have guarded agin saltin'."

"Which he did; but Hyde was too slick for him. Him an' Pyrites went down to the property together; an', of course, Pyrites being worth a million dollars, it stands to reason he don't do the pannin' himself. An' he's too confident of his own judgment to hire an engineer. So Hyde has a passel o' Mexicans doin' the pannin'; an' all the time they're doin' it they're smokin' cigarettes, which the same cigarettes contain mebbe a dollar's worth of gold dust, run in with the tobacco. Nacherly when the ashes falls off the end o' the cigarette they falls into the pan, an' Pyrites finds

(Continued on Page 37)

They Drifted Away Through the Purple Haze Into the Silence, to the Scent of the Sage at Dawn, and Wood Smoke and the Odor of Frying Bacon at Eventide

The Big-Game Hunt on Kenai



By HELEN VAN CAMPEN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

I WAS in our barn soaking old Dandy's puffed forefoot in a bucket of leg wash—we are the Northern Transfer, Freighting by Horse, Dog and Launch—when Ike Bell hollered from the office that my Uncle Dan had come at last to take that hunt. And Pa and Mac—they are partners and brought me up, and Mac had to make my little dresses when we were way up at the head of the Kobuk, while Pa tended the trap line—had gone Inside to bring out a shipment of Iditarod gold over the first snow.

I streaked into the dog-harness room and switched from work overalls into my good, red tailored suit I had hung there, and fuzzed up my hair, which is black and curlyish like Pa's, though my high cheekbones are from mamma, who was Russian. Next minute I rushed out and kissed a man who was as big as Pa but not so handsome; and he had a mustache—I wouldn't allow either Mac or Pa to have one; they are germy. And he said:

"Well, well, Betsy—you have not the Kelly look, my love! And here's a gift from Aunt Nora—a dress, I think; a little—uh—quieter than that one possibly."

I said I knew it would be bully—his wife is the one who marks things "Hold for the opening of navigation," though forty times I wrote we have no ice on the Seward Run, and ships come all winter, and the gowns never have the least zip to them, and I give them to natives.

There was a Mr. Devlin with Uncle Dan, a golfy-faced, short, fattish man, in a thick green suit and a cloth hat with a green feather, though otherwise he seemed sensible. He stared up at our moose heads, telling Ike Bell he would give an ear to shoot one of that size.

All He Wanted Was to Rough It

"NOW, Uncle, Pa said if you ever came while he was away to take you on a fine hunt; and I've the first guide's license for Kenai Peninsula ever issued to a female—a nonresident, under Alaska law, must have a licensed guide at ten dollars a day down there; so we will take Ike, here, too."

"Ten a day! What rapacity!" said Uncle Dan, looking grave.

Pa had told me he was rich and careful; so I hustled to explain he needn't pay anything, nor his friend; and Ike said, why sure, this hunt was on us, and we would just get some swell heads!

"But has that little Ike chap stamina?" Uncle Dan whispered. "We'd want to travel fast and high, my love."

Why, Ike can keep up with Pa! So Uncle said then that was settled, and everybody could cook some of the time; and was it always this warm the twentieth of September? He is from Bangor, Maine.

I was going to hire a couple of packers, but they wanted to pack their own stuff, as that would be more fun; so I hurried and made a grub list, and Ike and I took them up Broadway and introduced them to everybody. They went to the butcher's with me, and Mayor Myers shook hands and cut off lamb chops and said he only wished he was going. And Uncle Dan said:

"Well, I am pretty quick of eye; and this summer Dev and I practiced, and I fired more than thirty-seven hundred rounds from my .280 caliber, high-velocity Bass rifle, at all ranges from a few feet to half a mile—the close shots offhand, others from standing, kneeling and prone positions, always using the military sling."

"I guess you're sure fit. Your brother is some shot, himself," said the mayor.

"As boys I could beat him," said Uncle Dan. "You got a fine town here."

"You like the Bass for a big gun, eh?" said Ike, and my Uncle nodded gravely; his had been specially made and cost eighty bucks.

"I took it this way, my love," he explained: "Dibbs' Hardware people knew I was coming, and I tried to get 'em to put up the gun free for the advertising my Alaska trip would give it; but they are very close people, though if I take it back unnicked and well kept Dibbs is to let me turn it in for seventy-two."

"Oh, you will meet somebody here you'll want to give it to," I said, and he looked amazed, and Ike snickered.

Mr. Devlin had begun to breathe way into himself, and then let out, saying he meant to keep it up, and asking me if I took exercises daily, as his daughter bent down a hundred times every morning, and it had made a new girl out of her.

"This is a beautiful country, Miss Betsy," he said. "Ah, I dote on mountains; and those white peaks across that bay, cleaving the blue sky—delightful; delightful!"

He would say "not necessarily" or "comparatively speaking" about everything, and had brought some specially prepared rations, and said not to put in anything extra in the food line for him; but, just the same, I did, for whether the Germans marched on it as he claimed, or not, that truck is foolish. Uncle Dan had a sack of special pellets that he told me to guard, as they were valuable.

"But, child, you won't be able to keep pace with hardy men like us," he said uneasily. "Dev walks miles golfing, and in thirty years I have not missed going on my own feet to business, no matter if I have been up; and your aunt would feel very badly if I returned without trophies. Yet I won't be able to leave you alone in a wild country—I can't do any loitering."

"He does not necessarily mean that you are not welcome, Miss Betsy," said Mr. Devlin between breathings. "But I know what my own daughter could endure."

"The kid'll be right along—put a bet on that," said Ike, and finally we all laughed; and Uncle Dan said on with the dance then; all he wanted was to rough it and be sure of moose and sheep.

By noon next day we were in Pa's big high-nosed river boat, a sled cover over the outfit, which was piled everywhere except on seats for two who must row in bad places, and room for me in the stern to run the overboard engine, and were halfway down Kenai Lake. Uncle and Ike were to row, and Mr. Devlin sprawled on top of the cargo, smoking and breathing noisily, and taking pictures.

"By my soul—delicious!" he said, beaming at the hills bright with yellowing poplar and reddened blueberry scrub. "I'll bring the wife next year."

Uncle was already looking, with Pa's best glasses, for game above the timber line of the peaks; and he told Ike:

"Oh, that Bass is a wonderful weapon! Starting at the five-hundred-yard station I would run ahead, stopping to fire from all stations to improve my wind for quick shots in the field. Now be frank with me: Is there a chance of not seeing moose?"

"Why, they'll run over you if you don't side-step!" said Ike; and Mr. Devlin cried:

"Glorious! By George, I am ready for them! I have a Bass too."

The lake was like satin, and even with a ton in the boat we made fair time; and they ate a cold lunch I had made; and when we rounded an island and a chill wind hit us Uncle exulted because he had on double-kneed Mackinaw pants, made special, like the gun, though Ike had warned him to ditch them for some light drills that would not rustle in the brush. Mr. Devlin was all bundled up in heavy wool clothes and a coat that was leather on one side and corduroy on the other, though I told him he would roast in it, and to get a stag shirt, like Ike and I wore; but you can never advise a chechako—they get talking to a clerk who once went after ducks, and it is all over.

Mr. Devlin's Busy Day

SOON the lake narrowed, and I yelled to Ike would we take the river without stopping at the Landing to say hello to the boys? And he said might as well; then we would be able to camp before it was very dark. Uncle Dan smiled when Ike stripped to his undershirt, which, with drill pants, is all he wears in the hills unless it is snow weather; and Mr. Devlin made a burrow in the grub sacks, so as to lie on his back and smoke.

"If you are nervous, maybe you ought to scrooch down more," I said, and Mr. Devlin waved a lazy hand at me. "It takes two hours through the river, and we don't stop."

"Not unless we git stopped unexpected," said Ike. "'Member last fall, Betsy, when the Murphy party spilled on Schooner Bend?—a-course they didn't savvy the channel. The water's two foot higher than it ought to be this year 'cause of the hot summer."

"Why did they spill?" asked Uncle Dan; I had stopped the engine to look it over, and a current was taking us into a narrowing stream.

"Rocks," I said. "Of course, being high, it's better for us to-day."

Then I cranked and couldn't hear anyone; but when we shot the first rapids, and Mr. Devlin abruptly got to his knees and looked ahead, Ike motioned for him to get down so I could see to steer. The Kenai River was in flood, water covering places that are usually bare, and the twelve-mile current making whirly places everywhere. I saw Mr. Devlin clutch the sled cover—he was a very pale green, matching his suit—as we rushed at a barricade of white foam.

"Row!" yelled Ike, and Uncle Dan's face set like wolves were after him, as they jerked the boat round a rock.

Then we hit—a grind and a whang-bang, which was the hinged shaft of the engine; but Mr. Devlin didn't know and he sat up and shouted:

"We're sinking! Sinking!"

"Set down, you rummy!" Ike roared, and he slammed him with an oar; and I stood for a second to be certain of the course. "Channel's changed again, Betsy; keep her dead ahead, or we—row!"

They rowed desperately, and we slewed about, rose again, grated, and came down, shipping water, into the racing flood. There was a nasty box cañon coming, where the white water frothed and sprayed high. The engine halted under the impact of a cross wave, but it went on, though the water alone could take us fast enough, and I steered for the middle, where it was deepest, and they all yelled, Mr. Devlin lying flat on his stomach and rolling his eyes and panting—the ninny! We slid off another rock getting out of the cañon, and the river widened, Ike yelling:

"Devlin, jump down under our feet and bail; we're standin' in a foot of it!"

Mr. Devlin fell into their space, and every time he would throw out a bucketful I had to laugh at his greeny face. "'S all right—don't be scared!" said Ike; and he winked at me and bailed, too, for a little.

It was certainly a lovely day, and a person with time to look back could see the white spires of mountains closing in on us; and the sun made a glistening silvery streak of the river until the next box cañon shut out everything but high dark walls of rock. Ike got his oar ready, bobbing up to look over the big bow.

"Sta'bo'd, kid—no chance; we can't make it—row!" he hollered.

Mr. Devlin Makes Himself Useful

THE shaft went bumpty-bump on a bowlder that the high water hid, and the boat tipped until water was nearly to the top of my shoepacs. I saw Ike give his oar to Uncle Dan, who had his mouth open and some of his mustache in it, and was glaring and sweating, and quite pale. Ike and Mr. Devlin both bailed, and I sent her between two pointed rocks I remembered from other trips, and just scraped one. Golly, it was fun! Uncle Dan did pretty well rowing alone, though it is a very wide boat; but he has a long reach, and when Ike would roar Uncle rowed, and I jumped her round them, until suddenly we were through the last cañon and the river split into two streams, and beyond was Skilak Lake. I ran the bow up to a gravel bar and got a can from the tool shelf and bailed; but Mr. Devlin scrambled to land and sat right down in a mudhole, sinking his face into his hands.

"You done swell, kid," Ike said, bailing fast so as to keep the bedrolls and grub from much of a wetting.

Uncle Dan was wheezing and stripping off his Mackinaw coat; and he said between heaves:

"Well, Elizabeth, my brother Al can thank his stars that I was along to-day to save your life!"

"To what?" I was plumb amazed!

Mr. Devlin looked up and tragically nodded.

"Why—lovely dove!—Uncle Dan," I said, "Pa and Sandy Cotter once came down the Kenai on two logs lashed together, and they had me and a sack of flour with' em!"

"Ain't no danger when you got a good boat," said Ike, laughing. "Had you goin', did it?"

"Not at all," said Uncle Dan stiffly.

Mr. Devlin was busy being sick.

"Why, Uncle, you looked ready to have a fit!" I said, and he just looked without replying.

Ike would glance at Mr. Devlin and wink at me, while Uncle Dan tried to find out if the bumping had loosened any seams in the boat; but it hadn't. Pa and Mac run right into anything if they are busy arguing, and we just throw her on the shore, springs, and calk with half a bedquilt.

"Look, Mr. Devlin—speaking of scenery," I said kindly. "See the long glacier to the left? That's an awful thing to get over. We walked up one year and Pa himself got tired! These are nice high mountains too—why don't you take a picture?"

He gave a dull look down the lake, muttering, and he shivered as his eye caught the river; and I got his camera and opened it, and he held it any which way and pressed the bulb—I know it wasn't a regular picture.

Pretty soon Ike said she was all skookum now, and we better be on our way as it was a head wind. Mr. Devlin got down in the bottom, pretending soon that he was asleep; but he would open his eyes and look anxiously forth every minute or so. Skilak is a long narrow lake, and the peaks on each side give the wind quite a sweep, and it would catch our bow; and, meeting the waves, we would slap, and Mr. Devlin's green hat would rise up and sink down—he ought to be in her in such a sea when she is empty!

There was no need to row now, and Uncle Dan just sat quiet, seeming to be reflecting, and not bothering to look with the glass for game. Ike smoked and grinned at me; and I would nod and think over what to get him for Christmas. Out from the lee of some little rocky islands we pounded harder, and Mr. Devlin weakly got up, and he and Uncle Dan seemed to be excited; so I stopped the engine, which slowed us, though the wind turned her right round in a minute, and I heard:

"It's not us; it's taking that young girl into peril!"

"Right, Dev—better to get ashore anywhere here," said Uncle Dan. "I am responsible to my brother for her safety, and ——"

"Uncle Dan, you are just plain scared—of nothing!" I said indignantly. "Safety, indeed! You stick with Ike and me, and we will take care of you. Now sit down!"

After a little, as we plowed along, I could hear bits of talk, Ike saying how he shot a bear on that hill once, and that would have been a bully shot for the Bass, and trying to make Uncle Dan shoot at a tree; but the latter only smiled wanly and would not. It got gray and cold as the sun slipped back of a peak, and no one said anything until when it was nearly dark I stopped the engine and called:

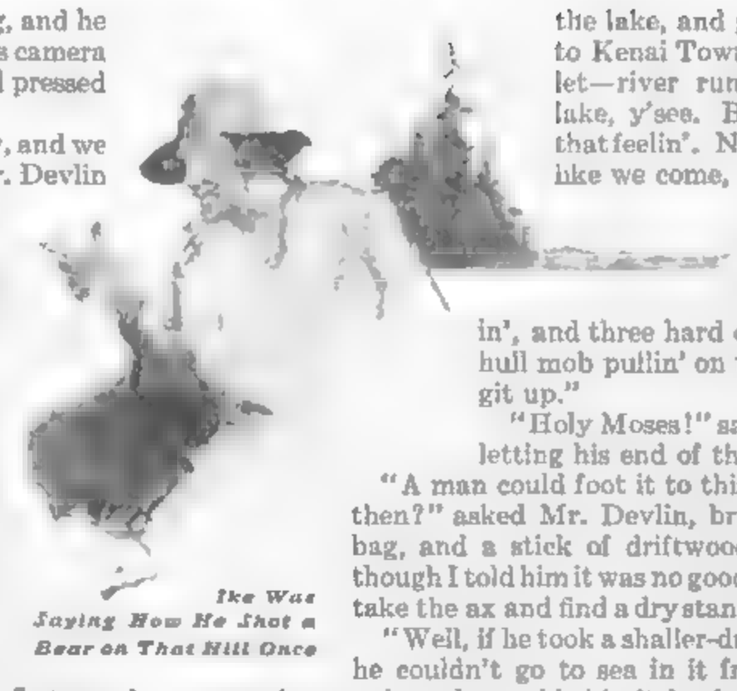
"Row!"

"Oh, heaven, what has happened?" said Mr. Devlin from the gloom; but Ike had grabbed his oar, and Uncle with that same glary look took his—I had merely shut off the gas so they could quarter us in to shore slowly.

And in five minutes we were all on the beach and dragging the outfit through ragged spruces to a camp site in the thicker forest. Ike started up a fire first thing, and I got water for tea and dumped cold cooked beans into a pail, cut up bread and set out a can of butter, milk, and fried a big pan of ham and made milk gravy. From under a bedroll he was carrying Mr. Devlin exclaimed:

"Dan'l, I wouldn't make that journey again for a million! It may be a long way round over the glacier, but a man's hide is worth something to him."

"Cheer up, Dev!" said Ike from where he was getting up a tent. "Or you could mush nine miles to the foot of the lake, and go down river to Kenai Town, on Cook Inlet—river runs out of this lake, y'see. But you'll lose that feelin'. Now, goin' back like we come, we got to line the boat up the rapids—two hours to ride 'em, comin', and three hard days, with the hull mob pullin' on the towline, to git up."



Ike Was Saying How He Shot a Bear on That Hill Once

"Holy Moses!" said Uncle Dan, letting his end of the tent fall.

"A man could foot it to this Kenai place, then?" asked Mr. Devlin, bringing a duffel bag, and a stick of driftwood for the fire, though I told him it was no good, and he could take the ax and find a dry standing dead tree.

"Well, if he took a shaller-draft boat down he couldn't go to sea in it from there, an' no vessels come in so he could ship it by freight round to Seward; an', again, he'd want the boat on these lakes for next year an' then wouldn't have it," said Ike, eating a flake of dried beef. "If he mushed he'd be leavin' his trophies behind. Now then, Kelly, raise your end again an' hold it!"

After we had sat round the fire and chowed, though it was windy, Uncle Dan and Mr. Devlin felt better, though once Uncle said, in a sniffy way, it was lucky he had brains enough to keep on his thick trousers in spite of advice, or where would he have been? Mr. Devlin drank a lot of tea, and remembered to breathe long some more, and after his second go of beans and ham and gravy he was telling jokes.

Uncle Dan Wants Statistics

SUDDENLY Ike touched his arm, and we all listened, for a moose cow was mooing in the swamp back of camp. I could have got her right up to us if I had spotted a birch while it was lighter, so as to make a horn. Uncle grabbed his rifle, and Mr. Devlin took his, and Ike had to tell them they couldn't hit anything in the dark—and you mustn't shoot cows, anyway; but they kept listening, and the mooing grew fainter as the cow moved away from her drinking spot at the lake. Uncle Dan told again about his running shots, and said:

"There must be a record kept of all shots on the trip, Dev, with distances accurately measured, and notations of the effects of shots on animals; for we shall want it to write up that piece for Trapper and Trader's Friend. The editor of it is a great pal of mine, Betsy. Who's got a pencil? I forgot mine."

"I never seen the paper," said Ike, who is a great reader; and Uncle asked me to make a note to send Ike a copy of their article on Alaskan game conditions.

By the fire we got the outfit fixed up, though some was wet, and my wolf robe just soaked; and Uncle's bag of pellets was damp too. Ike ate a handful, and Mr. Devlin said:

"Careful, man! Each is a full meal in itself!"

Shucks! I ate a bunch too. They are not bad for a relish, though Uncle Dan said:

"Betsy, do you know they cost me fifty cents apiece?"

"They ain't worth it," said Ike, and he put some in his stag-shirt pocket.

Ike and I each had a little duffel sack and our beds and stag shirts, and everyone was to pack his personal stuff and either grub, tents, stove and guns. When Ike had spread a week's grub on the sled cover, and explained how the

"The Sheep are in Those High Peaks, Uak," I Whispered. "Scooch Down—Quick!"

Yukon stove, with the cooking stuff, except fry pans and nested buckets, and the big tent, was a one-man pack, so someone must take that man's bed, Uncle Dan and Mr. Devlin sat on the edge of things a while, and then rooted out their duffel, and said first they must have enough towels. And I said one towel each was enough—Aunt Nora had put in a dozen and Mrs. Devlin ten—and one handkerchief, and just the boots they had on, and moccasins for round camp. Uncle Dan had a rubber poncho and a big tarp, and a medicine case weighing ten pounds and full of fancy-topped bottles—why, we take only some iodine and bandages, and bichloride tablets, which are the thing for a soak for blood poisoning, and some fly-dope.

"No; I got to have the case, my love," said Uncle Dan. "Now these two whetstones and five hunting knives go—gifts, Ike, from my friend, that editor, and others who knew I was coming North—and the fishing rod; we shall want fish; also, the shotgun for birds—lay that over there. Ever use these little folding axes, Ike?"

"Naw; I never use 'em," said Ike. "We got a real double-bitted one along. See that burlap is tied round it good, Betsy."

"This compass is a need," said Mr. Devlin; and he also put out a folding saw and a toilet set in a silk case, and lots of heavy shirts, some hats, and a folding chair he meant to use in camp. "I can carry them."

Ike was to take the tent and stove and bacon, and Uncle was bound to carry grub, his own bed and duffel, and Ike's robe. The two were then to return for another load, while Mr. Devlin and I set a camp on Cottonwood Creek, which is in the middle of the moose country.

"Clever stunt, Ike," said Uncle Dan. "I'll take Betsy's things as well."

Mr. Devlin suggested taking just his prepared rations, which were done up one for a meal, as that would reduce grub weight, the very reason for bringing them; so he brought a big box up and used the folding ax, to show it was handy. The contents seemed soggy, and it was full of paper candy boxes; and he read from a label:

"Two thin slices bacon; four prunes; tablespoon ground nut meat; one disk sweet chocolate; five macaroons; one hard-tack; square Swiss cheese; spoonful seedless raisins; five caramels—eliminating all cooking."

"You tore into them beans lively for a starter," said Ike. "Why not a ration?"

"They are for the march, my dear fellow," said Mr. Devlin. "There you have the sweet to give you fuel—comparatively speaking, a man wants no more than is listed."

"We got it out of Trapper and Trader's Friend," said Uncle Dan. "There's no bunk about it; the fats, sugars and acids are all there. Let's all use 'em."

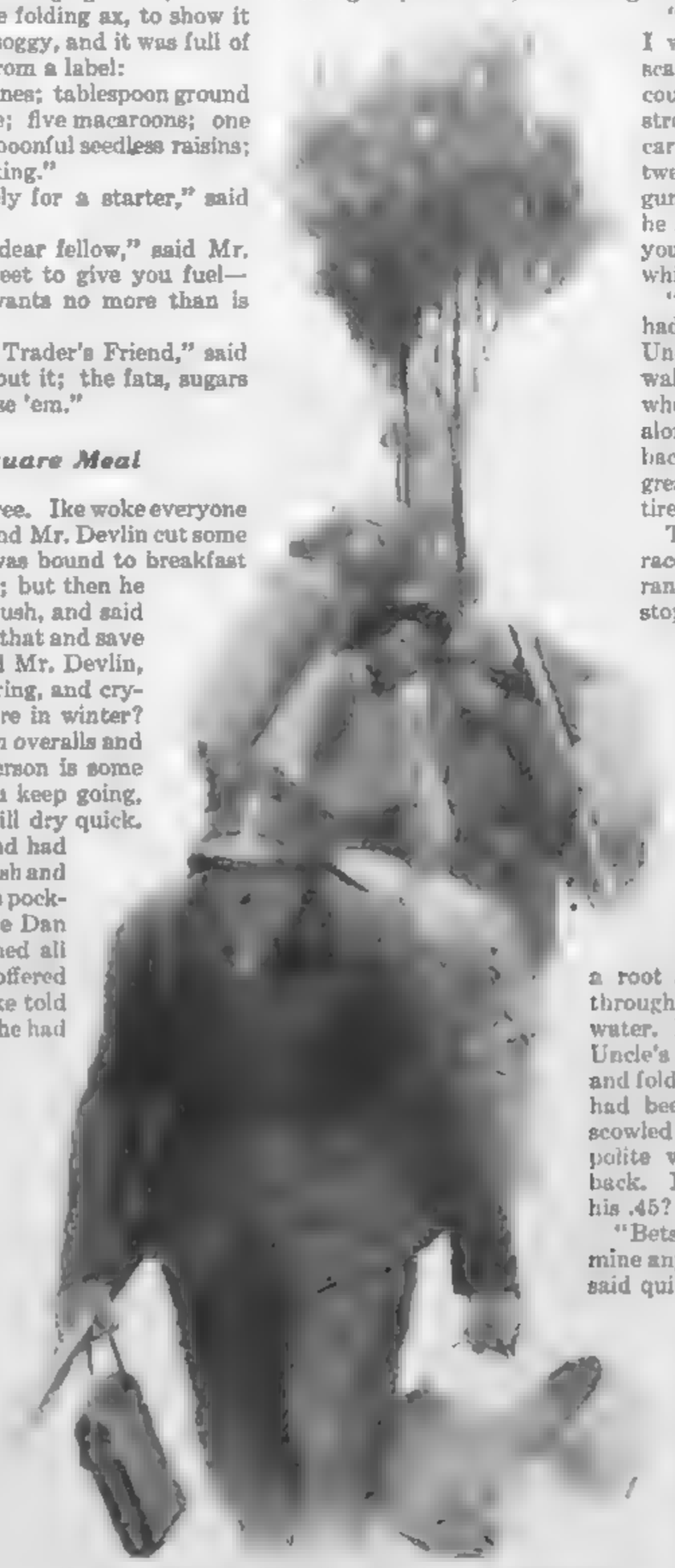
Uncle Dan Has a Square Meal

HE GOT mad when I wouldn't agree. Ike woke everyone at five so we could get away, and Mr. Devlin cut some green wood. And, as Uncle Dan was bound to breakfast on a ration, he said never mind him; but then he smelled the coffee and ham and mush, and said it might be easier this time to have that and save untying a box; so he did, and called Mr. Devlin, who was standing round and shivering, and crying what must it be like down here in winter? And wasn't I freezing in those thin overalls and light flannel shirt? Of course a person is some cold, hunting in the fall; but you keep going, and if thin clothes are wet they will dry quick.

Pretty soon he made his pack and had some left over, and went into the brush and put that on, and a lot of shells in his pockets, and a cartridge belt too. Uncle Dan wore a big .45 and had shells cached all over himself, and Pa's glasses, and offered to take my rifle; but I hid it, and Ike told him to forget trying to lug my bed, he had too much right then. But he is like Pa and stubborn, and he said he guessed he knew himself; that it would be merely pleasure, and he was a trifle too stout as it was.

I saw, when he started, his packstraps were too wide and cutting his shoulders in two. Mr. Devlin was going to use a tumpline. When he got set, with the band over his forehead, the pack sagging far down, and his gun and a camera in one hand and the buckets in the other, though Ike wanted to tie them to his own packboard, with the stove, he saw there was lots of dew, and began all over, first putting on some slicker pants.

I slid under my pack sack, got it high on my back, and made my little silk hat loose on my head, and went up the trail after Ike.



Mr. Devlin Got Set, With the Band Over His Forehead, the Pack Sagging Far Down

Pretty soon Mr. Devlin hollered—and he was sogged in a water hole and could not get up; so I pulled at him, and after another half mile he excused himself and swore. And I snickered and said that would be some picture, and he gritted at me, his face purple, and staggered on until he swore again and fell flat, crying could I find his knife and cut off the slicker pants? I got a bully picture of him, first.

"Lord, I am baking alive!" he said, and could breathe hard without remembering.

After another quarter mile he said to please go on and he would catch up; and later he burst out through some alders and said:

"That is twelve-dollar underwear, but it can go, for all of me—I took off my two extra suits. Also, maybe in Ontario they lug a hundred pounds from a tumpline that's cutting into their brains; but I believe it is a lie! Are you hot?"

I took his rifle, then, and a few odds that would go on my packboard; and we overtook Uncle Dan and Ike resting under a big spruce.

"Why, where's your big coat, Uncle?" I called, because he was in his undershirt like Ike.

He said very briefly he had put it on a branch and would pick it up with the second load; and when I asked was he enjoying the outing, he sighed and rose—but Mr. Devlin got snagged again, not having learned to hunt a stump or bank to rest his pack on, and then walk under it when starting.

"Well, sir, you sayin' yesterday about how you carried a hundred an' fifty pounds in the lumber country got me," Ike said, giving me his gun while he made a cigarette. "Put eighty on me, an' I got a load; but then big guys like you an' your brother Al kin make it—what you're packin' to-day feels like a feather, don't it?"

"How—how much I got now?" Uncle said in grunts, shifting his packboard, and Ike figured a second and I said:

"Only seventy, Uncle. I weighed it all on the scales last night, so I could tell Pa if you are stronger than he is. He carries a hundred and twenty-five, and has his gun, too, you know; but he said not to overload you if you ever came while he was away."

"I wouldn't know I had anything on me," Uncle Dan said, and he walked very fast; and when he saw I was right along with him he looked back and said I was a great girl, and wasn't I tired yet?

Then I wanted him to race; and he agreed and ran a little way, but stopped suddenly with a long grunt and said where was that glass?—he thought he saw a bear on the hill. And he made out not to hear me when I was ready to race some more.

Ike was delayed, pulling Mr. Devlin out of a creek, as he had tripped on a root and gone backward through some bushes into the water. Ike picked up fifty of Uncle's shells, the compass and folding ax, thinking they had been lost; but Uncle scowled and was not very polite when he took them back. I asked where was his .45?

"Betsy, I have it; it is mine anyway, is it not?" he said quite coldly.

Just the same we never saw it again during the trip! He was all scratched from willows flying back into his face. Mr. Devlin kept worrying about poisonous growths and being far from medical aid; and he was scratched too. I told him twice there is no poisonous vegetation in Alaska, and he would sigh and eat full-meal pellets, and look hungry.

"There's camp in them big cottonwoods!" said Ike after three hours, and I wanted Uncle to race; but he shook his head, though smiling a very little. Not much like Pa, who larks along the trail and hides, coming in ahead of you, and doing birdcalls until he has to laugh and gets found!

Well, I built a small hot smudge while the rest straightened up and drank from the creek; and Mr. Devlin lay flat, feebly pawing at his pack to get out a candy-box ration. I nearly spilled the coffee bucket when he gave a throaty, queer cry and found the boxes had got full of Skilak Lake; and as there had been some gasoline and lubricating oil with the water in the boat it made the melted chocolate, nuts, cheese and caramels stick round the bacon; and it smelled awful! With another moan he scrabbled them all together and staggered with them to the creek.

"Never mind, pal; we got plenty grub along," said Ike, smoking.

"Never mind? Ninety cents each! And I suffered under them eight miles!" said Mr. Devlin bitterly. "Thirty pounds—about a hundred in all, upon me!"

"Oh my, no, Mr. Devlin; we only let you take fifty-six—it was every smidge weighed," I said. A chechako always thinks he is packing more than he is.

The Size of a Kadiak Bear

PRETTY soon I gave him a plate of rice and raisins, and a can of cocoa and a bacon sandwich, and he came to life. Uncle just ate and was silent, except once he asked Ike who said it was only eight miles back to the lake? Ike said if he would rather omit the extra trip, forget it, and I mentioned how Pa and Mac last year made three round trips in a day; and after a sigh Uncle said:

"Not at all; not at all, Ike. I am feeling grand!"

"He can pack fifty pounds of sugar and fifty of flour," I suggested. "That makes just a nice load, and not knobby, like canned stuff."

When they were gone Mr. Devlin kept going to sleep by the last of the fire; but I shook him and made him do the heavy work, getting up the big tent. He had busted the feather half off his hat, lying flat so much. I said wasn't this a pretty place? And he answered oh, glorious indeed!—but he seemed rather absent.

We were in the only big trees in the narrow little valley, as beyond there were only a few small spruces on the steep hillsides, the rest all alders and fireweed and Hudson Bay tea scrub, and willows which were broken and chewed by moose. Ahead there showed one snowy peak. You go toward it to reach the sheep country. About every minute a rabbit would dart through camp and Mr. Devlin would grab at his gun, thinking it was a bear.

"My child, you must be mistaken as to the size of the Kadiak species of brown bear that inhabits this locality—ten-feet hides! Do you realize what that would be?"

"I didn't say every one was. Eight is a big bear if he is coming for you, but nine and ten are down here if we find them; and Pa once saw a twelve-footer, though the fur wasn't over an inch long and no good. And a mamma bear travels with last year's cubs, sometimes, and this year's also, and they will help her, of course; that is why we always have a gun along down here—you have to."

He would not move a step, then, without his Bass. Well, it is true. And they will go for a man; they do it all the time. Why, Bill Kaiser had to stay on the roof of his cabin three days once. A brownie can't climb, though it will reach for you if you don't keep going. When we had the small cooktent up—the one I would sleep in—and were setting the Yukon stove on some rocks, Mr. Devlin suddenly got pale and peered out, with his rifle ready; but it was only a wolverine and it flashed away in a hurry. There is an animal that hardly ever lets itself be seen.

"I wonder if they will be much longer?" Mr. Devlin kept saying when it was dusk; so I said I would chase down the trail a couple of miles, and he could watch the big bannock I had in the oven, and stoke the stove with some more of that green wood he had cut, and square the top of a log for us to sit on at meals.

We had brought in some boughs for the beds. He seemed to want me to stay there, and sighed. It was about dark when Ike's voice came, offering to spell Uncle with the big pack, and crying that it wasn't but another half mile.

"Hello, Unk, how are you making it?" I hollered, and he said gruffly:

"I am all right."

"Lemme spell you with it, Kel; you been slowin' for the last mile," Ike said.

"I tell you I am all right!" said my uncle hoarsely; he had cut some off the ends of his heavy pants and was in his undershirt, with no hat, and heaved like fury.

Mr. Devlin acted half hysterical when we got there, and he had burned a hand turning the bannock over, and made some terrible muck for coffee. He said a person

(Continued on Page 74)

HALF A MAN

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

CARLITOS sat on the back steps of the manager's house, brooding darkly on the ways of women. Though he munched steadily on molasses candy, there was a frown on his brow. He and Rosie had quarreled.

"No, I won't!" he called over his shoulder. "Get as mad as you like. It ain't a man's work."

Her retort was swift. The contents of the wash-pan caught him squarely in the middle of the back, and with a wail of dismay and anguish he ducked beyond reach of more.

"You did that on purpose!" he yelled.

Rosie came to the door and surveyed the dripping boy with soft contrition.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! But how could I know you'd be there? Are you mad at me, honey?"

Carlitos said he was; he was perfectly honest about it.

"Well, why wouldn't you help me wash up, then?" she demanded.

That insult again! Carlitos took a long breath and started in afresh to tell her precisely what sort of devil she was. What he said would have scorched a sensitive nature to a crisp; but Rosie was not sensitive and she smiled kindly as she wiped her hands.

Now a smile may propitiate or it may be one to madden. The girl's stung Carlitos to frenzy. He gulped down the tears and advanced to chastise her. Yes; he would show Rosie a woman's place in the scheme of things; he would beat her up.

Forgetting that she was twice his size and could wallop the everlasting daylights out of him in a fair field, Carlitos grabbed her by the wrist and tried to apply the boot. Rosie cuffed his ears vigorously and backed him against the wall, her intent being to pin his arms above his head and then torment him at leisure, but the boy bit her on the forearm and she screamed. The noise of their struggle drew the manager's wife to the kitchen.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter now?" she exclaimed. "Rosie, turn that boy loose! The idea of a big girl like you picking on a little fellow like Carlitos!"

The dishwasher let go by flinging Carlitos to a safe distance, and cried in her own defense:

"Pick on him? Why, he jumped on me, Miz Witherspoon! The brat's got a knife out too. Look! Oh, you mean li'l' devil!"

Mrs. Witherspoon cast one glance at Carlitos and perceived that it was so.

"Scat!" she snapped, with a stamp of her foot. "Scat, you!" And Carlitos fled.

He headed toward the corrals for sanctuary. There were three of them, with high, thick adobe walls. The feed barns formed one side of the largest; next to them stood the stables, where the thoroughbred stallions and the jack were kept. As he passed the latter's stall the beast came raving to the foot of the door. He had torn a hole in it close to the ground with his teeth, and through this aperture he now stuck his nose, snapping his jaws hopefully. The boy paused to watch the performance. A pitchfork lay on the ground. Carlitos picked it up and shoved the handle into the opening. Instantly the jack's teeth crunched on it and the boy lunged viciously.

"Cut that out!" ordered a voice, and he whirled to face the manager. "Where you been?" continued Witherspoon. "Just lazin' round as usual? Now you come alive and get busy. Take the stallions out and water 'em."

The boy proceeded to do as bidden. The brown pacer he led down to the tank because of an antipathy the animal harbored against anything astride his bare back, but the black Percheron, which weighed two thousand and fifty pounds, was a special chum. Carlitos clucked at the monster and stroked his glossy shoulder, then scrambled up by the aid of a wagon wheel and rode him to water.

He looked like a monkey atop an elephant. General Prosperity's back was about three feet across and the boy's short legs stuck straight out, but the stallion moved with an easy gait, his glistening neck arched, and Carlitos swelled like a toy balloon with pride. It was a source of annoyance to him, however, that Rosie could not witness this triumph of horsemanship.

I have recited this chapter of a morning for the sole purpose of showing from what humble beginnings a great soldier may spring. Who would ever have suspected that Carlitos would become a hero and have his deeds lauded in camp-fire song? Who, watching him suck candy on the back steps, or playing the mouth organ in the shade, while others toiled afield—who the Sam Hill would have guessed that he'd lay it all over every rival of his years in martial doings?

"You Have Heard Me Say That the First Duty of a Soldier Was Loyalty and Obedience? Yet You Have Been a Traitor"

But he did. It's the tarnation truth.

Haven't you often noticed how that sort of thing works out? Did you never have occasion to observe that the very fellows at school whose excuse for existence seemed hardest to find got monuments erected to them in the town square?

Well, that was the way with Carlitos. All unknowing of the splendid future, he dwelt in the house of his mother at the Tumbling K Ranch, and took the stallions to water, and stole sugar from the commissary, and worried Rosie by loafing in the kitchen.

Not that the girl disliked him. No woman on earth could look at Carlitos without a warming of the heart. But there were flaws in his character—it seemed probable that Carlitos would make a poor provider. He was fond of idling in the heat of the day, and in the cool he preferred rolling dice to any form of labor. Besides all that, Rosie was seventeen and Carlitos only ten, which is really a too great disparity of age for anything serious.

Sometimes she would grab Carlitos and kiss him in the presence of the entire outfit. It made the boy see red and plan murder in his heart. He would have appreciated a little loving in the gloom of the kitchen at the going-down of the sun, when nobody was about, but with a crowd of ribald cowboys to witness the spectacle it made his flesh creep. The strange part was that Rosie swiftly slapped him when he attempted a private rehearsal on his own account. Perhaps her caresses of Carlitos were directed at Joe Rinehart, anyway. If not, what made Joe so wild, and why did he sneer so bitterly?

As I have said, Carlitos dwelt in the house of his mother at Number 15, Perfume Alley. At least, it would have been Number 15 if the dwellings at the Tumbling K had been numbered. There were seventeen of the adobe huts for the native employees and they straggled along one side of a broad, grassy highway that divided them from the barns and corrals. The boys called the thoroughfare Perfume Alley because the natives lived there.

Though his name was Carlos Aviles—Carlitos is merely a diminutive of endearment—his mother's name was Elias. She had married again, so she said, and her husband was horse wrangler for the outfit. As for the father of Carlitos, his identity was always a matter of vague and disquieting speculation.

One day the boy lay on his back in the Willows, a league below headquarters, his hat over his eyes to protect them from a shaft of sunlight that pierced the low-hanging boughs—it was too much trouble to move to a spot where no light penetrated. He was musing on Rosie and her treatment of him. That very morning she had flouted him. With Joe Rinehart and another there to see, she had looped a soggy dishrag round his neck while the uncouth pair applauded.

Carlitos gritted his teeth as he recalled the scene. Did you ever love a girl so hard that you hated her? Well, he was in that case exactly.

But she would pay for it all some day! An hour of reckoning would come, and then she should see with what manner of man she had trifled. Carlitos pictured the whole thing and gloated.

Chief of a daring band whose only law was their leader's word, he would swoop down from his mountain aerie upon the helpless Tumbling K and bear the maiden off, carrying her lightly in front of him at a gallop. Arrived by tireless riding at the cave, he would put her down. Oh, the ecstasy of that moment! He could see the proud beauty nosing the dirt as she pleaded for life, the while he stood sternly over her and smiled—aye, smiled! with disdain. Perhaps she would realize then what she had missed by spurning him; and he would lift her up and, turning to his hardy outlaws—

Clack! It was a hoof against stone, and Carlitos came rudely out of his dreams to peer through the trees.

Three Mexicans were watering their ponies in the stream about a hundred yards off. While he watched, others joined them. They came flitting like phantoms through the grove, in couples, apparently careless of concealment. Carlitos counted twelve and got no further, for the reason that he couldn't count above that number—but he was positive there were half a million.

They were weather-beaten, ragged, covered with dust; and all carried rifles slung at the saddle. The scrawny horses seemed exhausted. They buried their hot muzzles in the creek and drank eagerly, and each moment the cavalcade on the bank was swelled by new arrivals.

Soldiers! He thrilled at the spectacle. But suddenly he asked himself what such a force was doing in the Willows—and then he thought of those at the ranch. Instantly he turned and fled out of the grove, moving soundlessly in his bare feet.

They were just sitting down to dinner at the manager's house when Carlitos burst in with the news. The boss sent his chair flying in a wild jump for the door.

"Fanny," he shouted back as he sped toward the corrals, "take the baby and Rosie, and hide. Joe, you and Lon run off the horses. Drop out a few of the condemned ones. If they don't find something it's like they'll burn the place. Carlitos, help me with the thoroughbreds."

At last he was getting his due—the boss was treating him like a man.

Carlitos sprang eagerly toward the stables.

In the main corral were sixty horses, brought there at noon in order that the few men remaining at headquarters might catch fresh mounts. Rinehart locked up a dozen of the oldest and poorest, threw wide the gate and drove the others forth. They went streaming down a draw leading eastward, the two cowboys urging them with cracking ropes, and the draw hid them from sight of anyone approaching from the Willows.

Carlitos, perched on the mighty back of General Prosperity, cantered clumsily in their wake. The boss was in front, on the brown stallion.

Prosperity was not built for speed, and he began to pant before half a mile had been covered. Witherspoon groaned as he beheld his labored efforts.

"It's no use," he said. "Take him back, Carlitos. He'll die if he goes another mile. Perhaps they won't want him, account of his size."

Glad of the order, the boy turned back. He had just reached the stables when he heard the distant crack of rifles and perceived Witherspoon returning.

"They saw me and cut across the mesa," he explained ruefully. "Gee, we're up against it hard, boy! Mind you keep your mouth shut and don't breathe a word. Understand? If you tell 'em a thing I'll flay you alive!"

He led the stallion to his stall and slammed the door, then hurried back to the house, with a view to concealing whatever valuables Mrs. Witherspoon might have overlooked in her flight. The boy kept at his heels.

The place was deserted; the dinner stood, half eaten, on the table. Mrs. Witherspoon and Rosie were safely hidden in the underground room the boss had built, after the style of a cyclone cellar, just for this purpose, and with them were two native women and the baby.

"Clear away the extra places, Carlitos," said the boss, "and me and you'll be eatin' our food peaceful when they find us."

It was done in two winks. Presently they heard a bugle, then a jangle of bits, and the patter of hoofs on hard ground.

"It's Murga and his crowd," announced Witherspoon, peeping through the window. "And he's got close to a hundred men, it looks like."

"They Come So Quick We Didn't Have Time to Run," Wailed Mrs. Witherspoon

In a minute, eight or ten Mexicans approached the open back door, with rifles held at the waist, and one of them cried sharply to Witherspoon to surrender. The boss smiled genially and shoved back his chair.

"Come in, *amigos!*" he replied with hospitable warmth. "Had your dinner, yet? We was just finishing."

They looked hungrily at the food, but made no move to enter.

"Where's the general?" asked Witherspoon. "I want to pay my respects."

For answer they drew up in two lines from the door to present arms, and Black Murga strode in. He was a thickset man, with negroid lips and somber, suspicious eyes. His official killer was at his elbow, and half a dozen lesser chiefs trailed behind.

"Are you the *administrador?*" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is everybody? What have you done with your people?"

"Ain't they outside?" asked the boss. "I left two of the boys in the corral, general. All the others are out on the round-up, forty miles southeast. The farm hands are here, though."

"But the Americans in your employ—the señora—your family—your servants—where are they?"

"My wife is visiting her kinfolks in Nogales, General," was the answer. "And the only help I keep round the house is Carlitos, here. Bow to the general, Carlitos."

Carlitos did so and the chief gave another grunt, stroking the knob of his nose.

"That's a lie," he said calmly, "but never mind. They're in the storm cellar." The boss started a feeble denial, but Murga flew into a rage.

"Don't lie to me," he cried furiously, "else I'll give you a pill of my making. Why did you hide her from us? Hey? Why do you show distrust? Do you think we are common bandits? Answer me, I say!"

"No, general. But ——"

"But you treat us as such," he fumed.

He glared at the boss. Just behind him the killer waited alertly. "Well, it doesn't matter," he continued, mastering himself by an effort that left him pale. "We will show better manners than you. All Americans are alike. What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?"

He waved to his escort to withdraw, and added as they filed out:

"I want to talk to you. And while we talk I will eat—with your kind permission. Boy, bring me a plate."

The interview lasted the better part of an hour and ended in an agreement on the following terms:

Witherspoon was to make a war loan of three thousand pesos to the cause, on behalf of the Cattle Company, for which General Murga consented to accept his check on a Douglas bank. In addition he was to provide twenty head of cattle, the saddle horses left in the corral, fifty sacks of flour, five hundred pounds of salt, thirty sacks of sugar, whatever bacon he had in the commissary, and three days' grain for the force Murga had with him.

In return, the chief pledged his word that all other property and the lives of the ranch employees should be respected, and the Tumbling K Company should be favored with his friendship.

He also consented to accept the bay stallion, worth a thousand in gold, as a personal gift, but sold the huge Percheron to the boss for a trifle of a hundred pesos, cash in hand.

Long before this happy arrangement had been arrived at, Carlitos had stolen out. Somehow he didn't like the General's restless glance, and he was not interested a bit in the ownership of the stock or flour on the place. Therefore, it happened that when Black Murga and the boss emerged—the former completely restored to good humor and slapping the glum Witherspoon on the back—they found Carlitos mingling with the soldiers.

"Colonel Moreno," said Murga to an officer, "ring the bell and summon the people."

In a moment the tiny belfry above the mess house was rocking to the clangor, and every native on the place trooped toward the sound. The majority of them had consorted freely with the raiders from their entry; the more cautious, who had something to lose, perhaps, and therefore kept indoors, now sallied out as though obeying a command, and all congregated in front of the manager's house.

Like the astute stage director he was, Black Murga kept them waiting until a trooper had brought his horse. Then he mounted and moved into their midst.

"Hear me!" he said in a deep, vibrant voice. "I come from the mountains. You are listening to the words of one who dwells in everlasting touch with the clouds. My bed is where the eagle builds his nest; my eyes rest where the eagle soars.

"Here is Erasmo Murga, the avenger of the helpless. Here is the man, my children, who has been chosen by Justice to hold its sword against oppressors. Let Justice guide us."

Frantic "Vivas!" and hysterical feminine cries greeted the speech. There was a compelling magnetism about Murga that set heartstrings throbbing. They surged forward, those humble peons, to kiss his hand and pat his horse, tears streaming down the faces of the old and the women. Seven men enlisted on the spot.

First of all to offer his services was Carlitos.

"No, no, *muchachito,*" said the chief, not unkindly. "Stay here and be the comfort of your good mother."

Abashed and crestfallen, the boy slunk away. An hour later Black Murga and his band departed from the Tumbling K, after looting the commissary to the last tin of sardines. He might be a man of the mountains, but Erasmo certainly possessed excellent business acumen, for he dispatched a trusted officer to Douglas to cash the check before Witherspoon could stop payment on it.

Carlitos could not sleep that night. His stepfather returned home shortly after sundown, and he was in an ill humor. He gave Carlitos a beating because the boy seemed sulky, and when his mother protested he beat her too. Elias was always impartial in this respect.

Stiff and sore, Carlitos crawled under his blanket on the earth floor and pretended to sleep, but he remained wide awake, burning as with fever. Why had they not taken him? He was old enough and he could ride like a *vaquero.* Often he had heard of boys no older than himself who were fighting in the ranks. Why, that very day he had conversed with a patronizing trooper named Tomas, who was certainly not a day over fourteen years of age!

Hour after hour he tossed and turned, debating the question. He was on fire to join the rebels. The bravado of their bearing had stirred his envy; their arms and military discipline seemed magnificent to Carlitos. And Black Murga —— Was ever such a leader? The boy would have followed him cheerfully to the death.

Abruptly he came to a decision. His stepfather's rasping snore and the shriller nasal note of his mother apprised him that they were dead to the world, and he tiptoed out of the hut, carrying the blanket with him. There had been no need to dress; Carlitos usually slept in his clothes.

He went straight to Prosperity's stall. It had flashed into his mind that if he could present the Percheron to the chief as a peace offering, he would be made welcome to the army.

The gentle stallion permitted him to climb up. He clucked at him, and they ambled out of the ranch.

Drawn by huzzas and laughter, Black Murga forsook his breakfast and came out to the steps of the house wherein he made his headquarters in Sauceda. A motley procession was moving up the main street of the village, composed of citizens and troopers and camp followers and children; but the core of it was a tiny figure on a great black horse. On it came, Carlitos sitting dejectedly on Prosperity's rump, yet keeping serious and intent on his mission, while the crowd surged and eddied and jostled round him, crying greetings and jests.

"Wow, what a bigness!"

"Hi, *muchacho!* The flea and the elephant!"

"Dios, what a beast! He must eat the stuff that makes the bread swell up—hey, *compañeros?*"

The boy was wan and half famished, and the Percheron appeared to be in even worse plight. He had lost his noble rotundity, his proud head drooped, a thick layer of

congealed dirt hid his silky coat, and he scarcely bothered to lift his feet.

"What's this?" demanded Murga sternly.

Carlitos halted, raising a tired arm in salute.

"I have come to serve you, general. As for the horse, he is yours."

More laughter, in which the chief joined. Yet he looked at Carlitos with favor; it is precisely from such blind loyalty that leaders build their power.

"Welcome, *niñito!*" he answered gayly. "You have taken terrible risks; but the greater shall be your reward. Colonel Moreno, see that he gets a suitable outfit and attach him to your company. It may be he will make a fine bugler—he has the mouth and wind for one."

When the anticipated applause that greeted this sally had subsided, he went on:

"As for this mountain of flesh, my child, he would prove an encumbrance to us. Therefore, we shall eat him."

"Eat him?"

"To be sure. We are short of beef and my boys will enjoy so fine a feast."

The boy let out a wail; but there was no help for it. Black Murga had spoken, and they led him and Prosperity away.

In such fashion did he become a soldier. And to such ignominious end came the Percheron. The boy wept over his demise; but there were so many things to distract him that his grief was assuaged before nightfall, and he partook with gusto of a portion of steak from his favorite's fore quarter.

They gave Carlitos a pair of whole shoes, a new shirt and felt hat; also a rifle, and a belt with fifty-five cartridges in it. After that he got his pick of one of the commandeered horses from the ranch and became the owner of a saddle that almost held together when mended with wire.

"Now," said the sergeant to whose care he had been assigned, "take this bugle and let's hear you blow."

Carlitos put the mouthpiece to his lips and blew until his eyes popped. Not a sound could he get out of it except a hoarse gurgle.

"That is not the way. The lips should be thus. Watch me."

After that Carlitos tooted for hours at a stretch and before he went to bed had learned to extract a single long, plaintive note.

There were six hundred and thirty men in Murga's force and more than half that many women. Children swarmed all over the place. When a Mexican goes to war he takes his family along, lest he should have none on his return, and also for the reason that the wife may take care of him. He is willing to attend to the battles and parades personally, but permits the light of his life to do the camp drudgery and carry the load on the march.

About the first person Carlitos met at Sauceda was his ranch acquaintance, Tomas. There was no mistaking Tomas, once you had seen him; for he was stunted and had a cast in the left eye. Upon learning that Carlitos was now one of them, he volunteered to initiate him into their life, and as a first step thereto conducted him to his comrade, Juan, aged twelve, who figured on the roster as Trooper Juarequi. The introduction passed off very well until Carlitos, the ignorant country boy, began to stare at a six-shooter Juan wore in his belt. Now, Juan was sensitive concerning this weapon, purloined from Witherspoon's desk, and an exchange of repartee led to a fight.

Fortunately the six-shooter contained no cartridge. Still, it made a useful ally when grasped by the barrel, and Carlitos was obliged to have recourse to a stone, placed to his hand by Providence.

"You've killed him!" said Tomas, awed as much by the catlike ferocity with which Carlitos fought as by the limp form of his friend.

"That couldn't kill a flea," asserted Carlitos. "I only hit him once—like that."

He ran to the stream that flowed through the outskirts of the camp, filled his hat with water, and dashed it into Juan's face. The shock brought a shiver of horror from Trooper Juarequi; he gasped and sat up. And, of course, from that moment they were firm friends.

To our eyes the village of Sauceda and the army of General Murga, and the camp followers of that army, would have looked hopelessly unkempt, ill-equipped and ragged. There was no apparent system in anything. The whole camp seemed to be in utter disorder. Refuse, odds and ends, lay in the open street, and dogs prowled the place the livelong day. Yet there was rough method in it all.

And that was injected by the women. They prepared the meals over the little fires in the open, and quarreled fiercely about such matters as the ownership of an old lard bucket or a handful of beans. And in the long afternoons they cleaned clothes by pummeling and rolling them on the flat rocks in the creek.

"Wow!" cried one at first sight of Carlitos in all his grandeur. "Look at the pretty boy! Are we taking them from the cradle now?"

Carlitos, who was naturally quick, told the lady to go to hades and himself went on about his business, which was to accompany Colonel Moreno's command on a foray for fodder.

Ah, it was a fine, carefree, noble career! Carlitos took to it like a duck to water. He would join a group at a camp fire and revel in the tales of fights and deeds of valor, and the prodigies of Black Murga. His mouth open and his body twitching with eagerness, he missed no word. This was life! Now he was a man and a soldier.

They had cockfights every day, too, and horse races, not only among themselves but against the *saqueros* from a neighboring ranch. And sometimes Carlitos and Trooper Juarequi held wrestling matches, which proved a popular feature.

Once, when entertaining a visiting chief, the general sent for the boy to stand behind his chair and wait on him. The attention pleased the guest—he felt a lot safer with Carlitos behind him in place of one of Murga's cutthroats. And Carlitos acquitted himself so deftly that the general often had him in after that.

He was thus engaged one noon when the chief's meal was disturbed by the entrance of an aide with a report.

"Drunk, hey?" said Murga, with his mouth full. "Shoot him! It'll teach the others discipline. They need it."

And he went calmly on with his meal. From time to time he glanced at Carlitos, perhaps to see what effect the sentence produced.

"Listen, *muchachito*," he began: "You heard the order I gave. Reflect on it and profit thereby. Always keep in mind that a soldier's first duty is obedience."

"Yes, general," stammered Carlitos.

Well satisfied, the general rose from the table and Carlitos hurried off to see the execution.

The prisoner's name was Hernandez and he enjoyed a reputation among the bandits for dauntless courage; but he had got drunk while on outpost duty and was caught sound asleep under a tree by the patrol. He appeared very unconcerned as he marched in the midst of the squad to the place of execution, smoking a cigarette and joking with the captain who was to deliver the death stroke.

Carlitos stuck close to the procession. What manner of man was this that could march to his doom without flinching? He watched intently for a sign of fear, but could not detect a flicker. And on a sudden impulse he sidled near enough to thrust a fresh cigarette into the prisoner's hand. Hernandez darted a glance of surprise at him and smiled.

"Ah! Thanks, *compañero!*" he said cordially, patting him on the shoulder. Carlitos gulped and moved away.

Everybody in camp who could leave duty followed to witness the spectacle. Soldiers, women and children trooped behind the escort, which presently stopped at the wall of a ruined house. The officer in command stepped to the front and, having called for silence, made a speech.

"His Excellency desires that this should be a warning to you," he ended sonorously.

There was absolute silence during this harangue—absolute silence when he had finished. The prisoner continued to smoke the cigarette Carlitos had given him.

"Ready?" demanded the captain.

"Yes."

They stood him up against the wall and the officer advanced to blindfold him, but Hernandez repulsed the bandage.

"Let me see it done," he cried gayly. "And do me a favor, captain—permit me to give the word."

"Certainly."

The prisoner drew a couple of deep puffs while the squad took positions a few paces in front. Then his glance roved over the crowd and he smiled bitterly. Among them were scores and scores of women.

"So you come to see me die?" he said, and laid a curse on them.

Carlitos shivered as he listened. Some of the women began to whimper; a few sneaked off; the majority just stared, seemingly unmoved.

"All right!" the prisoner announced, briskly flipping the cigarette into the air. "There's just one thing more I ask—don't spoil my face, *compañeros*. Tell Lolita my last thoughts were of her—and my soul to the Unknown. Shoot, boys!"

Five rifles blazed and he dropped.

Carlitos, who had watched to the end—watched with bated breath and taut muscles—turned swiftly and ran. Stumbling and falling, he ran and ran until far beyond the camp of Sauceda. Then he cast himself down behind a bush and burst into tears.

"So she is a beauty?" inquired Murga smilingly as he puffed on an after-dinner cigar.

The boy, pausing in his task of clearing the table, launched into a eulogy of Rosie's charms. Encouraged by the stimulating applause and laughter of the staff, he talked as no little boy ought to talk. They poked fun at Carlitos, egged him on, chaffed him. The more they bantered, the more eloquent he grew. Black Murga was amused for a while and then became thoughtful.

"She is, then, such a wonder?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 33)

They Followed Him Soundlessly Down the Slopes

THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

The Bare Foot—By Melville Davisson Post

IN THE effort of the detective writers to create an infallible sleuth Mark Twain took the wind out of everybody's sails. Neither Dupin, Holmes, Lecoq, nor any of the celebrities of Nicholas Carter, could approach Archy Stillman.

He was a modest, unassuming person. He made no pretensions and, what is incredible in a sleuth, he offered no explanations. But his method was unequaled. If he were shown a footprint that had been left behind by a criminal in his exit he would examine it very closely, like a person with exaggerated myopia. He would get down over the footprint, with his face nearly touching it. He would stare at it motionless for a few moments. Then he would get up and follow the trail of that unfortunate criminal through wood and field, over hill and dale, street and alley, cellar and housetop, where there was no sign, mark, or any visible physical evidence of a track; until finally he cornered him and turned him over to the amazed minions of the law. And he could do it in the dark!

The marvelous skill of Archy Stillman was an amazing mystery until the inimitable humorist gave his charming explanation:

The detective had been marked by a prenatal influence. His mother had been pursued by bloodhounds. Her son, though giving no physical evidence of a wonderful gift, had inherited the keen sense of smell that belonged to the bloodhounds which had put his mother in terror. It was by means of this naïve device that Mark Twain ridiculed what he believed to be the exaggerated deductions of Dupin, Lecoq and Holmes.

One wonders what he would have thought of the deductions of the modern scientific criminologists.

Even the gift of the bloodhound's nose hardly puts Mark Twain's sleuth in advance of these experts. If young Mr. Stillman were shown a footprint, he could trail down the assassin who had made it; but he could tell you nothing about him. But the modern scientific criminologist can tell you all about the assassin from his footprint, so that the police have only to go out and find him.

A Real Holmes and His Watsons

WHEN the Baron von R—— was murdered in a city of Southeastern Europe, the police found on the floor beside the dead man a single track in a splash of blood. The body of the Baron, after his murder, had been placed in a chair, perhaps with the intention of creating the impression of suicide. But in going about his work the assassin had made the single footprint. The police at once sent to the university for the celebrated professor of criminology.

He came, with a group of his students, to examine the footprint.

He was a little, obese, bald man, with a military bearing, for he had been an officer in the Bohemian wars. He had a fine, acute face, with heavy, straight eyebrows—like lines of ebony set into the craggy brow—a large bony nose, and a grizzled mustache that bristled in the military fashion.

He sat down on the floor beside the single footprint, with a small metal tape and a magnifying glass, not unlike the big reading glasses to be seen in this country.

"This," he said, "is an imprint of a right bare foot, and therefore could not be that of the Baron, whose shoes have not been removed. It has a very high arch, and was made three hours ago. The man who made it was not standing still. He was walking when this imprint was made—probably leaving the room."

Then he paused, measured the print very carefully with his tape, took out a pencil and made a calculation on a blank page of a notebook, and continued:

"He is a thin man—very slender—six feet and one inch in height. He is a soldier and has been injured in the knee."

Then he looked up at the police officials.

"You can write down that description," he said, "and go out and find this assassin while I finish here, with this illustration, my lecture on scientific criminal investigation."

The police went out, with what the French call a *portrait parlé* of the assassin—a slender soldier, six feet and one inch in height, with an injury to his right knee—while the professor of criminology, assembling his students, began his lecture on how he had arrived at these precise conclusions from the single footprint before him.

SKETCHES BY W. D. I. ARNOLD

Figures A and B

He explained, first, that, where one was able to examine an imprint of any sort in blood before that medium had entirely dried, one ought to be able, by an accurate knowledge of the process of coagulation, to say with some degree of precision what time had elapsed since the formation of the imprint. In the case before him he was able to say that this imprint had been made three hours before his arrival.

Anyone could see that it was the print of a right foot. He knew the foot had a high arch—that is to say, it was unusually cambered—because the interior line of the print made a deep curve, cutting out a great segment of the print.

He explained that a flat foot would leave the whole print of the foot, but as the foot was arched the print would lessen.

Thus, in a foot with an excessive arch—highly cambered—not more than half of the surface of the foot would appear in the print. This was the case with the print before him. Consequently it was evident that the person who had made the print possessed a foot with an exceedingly high arch. See Figures A and B.

He knew that the assassin was walking at the time he made this track on the floor, because the print of the great toe was lengthened and ended in a sort of point. That was because one pressed the toe down in walking. If the track had been made by the assassin when standing still the print of the great toe would be round, because only the ball of the toe, in that case, would rest on the floor. See Figures C and D.

He went on to point out that it was always possible by the examination of a print to tell whether the person who had made it was, at the time, walking or standing still, since the track lengthened when one was in motion. Moreover, the print of the foot of one who is standing still is shorter and wider than the print of the same foot in motion. Thus, in following a track one is able to say where the person making it stopped and where he went on. This was sometimes exceedingly useful and could always be determined.

He knew that the man who had made this print had been a private in the German Army, because in walking he used the conventional goose step, which caused the foot to strike the earth in a certain manner and gave a peculiar indentation to the heel.

He knew this soldier had been injured in the knee, because in lifting the foot he had given the ball a twist to the right. This twist could only be caused by a knee injury; a certain weakening of the knee joint that one so injured invariably endeavors to assist by twisting the foot. Such an injury would perhaps not cause a decided limp; but the twist of the foot in walking would be easily perceptible.

He went on to explain that a novice in the study of footprints might be easily mistaken with respect to this feature of a print, because everybody twists the sole of the foot somewhat when he walks.

Gross, at the University of Graz, had first determined this by a series of experiments in which he caused a barefoot man to walk up a stepladder of which the steps were glass. By photographing the foot from below as it rested on the glass step he was able to determine the extent and peculiarities of this invariable twist. The experiments of Gross had been greatly advanced and improved by causing the barefoot person to walk on a flat roof laid in glass plates. This method gave more natural results, because the foot in this case was not under the unusual necessity of lifting the body up from one step to another as in the Gross experiments.

Bertillon's Laws of Proportions

THE students wished to know how the professor arrived at the conclusion that the assassin was of the exact height of six feet and one inch, and thin.

He replied that M. Alphonse Bertillon, chief of the Service de l'Identité Judiciaire, of Paris, after a vast number of experiments, had laid down a table of rules by which, if one knew the exact measurement of a certain portion of the body of an individual, he could work out precisely the dimensions of other portions of his body.

This exact table was known to everybody. One had only to measure the foot and multiply that length by its proper coefficient in this table in order to arrive at the height of the individual making the print. Relatively speaking, the height of a man was from six to seven times the length of his foot. Feet short in proportion to width took a larger multiple than those relatively long in proportion to width. But the table was approximately correct and one had now only to measure the print and apply it. Thus, if an imprint were 225 millimeters, the coefficient of reconstruction would be 6.840; and consequently the subject would be 1539 m. in height.

He was, therefore, able to say that the individual in this case was approximately six feet and one inch in height. He knew also that he was slender, because, with that height, any other than an unusually thin person would have made a wider track. Even the weight of an ordinary person of that height would have forced the foot to expand more than it was expanded in this print. He therefore felt justified in the belief that the assassin was unusually slender.

So full, precise and accurate was the description given by the professor of criminology, that he had scarcely concluded his lecture before the police were able to lay their hands on the assassin. He was a slender German, over six feet in height; his right knee had been injured by a tubercular infection, which caused him to twist his foot as he walked. And it

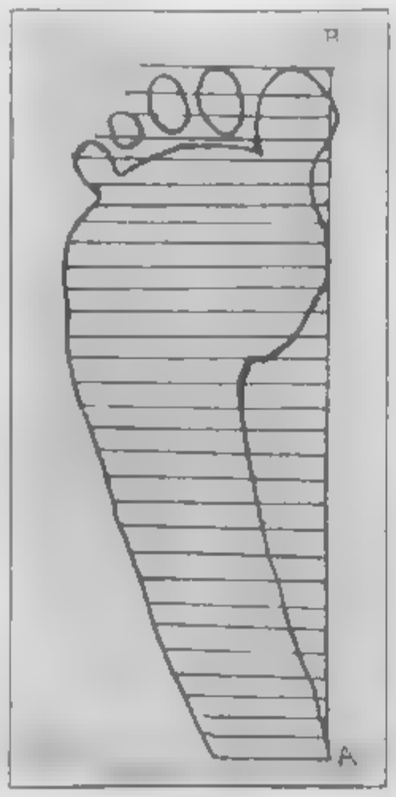


Figure C

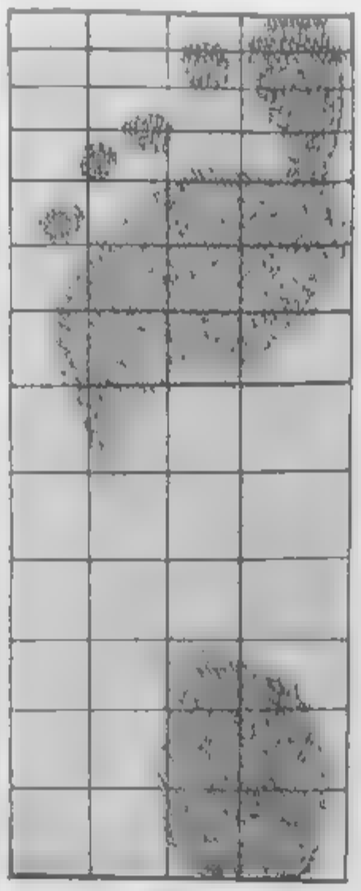


Figure D

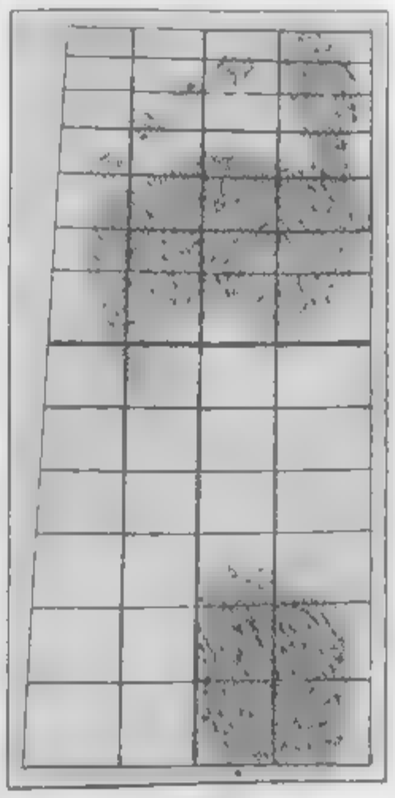


Figure E

was afterward shown that he was a deserter from a division of the German Army in Munich.

One may believe that the incidents of several experiments are assembled in the foregoing case, but one cannot believe the facts included in these details to be exaggerated or in doubt. A communicated case, especially at this time, is apt to reach us with contractions and elaborations, to gain or to lose by transmission when it is not a matter of legal or official record. But there is no observation or deduction in it that does not rest upon unquestioned scientific authority. They are established by an abundance of painstaking experiments.

The layman might believe the reading of this print to be an exaggerated deduction. But learned criminologists, like Niceforo, at Naples; Gross, at Graz; Reiss, at Lausanne; Ottolenghi or Lacassagne, know that such deductions are only the evident conclusions of the scientific examination of a footprint.

One should remember with what skill scientists are able to reproduce a prehistoric animal by the mere study of its footprint preserved in some geological formation. The pictures and casts of strange beasts, which one regards with wonder in the museums, are often built up from the slightest data—one or two bones or imprints. By assembling all available facts, and with a comprehensive knowledge of anatomical structure, it finally happens that the savant is able to get a pretty accurate idea of the size, structure and habits of a prehistoric animal from no other data than a footprint.

Figure D

Bertillon, in Paris, devoted a lifetime to working out his system of anthropometrics. Finally, as the professor said in the foregoing case, he was able to formulate a table by which, if one were given the size of any organ of the human body, he could reconstruct the individual precisely as the scientists are able to reconstruct the prehistoric animal. His table for obtaining the height of an individual from the length of his foot has been accepted after verification by the leading criminologists:

Length of foot by millimeters of ten to ten millimeters	Bertillon's Table	Coefficient of proportion for length
210 to 219	.	7.170
220 to 229		7.041
230 to 239		6.913
240 to 249		6.785
250 to 259		6.657
260 to 269		6.528
270 to 279		6.400
280 to 289		6.120
290 to up	. .	6.080

Masgard, in 1848, read a bulletin on this subject before the Academy of Medicine, in Belgium. And in 1889, De Parville, in the Revue Scientifique, published a formula showing the relation between the length of the foot and the height of the individual: $\text{Foot} = \frac{8.6}{30}\frac{(\text{Height}+0.05)}{2}$

This formula De Parville verified upon hundreds of individuals of all ages and proved it to be correct within the maximum of two centimeters.

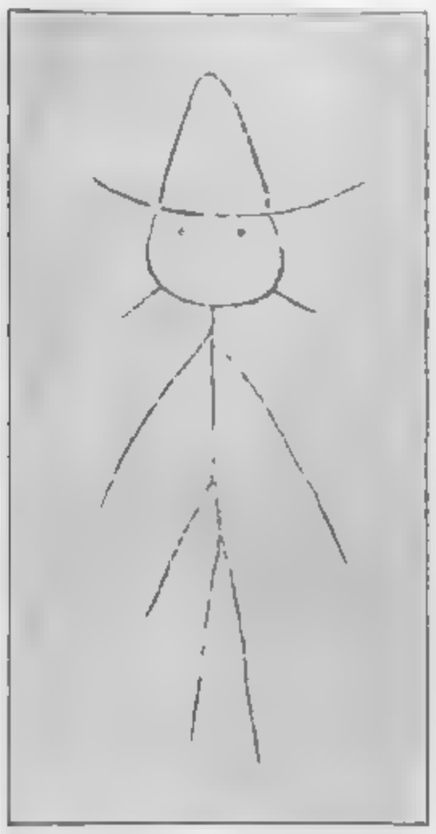


Figure 9

But a criminal investigator cannot remain content with the mere reading of a print. He must be able to preserve that print so that its peculiarities may be visible to a trial court or an examining magistrate. Moreover, it does not by any means always happen that a print exhibits the distinguishing characteristics set out in the foregoing case.

It is always possible for anybody with but slight skill in such matters to preserve the distinguishing characteristics of a print. The commonest method is to place a few pieces of pasteboard on the floor round the print and then lay a pane of glass over it—the pasteboard is merely to keep the glass from touching the print. Then one takes a sheet of paper, made transparent with oil, grease or turpentine, places this on the pane of glass and traces the print with a pencil or in ink. If no paper is available the print may be traced on the glass in ink.

A better method, suggested by Professor Florence, is to dip a bit of cotton in white lead and frost the glass. This frosting does not render the glass opaque. One may trace the footprint very easily on this frosted glass. Then, if one places a piece of black paper under the glass he obtains a very clear black print; or if he puts the glass in a solution of a certain potassium salt the lead frosting will turn black, and the result will be a first-class stereotype of the print, which one is able to take off on paper by the usual method. Niceforo, in discussing this

Figure C

method, advises one to varnish the glass in order to preserve the print.

The pantograph is also used. But one must be careful not to injure the print by this method. An optical device by which pictures or objects are reflected on paper is also sometimes used. But nowadays all criminal investigators agree that the best method of preserving an imprint is to photograph it.

Bertillon, Londe, Burais, Paul, Popp, Reiss, and others, have elevated scientific photography, in the subject of criminal investigation, to an elaborate art. However, the photograph of an imprint is no very difficult undertaking. It is only necessary to be absolutely sure that the photographic plate is precisely parallel to the plane of the print.

When Photographs Lie

FIGURES E and F show a false and a correct photograph. Niceforo, in discussing these figures, taken from Coutagne and Florence, points out that an inaccurate photograph is the most dangerous, misleading thing in the world; and that all photographs of prints are worthless unless, as has been said, the photographic plate is precisely parallel to the plane of the print when the picture is taken.

It should be remembered that a footprint does not always require a conspicuous medium in order to make it intelligible. Sweat or the natural moisture of the foot will often make a print hardly distinguishable to the eye, but capable of being developed. Mercury or chalk is used if the footprint is on a surface of a dark nature, and graphite or lampblack if the imprint is on a white surface.

A fine distinguishing footprint might be of no value whatever if one were not able to preserve it by some of these methods.

In the notorious assassination at Carmaux, on the night of the eighth of August, Causse found on a balcony the print of a naked foot. It was outside and would presently have been effaced by the rain if he had not immediately preserved it. As the case turned out, the whole solution of the mystery hung on this print. Eight persons were suspected of the crime. Causse was able to demonstrate that not one of these persons had anything to do with the affair. And it was afterward shown that one wholly unsuspected by the police was the author of the crime. It thus happened that by the preservation of the imprint eight innocent persons were cleared of the charge of murder.

A similar method was followed in the Courvoiser case, in England, and the MacPherson case, in Glasgow. In the latter the authorities found on a plank three imprints of a naked foot. They observed that it was a right foot, small, and with an exaggerated arch. This gave them a precise clew. They were able to discover all the persons who had been about the house or in the neighborhood. And it was finally shown that MacPherson was the only person whose foot could have possibly made the imprint, since it was small and with an unusual arch.

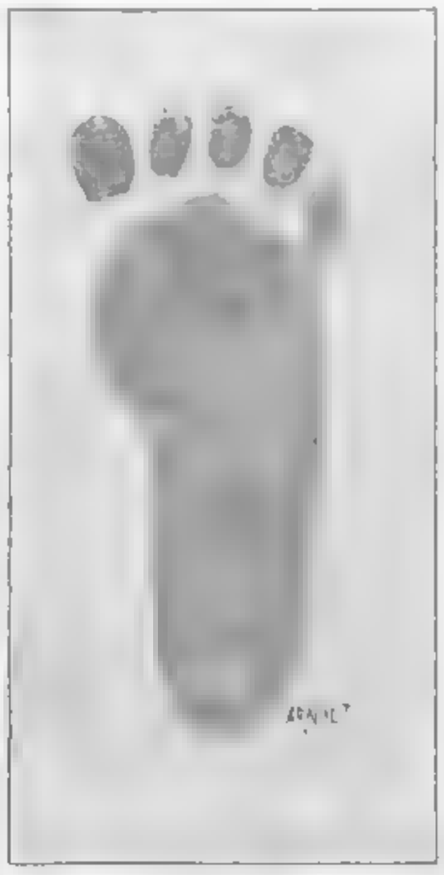


Figure 10

Some remarkable cases have resulted from the scientific observation of imprints.

The Gazette des Tribunaux gives the case of the Arab, Seliman ben Barbi, who had broken into a closed country house. The police in the morning found in the wet earth the print of a naked foot. This print indicated that the foot making it lacked several toes. The print was traced and careful reproductions were made by the police according to the scientific methods already explained in this paper. These reproductions were also accompanied by an exact, accurate description of the print.

This evidence was preserved, but it did not lead to the arrest of Seliman ben Barbi.

Other evidences connected with the affair, however, indicated that this Arab was the criminal and he was finally taken into custody. His foot showed no peculiarities and the police were not able to advance in the matter until the *juge d'instruction* forced the Arab to walk barefoot on a plank covered with mud. The tracks made by the man in this medium demonstrated conclusively that he was the person who had made the track in the garden. It proved that the peculiar position of the toes in walking caused the track of the Arab to give the impression of a foot curiously deformed by the loss of its toes.

This case conspicuously illustrates the great cardinal rule in the scientific study of footprints—namely, that a foot must never be compared with an imprint.

An inspector once came to the leading criminologist at a Germanic university and told him that he had discovered the person who had left behind a footprint.

"How do you know that?" said the criminologist.

"I know it," replied the inspector, "because the man's foot fits into the track."

The criminologist laughed in the inspector's face.

"You have fitted a foot into a track? *Mein Gott!*"

Every authority on the subject points out that one must never compare the foot with a print or undertake to fit a foot into a print. One must compare the imprint found at the scene of the crime with a like imprint of the foot of the accused taken in a similar medium, and never with the foot itself.

In many American cases, courts and examining inspectors have ignorantly gone forward with the comparison of the foot of the accused with the imprint found at the place of the crime—a thing that no competent foreign inspector would ever think of doing. The foot at rest is always shorter and wider than the foot when walking. And the most distinguishing peculiarities of a footprint are given by the way in which the subject puts his foot down and removes it when he walks. There is always a twist to a print, which the foot in repose does not show. The proper method is to take the imprints of the accused's foot under conditions as nearly resembling those of the imprint in question as possible. Thus, if the imprint is that of a man walking, the imprint of the accused must be taken walking.

Niceforo, Florence and Frecon suggest a number of methods by which the imprint of the accused may be

(Concluded on Page 73)

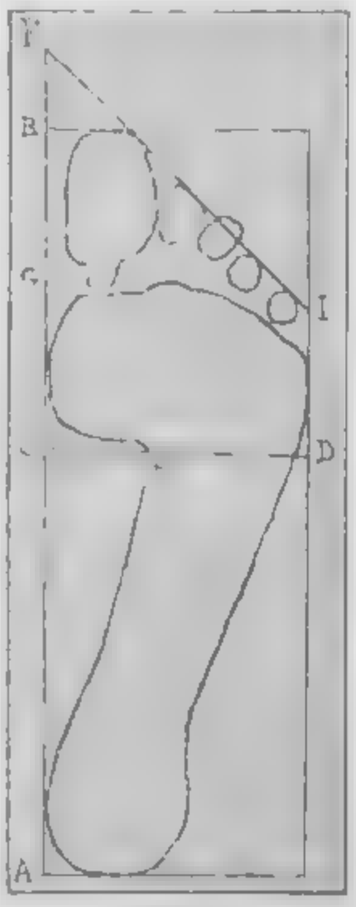


Figure 7

EPHEIMER

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

THE glass doors of the great hall of the Conifer Arms were open to the soft purple night. A bland Southern air, spiced by the undulating miles of pines, stirred, insidious and relaxing. The Northern papers spoke of driving snow and ever-dropping mercury; but here such conditions seemed mythical—to belong to another world. The women, coming from dinner, wore sheer, simple gowns; the men, in smoking jackets, gathered over their cigarettes in the open doorways.

The latter, sun-bronzed in winter—that sign of comfortable leisure—discussed exclusively one topic—golf. They were very much of a kind—smooth-faced, youngish-looking men, given to confident pronouncements, an imperturbable arrogance of self-assurance. Though they said little about their actual scores over the near-by golf course, they radiated a certain satisfaction with their game.

One, a tall, ungainly Scotchman with unruly red hair, pale blue eyes and thick features, was briefly describing a well-timed putt.

"I lost two hundred on that green this morning," a listener added.

He was a small, thin man with a prominent nose and a level gray gaze. There were no comments on this statement; when a man, notable principally because of his fine pearls, studied the last speaker. Finally he said:

"Carter, how many will you start me up in thirty-six holes?"

Carter answered immediately:

"Three, for what you like a hole."

"Not a chance!" Arnold Sears replied. "You're handicapped at five, and I haven't even a national rating."

"You're a clever fellow, Sears," Kettel, the Scotchman, told him. "You have no rating, and yet you play one of the most useful games I know. I'll bet you are farther to the good than any other here. I'll bet, too, if you'd show an honest card it would read close to eighty-five."

"Nonsense!" Sears declared irritably. "I'm erratic, and consistency's the only other name for golf. I might bring in a good score to-day; but to-morrow —— The train must be in; there's the bus."

The conversation was dropped while the group swung about in their chairs to study what new arrivals might appear. There was an appreciable delay and then Arnold Sears ejaculated a surprised phrase. A small, exactly rotund man, with pronounced Semitic features and a cheerfully mild and inviting gaze, confidently led a companion figure, and evidently their two wives, to the registry desk.

Sears' interest faded, and he turned away. Kettel, his long legs stretched out, lamented the local necessity of hunting the privacy of a room for a drink. But Carter, lounging to the desk for mail, took a brief glance at the signatures. He returned, dropped into his chair and reported:

"Epheimer, the Mrs., and the Solly Benjamins."

II

SHORTLY after the newcomers had mounted from the hall, the uniformed house boys literally staggered into sight under mounds of opulently black-and-gold-stamped hand bags, rolls and wraps; and one dragged, in addition, a large, heavy bag of golf clubs. At this last object the expression on Arnold Sears' face changed; a carefully masked interest drew his gaze after the long, leather strapped and hooded white bag. He thought: "One look at the clubs and I can get the fellow's game to a hole. . . . To-morrow!"

Sears was midway through an excellent cigar; Carter was explaining a recondite and useful point at auction bridge—in other words, Sears was thoroughly comfortable—when a small woman in beautiful lace and with the manner of a naval commander at sea stopped at the edge of the group.

"Arnold!" she pronounced. The content instantly left the man's face; a momentary annoyance was apparent, which he hastily concealed.

"He Said: 'Epheimer, Keep Your Head Down and Do Like I Say'"

"Coming right away!" he exclaimed, crushing his cigar into the glass tray at his elbow. He rose, nodding to the others. "See you at the clubhouse to-morrow," he announced.

When Sears left, Kettel winked heavily at the men who remained.

"Good husband, and all that!" he ejaculated. "Doesn't waste the lady's money. What have you had out of him, Carter?"

"Nothing much—a trifle at bridge; a little less at golf. He's an accomplished match-maker and can putt with any."

"He's got over four hundred of mine at the Ancient and Honorable," Kettel declared; "and I don't just see where. I have thirty yards on him."

"He is careful," Carter insisted, "and he can concentrate. Sears doesn't take a chance with ten dollars on the roll. He sinks it; you have got to hand it to him. His bridge is good too—years of the best French clubs; and his poker is well above par. I don't believe he handles any sums over his winnings; the old girl keeps him flat; and that is why he is so keen and so efficient."

"I'll get it back from him," Kettel declared, rising. "I can no let a sum like that rest away from me. The old family burying ground would look like a plowed field from the twistings and cursings of earlier Kettels. If it rains in the night I'll catch him on a heavy turf."

As he moved away Carter followed him with a slightly narrowed gaze; eyebrows were raised, but nothing more said in that connection.

It did rain liberally until morning, when a steaming sunlight gleamed on the bronze boles of the pines and the sparse gray-green grass of the golf course. Kettel, in baggy rough knickerbockers and gaiters, overtook Sears as the latter was going out on the bricked veranda of the inn.

"How are you for a match this morning?" the Scotchman demanded. "You've got me so badly that I will have to double the stakes or move out entirely."

"Not this morning," Sears promptly replied. "The course will be soaked; besides, I want to look over some mail."

As he spoke, Epheimer, followed by "the Mrs. and the Solly Benjamins," stepped out into the morning. Epheimer's cheerful benevolence included every object and condition visible; he smiled at the universe, at the pines, at Arnold Sears and Kettel. "We must have our game, Solly," he told his companion. "I'll give you a stroke a hole, and then take all your credit away from you."

"I wish, Isadore, you could get a game with one of these regular players," the other returned. "It doesn't make you anything to go round with me. You have the club gold cup twice already now ——"

The conveyance from hotel to golf course drew up and Kettel climbed to a seat.

"Perhaps you'll play this afternoon?" he called back to Arnold Sears.

"I'd like to," that individual loudly replied; "but my game's so rotten now—hardly better than a hundred. You can make a match with the professional."

Epheimer turned and surveyed Sears with a personal and inviting cordiality. "But, Solly"—he turned again to his friend—"I couldn't think of giving you a stroke a hole."

The exclusive Mr. Sears drew nearer, exposing an open and friendly interest in the discussion.

III

"I HAVEN'T seen him since breakfast," Carter replied to a query, comfortably settled in a leathern chair after dinner.

"He stayed in to look over some mail this morning," Kettel continued. "I went out in a cheap foursome, got in late, hardly made my caddie fee, and he was still out of sight. There he is now."

The familiar group turned and saw Sears leisurely making his way across the hall. The latter nodded, clipped the end from a cigar and continued on his way.

"That's extraordinary," the Scotchman complained; "it's the first evening he hasn't stopped with us. I wonder what's up? Sears surely wouldn't drop out because he's ahead!"

"Oh, no," Carter replied defensively. "Sears looks closely at a bet; but he is a good fellow underneath. And, after all, he doesn't pinch a gold piece so tight as you do, you careful Scot."

"It hurts me to see a shilling misdirected," Kettel admitted. "It's an honest Highland trait. Could we have some bridge this night, do you think?"

Their eyes followed the sally of Isadore Epheimer and his companions from the dining room. Isadore, oblivious of the public's gaze, clasped his wife's hand in a frankly affectionate and sentimental manner, and the second couple followed with intertwined arms.

"Very pastoral," Kettel commented in his harsh voice. "Look; there's Epheimer speaking to Arnold Sears, and introducing him to his women."

The former was radiating sociability and satisfaction.

"My wife, Mr. Sears," he pronounced with a palpable pleasure at that conjunction; "and my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Solly Benjamin. Mr. Sears," he continued, "is the gentleman I was telling you about who ——"

His voice was lost to the interested group across the hall. The group passed amiably down the long vista and disappeared in the direction of the evening dancing. Kettel wondered fretfully what it was all about.

The morning following he left a solid breakfast only in time to see Sears departing for the golf club in the first hack. That evening, too, the latter was absent from his customary seat, and missing to his familiars the next day. They saw him only for a hasty word, an evaded query or invitation, when he would vanish with the gait and finality of a man bent on exclusive and important affairs. It was Carter who broke the leisurely flow of the evening discourse with the first authentic news of Arnold Sears.

"I've got it now," he announced, flinging himself into a comfortable chair. "Sears had to open up to me this afternoon. . . . He's been playing golf with Epheimer." He paused, gazing at his surprised audience. "Sears let me know, because he wanted to arrange a little foursome—or, rather, because Epheimer insisted on it. Sears would have kept quiet until the end of time. It seems," said Carter impressively, "that Epheimer is worth something between two and three hundred dollars a day to Arnold."

Kettel whistled long and enviously.

"The miser!" he exclaimed—"to keep all that to himself! He should have split it up with his friends; let some of the rest of us in on it."

As Kettel contemplated the sums involved, a parsimonious greed was clear on his weather-beaten face. "How much would you have split up, Kettel?" someone gibed.

"Arnold wanted to play with me against Epheimer and the club professional," Carter proceeded. "Willie Bangs

has been teaching so much that his game has gone way off; and Sears says Epheimer, who thinks he is Braid and Vardon rolled into one, can be beaten by any fair woman. Epheimer, it seems, playing with the professional, will back his side for any amount. . . . Arnold and myself really have a very pretty chance."

"When is this holocaust to come off?"

"To-morrow—thirty-six holes; and we don't want any ribald gallery."

A marked discontent settled over Kettel; he muttered, more Scotch than usual, and consumed an inordinate number of villainous black cigars.

"Well," he shot out at Carter at the end of the next day, "did you bring it away in sacks?"

"It's never really safe to gamble against a professional," Carter replied evasively. "Willie hit some very pretty shots."

And that was all the group could get from him about the day's proceedings. Later, in spite of Sears' obvious efforts to steer Epheimer safely past the danger of his old associates, Epheimer insisted on stopping and being introduced. He was received with enthusiasm, an effusive welcome, in the warmth of which his eager cheerfulness of being glowed. This, Arnold Sears attended with a growing frown.

"My game is pretty good now," Epheimer declared confidently; "easier swing."

Kettel applauded.

"I would like to take you on, Mr. Epheimer; but, from what you just said, you would have to give me something."

"I've got a series yet with my friend here, Sears. Then I would be delighted. I might be able to give you a little if it goes as well as it did to-day. But," he added, "it seems we're wasting time right now. Couldn't a little game be arranged?"

"Can't be done," Arnold Sears put in—"that is, I can't. Promised my wife to be back in an hour." He glanced at the gold dial on his wrist.

"Well," Epheimer agreed immediately, "another time. But an hour—that's something. We could have a couple of rounds of red dog. Of course all you gentlemen know red dog."

"Never heard of it on the other side," Kettel pronounced without interest.

"Haven't played it in a club," Sears added.

"It is very simple," Epheimer told them. "We might go into that side room ——"

Kettel and Sears rose indifferently, and accompanied by Carter and two others they moved to a more secluded spot.

"The dealer doesn't play," Epheimer explained, presiding benevolently over a pack of cards. "Everyone else is dealt five, in two and three, and the pack is put, face down, on the table. But, first, we must have a bank, something to play for—five or perhaps ten cents each to start."

"Wouldn't have left my chair for five cents," Arnold Sears declared.

"And only for an hour," Kettel continued; "make it twenty-five."

Epheimer made an eloquent gesture.

"Just as you say," he agreed cheerfully. "But red dog is a treacherous game, gentlemen. I learned it from a party of Pennsylvania State Senators. Well, the pack is placed face down; then each man bets or not, as he wishes, that he has a higher card in his hand, of the same suit, than the one the dealer turns up on the top of the deck. That's all; very simple. And you can bet the whole pot or any fraction of it, taking out what you chance if you win, or losing if you fail."

A thoughtful expression crossed Carter's face. He muttered:

"Mathematical progression."

Sears said tersely:

"Shoot!"

Epheimer dealt the cards in a manner radiating eager friendliness and good will. His round face flushed with pleasure; his mild gaze seemed, beside the cool calculation of Carter, Sears' arrogant self-possession, Kettel's frowning concentration, that of an awkward youth before a trial board of vindictive seniors. Three men bet, failed to hold a winning card, and the pot contained ten dollars.

The following hand Epheimer won a deprecating risk; Carter won; but, in spite of that, Kettel plunged, lost, and the sum on the table was doubled. In a surprisingly short time the pot held ninety dollars. Kettel's expression had intensified. Sears had discarded his aloofness; he won, and then lost twice. Others won; but the pot slowly and steadily mounted, doubled and redoubled.

"Why," Carter finally exclaimed, "at a quarter we might easily have ten thousand dollars on the table in an hour!" Epheimer, studying his hand, reiterated:

"It's a treacherous game."

The bank now held two hundred and sixty dollars. A long, lean individual in shell glasses had dealt. Carter and an unremarkable example of the "tired business man" had dropped out. Kettel, after long hesitation, decided to hazard ten dollars. Sears said equably:

"I'll go the pot; now it's five hundred and forty dollars."

Epheimer added, in a rush of good fellowship:

"I tell you"—he beamed—"it's my game. I'll give you all a chance; here's the pot again. Now it is ten hundred and eighty dollars."

Kettel exposed his hand before the top card was faced, and the others followed his example. The Scotchman had four suits, but with exceptionally low diamonds and hearts. Arnold Sears had three aces—hearts, clubs and spades—and a second club and heart. Epheimer's hand was unremarkable; all suits were represented—a queen his highest card; an eight the lowest. The dealer leisurely turned the top card of the deck. It was the five of diamonds. Kettel had only the three; Sears' aces lay impotently before him; Epheimer reached out an apologetic hand. He had the eight of diamonds.

"Why," Sears burst out, after a swift calculation, "I've lost nearly seven hundred dollars at this confounded nursery pastime!"

He glared at Epheimer.

"It's treacherous," said Epheimer; "but if we start another pot perhaps you'll get it back."

"I'm off," Sears declared, rising; "hour's nearly up. I'll see you, Epheimer, at the club to-morrow."

"Not till Thursday," the other replied; "I've got to go away two days on business."

IV

ON THURSDAY morning Arnold Sears was the first player to call a caddie from the nondescript collection of colored boys, betting their two bits over a contracted course of one hole. He waited impatiently for nearly an hour, when, almost with an exclamation of relief, he saw Epheimer descend from the club motor.

"Business successful?" he asked in a decent impulse.

"I don't know yet," Epheimer replied; "maybe it will be something or perhaps it's no good. What shall we play for to-day? The last was twenty dollars a hole."

"You got well into me at red dog," Sears reminded him. "What do you think about doubling it?"

Epheimer whistled his admiration.

"You are a genuine platinum sport! But I'm no stopper; play it for forty."

Epheimer had not been constructed for the physical niceties of golf; the "follow through" was abruptly arrested by his short rotund bulk; the "top of his swing" was only achieved by a straining, a facial contortion, that made ease and accuracy difficult if not impossible. Nevertheless, he addressed each shot with the shining confidence that lures the most impotent golfers constantly forward in a rosy and immaterial hope. He teed his ball and swung with a swift, snapping jerk.

"I can never drive the first hole," he complained; "I'm all stiff yet."

Sears played his shot in irreproachable form. It was a short drive but true, and came to rest on the most advantageous part of the fairway. Epheimer had to play out of the rough; he swung a heavy mashie; an avalanche of sand rose and the ball rolled a few inches, into a more difficult position. Again a cloud of débris floated out; but the ball appeared in the course. There Epheimer, swinging himself from his feet, managed, nevertheless, to land fairly on the ball, and it flew a most amazing distance, and beyond the green. Arnold Sears holed out in five and Epheimer required eight.

But at the next hole Sears got into difficulty; his ball fell into a hoofprint and he wasted two shots. Epheimer won and grew instantly jubilant.

"It's only the first hole that gets me," he declared; "after that I am as good as anybody. The match is all square."

"With sixteen holes to go," Sears reminded him irritably.

The fellow's confounded optimism got on his nerves. Sears played with minute care, putted with precision, and won. But he again had bad luck—a longer shot than he usually played dropped his ball into water. Epheimer, who had had a lengthy but erratic second shot, addressed his next effort with elaborate caution. As he teetered over his ball, the two caddies, away at the edge of the fairgreen and at least ten yards distant from Epheimer, moved. He straightened up in a flash of indignation.

"Don't you know anything about it?" he cried. "Can you move like that when I am playing important forty-dollar shots?"

His indignation fed itself and he swore. When he was at last comparatively composed he played and hit the ball on the top. It rolled swiftly toward the green and ditch into which Sears had blundered, but at the edge of the water struck a mound and jumped safely to the green.

"How's that?" Epheimer demanded, delighted. "Rolled it right up to the flag! A four on a par five hole!"

"You were shot in the eye with luck," Sears told him brutally.

Sears was seriously annoyed; already mishaps had cost him eighty dollars. He put the past holes out of his mind and settled solidly to the winning of what remained. As Carter said, Sears' game was not strong but accurate; he rarely needed seven for a hole, though he seldom got a three. Epheimer, contrarily, often took seven—even eight; but on a short hole he required only two. He occasionally drove a long ball, putted sometimes in luck, but went to pieces completely when approaching the green.

They were now on the fifteenth green and Arnold Sears was six up—two hundred and forty dollars ahead. Epheimer studied his bag. *(Continued on Page 65)*

"My Wife, Mr. Sears and My Good Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jolly Benjamin"

How Much and Who Gets It

By WILL PAYNE

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE other day my friend Penfield was reading the annual-review section of his daily newspaper. It was like rereading the story of Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp. It said the foreign trade of the United States had nearly doubled in two years and a half, rising to eight billion dollars, which is much more foreign trade than any other nation ever had. It said bank deposits had climbed well over the twenty-billion-dollar line, which is miles above high-water mark for any other country. It said our factories, mines and railroads were doing much more business than ever before, and far more than any other country ever did. It said labor was more fully employed than ever, and at decidedly the highest wages ever known. It gave a long table of wage increases during the last two years that footed up into the hundreds of millions; and it pointed out that farmers, whether they raised wheat in Minnesota, cotton in Texas, potatoes in Maine or beans in Michigan, were getting the highest gold prices on record for their products.

That review was a regular orgy of wealth. It looked like the jewel scene in a musical spectacle, where everything is gold except what is diamonds, pearls and rubies.

An Old-Fashioned Family to Support

Having read it Penfield went downtown in an amazed and admiring frame of mind. On the first corner a person without an overcoat touched his arm with a blue hand and asked him whether he would give a hungry man a dime. Down a cross street he saw a large sign, affixed to the Elevated Railroad structure. It said that, though Christmas was over, poverty was not; cold weather brought much suffering to the poor, and the United Charities would gratefully receive his contribution. In his evening newspaper he read that forty thousand men and women had gone on strike, alleging that they couldn't live decently on their wages.

All of which set him to thinking. Penfield is fifty years old. His salary is considered quite handsome by those who get less and quite magnificent by those who pay it—though any one of the latter would be appalled by the prospect of having to live on it himself. Penfield and family consider it rather pindling; but, with good management, it suffices and leaves a bit over for the stocking every year.

Those Untouched by Boom or Panic

HE REMEMBERS, as a boy, having received vague impressions of terrible doings down-east, with machine guns on top of freight cars and some strikers shot. Later on he connected those vague impressions with the panic of 1873 and the hard times ensuing. He remembers distinctly long queues of somewhat shabby persons at the doors of savings banks—reaching down the street a full block and vigilantly kept in line by policemen—during the panic year 1893, and in the next three years other queues of still shabbier persons at the doors of free soup kitchens; also, in those years, the phenomenon of Coxey's Army of the Unemployed, from which the newspapers derived much amusement.

He remembers a panic in 1907, with much unemployment and industrial depression for some time thereafter; and he remembers various boom periods, like 1900, 1906, 1912 and 1916. Penfield himself has never been either panic-stricken or boomed. So far as he can see, it has never made five cents' difference to him whether the country was floundering in the deepest trough of depression or riding the topmost wave of prosperity. His business requires him to travel a great deal, and he has the usual assortment of acquaintances.

Among those he knows well enough to have any definite idea of their material circumstances he cannot recall one who was ever personally hit by panic and depression. He knows a few who, through lucky investments or speculations, or a swift expansion in business, have got a piece of boom; but much the greater number of his personal acquaintances, like himself, have gone on just about the same in good times and bad times. If here and there one has got moderately rich it has been through a continuous stable process—the steady growth of the enterprise he was connected with or a steady application of ability and judgment—and not because of a boom. If here and there one has got very poor it was plainly because he was foolish or dissipated, and not because of hard times.

If he had to rely upon his own personal touch with the world he would say that good times and bad times are mostly mere figures of speech. But he feels bound to admit that his immediate personal experience isn't adequate, for he belongs to that class which those less fortunate call well-to-do, and much the greater part of his personal acquaintances belong to that class. He knows that to the shabby persons at the free soup kitchens hard times are no mere figure of speech. As he is out in the country more or less every year, he knows that boom is a very solid reality to the farmer who gets twenty cents a pound for his cotton instead of ten, or a dollar and ninety cents a bushel for his wheat instead of ninety.

Admitting that boom and panic are not mere figures of speech, then, and reading that for two years this country had experienced such a boom as never before fell to the lot of any country, he was possessed by a curiosity to find out as nearly as possible what a great boom really came to; how much wealth it tangibly meant to anybody; and who got it.

Like most men with sufficient curiosity to read at all outside the realm of fiction, he had read some of the popular writings on economics—that is, John Stuart Mill, Karl Marx—at second hand—and Henry George. From reading them he had formed an opinion that wealth is not only distributed with monstrous inequality but that its inequality is progressive, the rich ever becoming richer and the poor poorer.

When he took up the subject again, on a somewhat more extensive scale, he was shocked to learn that in the judgment of those who profess to speak with authority the deductions of Mill, Marx and George as to the distribution of wealth are no more scientific than is Thomas Hood's celebrated poem, The Song of the Shirt. Mill, these authorities said, had no adequate data for a scientific study of the subject; Marx was not much better off; and to Henry George it was all so obviously a question of land monopoly that it hardly needed argument in detail.

They saw a monstrous inequality—a few men, relatively speaking, who were very rich and obviously getting richer, along with an increasing number of men who were very poor; so their writings tended to inspire an easy, impressionistic deduction that as the rich got richer the poor got poorer; that a few hogged nearly all the wealth; and that it was precisely the very rich who kept the very poor in their calamitous state.

But it occurred to Penfield that this deduction, drawn from the two extremes, took no account of a large social territory in between; and so could by no means be regarded as an adequate study of the distribution of wealth. He was not rich or poor; nobody whom he personally knew was very rich or very poor. In the course of a year he saw a great lot of people who were neither rolling in affluence nor pinched by poverty.

Turning to the census reports, he found that the wealth of the United States in 1910 was about a hundred and sixty billion dollars, and by far the biggest item in it which could be definitely allotted with regard to ownership was farm wealth, consisting of farm lands, buildings, tools, machinery and livestock. This came to over forty billion dollars, or, roughly, one-quarter of the total.

There were over six million farms. Nearly four million of them were worked by their owners. He knew from his own observation that ownership of the remaining farms, which were worked by tenants, was widely distributed. He concluded there must be five million farm-owning families in the United States; and, as the census said there were twenty million families altogether, that would be one-quarter of the total. One-quarter of the families owning one-quarter of the wealth were, therefore, in just the ideal position.

The Wealth in the Hands of the Few

MOREOVER, census reports showed that this farm wealth had increased as rapidly as total wealth. The census said that over nine million families out of the twenty millions owned the homes in which they lived. Nearly one-third of these homes were mortgaged, and no value was stated; but even a humble home with a mortgage on it is that much rescued from plutocracy.

In the economics department of the Public Library Penfield found a dozen or more volumes dealing at large with this subject of the distribution of wealth. He also invariably found that if the volume was written in a sober spirit, and by a person well qualified to deal with the subject, it began by explaining that data were not in existence from which anybody could compile a really satisfactory statement; all the most competent and best intentioned investigator could do was to make a more or less shrewd guess, based on inconclusive information. He discovered further that, though the best qualified writers approached the subject in that modest and apologetic spirit, some writers who were not very well qualified handed out cocksure conclusions.

A somewhat elaborate study of the subject ten years ago resulted in the guess that one per cent of the population owned over half the wealth—more wealth, that is, than the other ninety-nine per cent of the population owned. By a few graceful transformations this presently flowered into a bald declaration that one per cent of the population owned ninety-nine per cent of the wealth. Penfield remembered having encountered that declaration more than once.

But he cared less about wealth than about income. It was income that his family lived on—and every other family. Give him a guaranty of a satisfactory salary for the remainder of his life, and he would care little about owning anything. He knew quite a lot of men who occupied rented houses and owned nothing worth mentioning, yet who lived decidedly better on their salaries than most property-owning farmers did.

So far as he could see, there would be only a sentimental objection to letting Mr. Rockefeller own all the wealth in

the country provided the people could manage it to suit themselves and enjoy the income from it. If there were poor people, what they needed was not wealth, but income. Clearly distribution of income was much more important than distribution of wealth.

With that idea in mind he turned to the income-tax returns. The surtax, he found, begins with an income of twenty thousand dollars a year, which at five per cent would be the yield on a fortune of four hundred thousand dollars—or, at four per cent, on five hundred thousand. Certainly nowadays nobody who hasn't a fortune of half a million or an income of twenty thousand can hope to be considered very rich. Even a man with a million dollars is not considered very rich now. In popular writing those who are untowardly and obnoxiously rich—and so presumed to be hogging most of the goods—are always referred to as multi-millionaires. Surely, then, any income of less than twenty thousand dollars might be regarded as in a state of innocence.

In 1915 surtax was paid on a little less than one billion dollars of income, from twenty thousand a year upward. But the professional economists whose writings Penfield consulted warned him that he mustn't lean very heavily on income-tax returns. They pointed out that the manner in which the tax is levied made the returns valuable as indications, but hard-and-fast conclusions could not be drawn from them—though there was a reasonable presumption that big incomes were more fully reported than comparatively small incomes, because a big income is almost always conspicuous.

What Foreign Income Taxes Show

HE FOUND that recently Prof. W. I. King, of the University of Wisconsin, published the most comprehensive study of the distribution of income which has yet been made, the investigation including an examination of all previous publications on the subject. From all information available Professor King constructed a table—admittedly made up in large part of more or less arbitrary estimates—from which it appeared that in 1910 incomes in excess of twenty thousand dollars a year came, all told, to a little less than three billion dollars. As the total income of all the people of the United States came to thirty billion dollars, this would be somewhat under ten per cent of the total.

For more than seventy years—not counting the first experiment a century ago—England has had an income tax. It is far more inclusive than ours, because it begins with incomes of eight hundred dollars a year. There is an elaborate system for catching incomes at their source. Long experience and careful study have made the British Government very expert in unearthing incomes.

Thus, while the total income of all the people is estimated at twelve billion dollars a year, more than five billions, or forty per cent of the total, is covered by the income-tax returns. Those returns, therefore, are far more valuable for studying the distribution of income than any figures applicable to the United States are. And England is an industrial country, organized about like the United States and with income distributed in about the same way. The British income-tax returns show that incomes in excess of twenty-five thousand dollars a year amount to about six per cent of the total.

Germany also has a pretty fine-webbed income tax, which it enforces with the ruthless thoroughness for which that country is famous. Its returns show that incomes in excess of twenty-five thousand dollars a year amount to about six per cent of the total; and Germany is an industrial country, organized much like the United States. Available information from all three countries would put the income of the "rich" at not over ten per cent.

That involves, of course, a gross inequality in distribution of income, for the persons who enjoy this ten per cent of the total income amount to only a small fraction of the population.

Suppose—Penfield thought—some delectable scheme of social reformation succeeded in taking away the income of the rich and distributing it pro rata among those who were not rich. The income of the latter obviously would be increased somewhat less than ten per cent—and their problem of paying the rent, the grocer and the doctor would be substantially just what it had been before. An increase of ten per cent in his income, he knew, wouldn't change his problems in any material way. But he was already considered comfortably off.

Suppose people in his class got no share in the distribution. Say the income of those who got twenty thousand dollars a year and upward was distributed pro rata among the families that got less than two thousand dollars a year. The income of the latter, comprising by far the greater part of the population, would be increased less than fourteen per cent and their economic problems would remain pretty much what they had been before.

As, by these calculations, ninety per cent of the income was distributed among those who were not rich, it struck Penfield that there had been too much bothering about the rich, and for practical purposes they might almost as well be left out of the account altogether. Evidently the rich were very far from hogging most of the goods—however much they might like to.

Suppose all the income was divided equally among all the people. The census said there were twenty million-and-odd families averaging four and a half persons each. That didn't exactly satisfy Penfield, because he knew that, for income purposes, a lot of unmarried self-supporting men and women belong to no family group. He found a calculation that divided the population into nearly twenty-eight million income-receiving units. A total income of thirty billions divided equally among twenty million families would, of course, give fifteen hundred dollars a year to each. Divided among nearly twenty-eight million income-receiving units, it would give each of them about eleven hundred dollars a year.

That reminded him of his nephew, Ben, a young man employed in a clerical capacity in a big bank, at a salary of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month—or just the fifteen hundred dollars a year an exact division among the census families would give. Ben's family consists of himself, a wife and a year-old baby. They occupy a four-room apartment far out in the northwest section of the city. Ben's wife takes care of the baby and does the housework herself, except when a woman comes in once a week to wash, and another woman comes in every Thursday afternoon to catch up with some arrears of heavier housework and to mind the baby. That is the only time Ben's wife has to run downtown or call on a friend. The young pair can very seldom go out evenings, for there is the baby.

Penfield, with very well-settled notions about thrift, couldn't see that they were extravagant in any respect; yet every month it was nip and tuck between the pay check and the living expenses.

True, they paid thirty-three dollars a month rent. But when Penfield looked over some of the habitations they could get for less—which were stove-heated, or in dingy buildings in dingy neighborhoods, or very inconvenient with regard to transportation—he couldn't blame them. Their clothing cost more than was necessary to protect them from the weather; but, remembering that he felt uncomfortable in conspicuously shabby clothes, he couldn't blame them for that. They ate very simple food, prepared in simple fashion. Their expenditures for amusements, including car fare for social calls, were not over five dollars a month. There was only one child, requiring nothing, as yet, for education.

When Penfield expanded Ben's family to the average four and a half, with a couple of well-grown children going to school and wearing out shoes at an appalling rate, then wanting to go to college—and looked over his own family budget, with a daughter in high school and a son at college—he concluded that fifteen hundred a year for a city family nowadays was just thinly veneered poverty.

Not Enough Wealth to Go Round

OF COURSE he found a good many careful calculations as to what a family of four and a half could live on; they mostly agreed that, on a basis of prices somewhat lower than now prevails, such a family in a big city could live decently on somewhere from eight to nine hundred dollars a year. But when he looked over the items of this "decent" living he saw it meant mere subsistence. For that a family could get a tight roof over its head, enough clothing and fuel to keep it warm, enough food to nourish it—and so be as well off as a cave man; except that the cave man had a lot of exciting sport and much leisure to contemplate life.

Penfield knew well enough, without asking them, how absolutely indecent and utterly impossible his own wife and children, to say nothing of himself, would regard such living.

The trouble, he concluded, was not at all that relatively few rich men hogged nearly all the goods; but that there were too few goods. With all the income equally divided the country would still be poor, and no one could live in a way that he or anybody he knew would regard as adequate. What was needed, he opined, was greater production of wealth—greater income.

He went at it, then, from a different angle. There was the census report on manufactures, showing a little more than seven million wage-earners employed—that being the average number during the year—and total wages somewhat above four billion dollars. That would give an average wage of five hundred and eighty dollars a year, or less than fifty dollars a month, and evidently too low. But, taking the total gross income of manufactures—that is, the value of all the products turned out during the year—and boiling that down to a single dollar, he found that fifty-nine cents of it went for raw materials consumed in the factories; nine cents went for miscellaneous expenses, including taxes; five cents plus went for salaries—divided among nearly a million salaried employees—and about seventeen cents for wages. Taking the fractions into account, practically ten cents remained. Out of that should come a charge for depreciation of plant. The remainder should be regarded as going to capital—for rent, interest, dividends and surplus.

On any reasonable calculation for depreciation, then, if the total share that went to capital in

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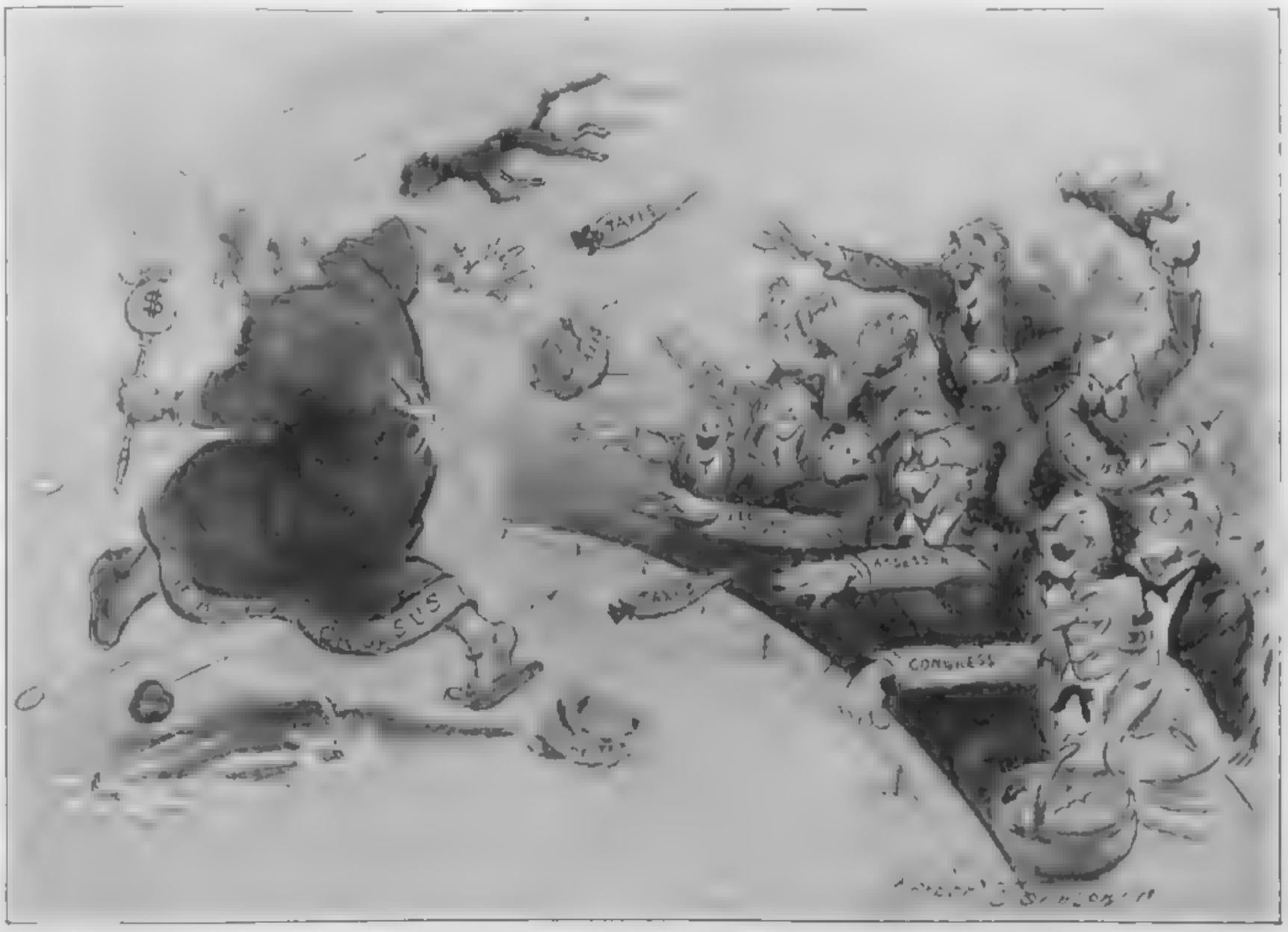

Nobody Loves a Rich Man

WITH CANADA AT THE SOMME

By WILL IRWIN

SOME of the Canadian divisions were resting in the peace trenches when we saw them in November, and some were still in the fiery muck of the Somme. "Resting," as they use the word, is only a comparative term. In November last there were two great areas of blazing action along the great line—the Somme and Verdun. Elsewhere proceeded the same old winter trench warfare. The very intensity of the Somme and Verdun actions had drawn much of the vim from this fighting; it proceeded perfunctorily, especially in the sectors defended by the Saxons, whose motto is "Live and let live." A Canadian captain, just back from his turn in these front trenches, came one night into a headquarters where we were visiting. He had been through the mill with Canada since the first—the gas attack of Second Ypres, the long five months of passive endurance under concentrated fire on the Ypres Salient, and finally the indescribable battling at the Somme. "Well, thank God for peace!" he exclaimed as he threw off his pack.

And one afternoon, when a glimpse of sun gave a chance for observation, we climbed to a ridge from which we could view the bloodiest sector of the old line—Notre Dame de Lorette Ridge, all one great graveyard, where skeletons lie unburied in the shell holes; the curve—like a light surf on the beaches—of Loos, where Britain got at cost her education in trench warfare; the battered, deserted mining villages that fringe Lens.

While we watched the British were bombarding desultorily; and presently seven great, wide-spreading British aëroplanes, back from a raid, came coursing out of the clouds and crossed the line. The Germans, of course, fired on them—fired high-explosive shell, which bursts sharply, trails black smoke instead of white, and seems more sinister than the puffy shrapnel burst. They sent exactly five shots at this squadrilla. You could imagine the gunners remarking as they loaded and let go: "Well, it has to be done." The casualty clearing stations reported as many cases of ordinary small accidents as injuries by enemy fire. Which would have been pleasant and comfortable, as war goes, but for the mud. I have heard of tropical rains. If they can pour any more violently than those of Northern France, take me to the Arctic. When we crossed the Channel the rain was coming down in sheets that seemed to beat flat even the Channel chop.

A Land of Mud and Muddy Men

THE road from the coast base is one of those perfect highways first laid by the Romans and improved by centuries of intelligent care. It seemed the only dry thing in the landscape; but even then our wheels were always stirring up dirty spray. The brooks were rivers; the hollows in the pastures, ponds.

Up by the front, engineer companies were mucking and growing profane in sharp, crackling North American speech over communication trenches which slid now and then like the Culebra Cut. The men waded to position in hip-high gum boots. And an apocryphal legend grew up and passed on from brigade to brigade, so that we heard it at every headquarters where we stopped for dinner or tea or a bed. When—so the tale goes—the Canadians took over a certain section of trench they found an English lieutenant stuck in the mud. And the English commissary sergeant, an imperturbable soldier of the old army, turned him over to the Canadians in the list of "trench stores." The men relieved from the trenches staggered back to the rest stations with gunny-sack coverings over the locks of their muskets; and as they marched the caking crust over their uniforms crackled like thorns in a fire.

The very mules, sometimes, looked as though they had been painted for protective coloration.

"We'll have to get a bath," panted a chatty sergeant from Saskatchewan as he got his breath against a pile of sandbags, "before we can tell whether a Fritz has mixed hisself among us!"

There were three days of these wanderings among a comparatively resting army before we began to see that field of action which has made all the other battles of the world appear insignificant, and they were interesting days enough. Whisked from brigade to brigade, we heard more tales of old action, consorted with more interesting characters, than the human memory can carry. Even the places which serve as division, brigade and corps headquarters have become confused in my mind, picturesque though they be in their present condition.

One morning we drove up to a very pretentious structure grown ripe with age. The entrance ran through a conservatory built on to a kind of morning room where the family had their noon breakfasts, I judge. The palms and tropic orchids, though drooping from lack of care, stood as the family left them. Up against their fronds was a soiled burlap screen pinned and repinned with military maps. The floor was tracked deep with mud left by soldiers too much in a hurry to clean their feet. Tables knocked together from plain boards filled all the floor space; they were littered with the papers and paraphernalia of an army at work. The family had taken away the paintings, and the wall space so cleared was covered with reports, notices, blank forms pinned by thumbtacks into the wall paper; but above the wainscot ran a very good collection of old Dutch china, which the owner had doubtless preferred to leave with the soldiers rather than trust to the transport of these days.

Again, keeping our car to a route which hid us from enemy observation, we dropped into a brigade headquarters one afternoon to find a rather over-prettified modern French château, furnished with much heavy carved wood. The family had taken away the lighter objects, but the great dressers, sideboards and wardrobes stood in place, storerooms for military papers. The owner had evidently been a huntsman. His trophies, such as wild-boars' heads, stuffed foxes and stag horns, rimmed all the walls. He had left behind, too, a big stereoscopic apparatus, with many pictures, and as we entered a Canadian Highlander officer, his kilts all mudcaked, sat looking at pictures with the delight of a boy. Finally, there was a beautiful building with a still more beautiful park. This the owner still uses, along with his military guests. A fine set of family paintings, dating back into the Middle Ages, and a collection of Renaissance Art of great merit, still hold the walls, though all the elegant furnishings have given place to objects of military use. These are the remote headquarters. Near the line, where the guns are ever shaking the window glasses and rattling the thatch, headquarters are more primitive—only things of military necessity.

Also, we have met forceful and engaging characters too numerous for mention or memory. Officers of all nations are likable fellows, and yet, after reconciling one's native ways to Frenchmen, to Italians and to Little Englanders, it is like homecoming to fall among men who speak your native tongue with all its dialectic peculiarities, who joke as you do, who know Broadway. The professional officers among them might have been our own West Pointers, the others might have been trained from our militia. The major general, for example, is all of the Western Continent. He it was who commanded the Canadians at the immortal affair of Second Ypres, where, when the line broke before the new peril of poisoned gas, these men of the West plugged the gap and saved Calais. He commanded, too, during those trying months on the Ypres Salient, a dreary memory to Canada. He is tall, with a stalwart figure growing a little portly. He has a fine forehead, a face all intelligence and determination, and a direct eye. He talks entertainingly, without undue amount either of optimism or of pessimism, concerning the present condition and future prospects of the operations up there—a mind which keeps its balance and observes, whatever the personal interests in the game.

Some Fine Canadian Types

MAJOR GENERAL TURNER is as different physically as may be. Little, dark, quiet, spectacled, he looks somewhat like the modern type of American college professor. He talked little, while we were about, and listened much. Possessed of nerve in the absolute—he is with his men at the fighting front almost every day—he gives in time the impression of vast reserve power. A grave man, he has the kind of solid popularity in all ranks which goes with merit. Major General Dave Watson, who came to war from a newspaper desk, represents a type different from either of these others. They might have been born on either side of the Great Lakes, so purely do they represent the universal English-speaking breed of North America; but Watson is from Quebec. In a keen face, deeply lined, he has a steady gray-blue eye; and he, too, possesses nerve in the absolute.

We had a long smoke talk one evening with Brigadier General Elmsley. Quite common among the Canadians, both officers and men, is that type of Colonial who has kept his roots in the Motherland. Elmsley speaks with an English accent; it is impossible to tell him—save by the maple-leaf insignia on his collar—from the regular English officer of the Imperial Force: quiet, cool, pleasant-spoken, always performing more than the easy, smooth exterior promises. These are some of the higher commanders. Among the officers of the line recur again and again types so much like the men I have known in the States all my life that I grew homesick with old memories. A certain major walked down a road with us, through a twilight heightened by gun lightnings. "I'm one of those stock-exchange privates," he said, laughing, as he passed some comments on the financial situation. And indeed, he might, except for the clothes, have stepped off Wall Street, though he had been "through it" for fifteen weary, perilous months, and had been wounded.

One night, too, we waded kneedeep through mud to an advanced headquarters in a board shack where a young

(Continued on Page 42)

ONE EVERY MINUTE

XII

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE one thought uppermost in Wilberforce Shadd's mind as he went home that night was that, even if Undersea Craft sold at a thousand dollars a share, he wouldn't make enough to enable him to afford the pleasure of having multimillionaires for boon companions. The fact that at the close the price was 276 gave him a feeling of intense irritation. Why did this measly stock advance so coyly when it knew it had to go a good deal higher, and that he proposed to hold on? It was enough to make a saint swear!

It was after supper that the damage was done. Mrs. Shadd announced that she would not go to the movies owing to an aching corn. Wilberforce, who felt nervous and excited, wished to escape from the monotony, and urged her to be a sport and put on her oldest shoes.

"If you had a corn one-tenth as sore as mine you'd be moaning and groaning, and wanting to be operated on or massaged or something!"

"And you are not saying a word!" said the bold bad Shadd.

As he realized what he said, he looked frightened. Fortunately she was in too great pain.

"I'm staying home so I can soak my feet in hot water. Where's the papers?"

"Here they are," said Shadd, and handed a bundle to her.

There were five; for he wished to read all the versions of the sensation of the day in the outside market—the rise in Undersea Craft common.

"Wha'd'd you buy all the papers for?" she queried complainingly.

Wilberforce Shadd could not tell her the truth; so he told her a lie in order to mollify her:

"I picked them up in the car where they had been left. They didn't cost me anything."

She groaned. The pain made her forget to encourage thrift in her husband. She said:

"I should think you'd have more pride than to go round picking up old newspapers after people."

Shaking her head hopelessly she sat on four of the papers and read the fifth. Wilberforce, who had not read anything but the Curb Market report, several times observed—gently, mindful of her corn:

"Would you mind letting me see one of them, dear?"

She rose, picked up the four upon which she had been sitting, read all the headlines on each front page, and then, after a little hesitation, gave her husband the Evening Sun.

"Save it," she admonished. "I want to see the pictures."

In order not to have to squeeze pennies, but to live like a gentleman, such as those he had met in Wall Street, he must make money. To do that he must not hold for five hundred dollars a share, which would give him just one hundred thousand dollars, but, say, for eight hundred. With one hundred and sixty thousand dollars invested at six per cent, he could get ninety-six hundred dollars a year, or eight hundred a month; in fact, it ought to be an even two hundred dollars a week. To yield that interest the principal must be one hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars. To make one hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars the stock must sell at eight hundred and seventy dollars a share.

These calculations absorbed him. Next to putting money into the bank, there is nothing like figuring your profits in advance, with a lead pencil, on the margin of the newspaper in which you have read the closing prices.

Of course from 276 to 870 was nearly six hundred points. This was what the newspapers would delight in calling an "unprecedented rise." But then, so was the war unprecedented. On the other hand, a man with two hundred dollars a week could do anything, because then he would not be afraid of losing his job; in fact, there was no need to keep any job.

"It wouldn't be our luck!" Mrs. Shadd exclaimed bitterly.

"Did you cut yourself?" he answered, without looking up from his golden statistics.

They had been married ten years. He naturally assumed she was working on her corn.

"No; I didn't. I'm sorry to disappoint you."

He laid down his paper and said mildly:

"You didn't disappoint me." He wondered at her peevishness.

"I was reading about a waiter who bought some stock in Wall Street when it was a few cents, and now it is selling for hundreds of dollars. He is a rich man, and only the other day he was taking five-cent tips in the restaurant of a family hotel uptown. I wonder what hotel it was?"

"I don't know," answered Shadd, putting on the infuriating smile of a man who knows something else and won't tell.

She picked up the newspaper, read another paragraph, and said:

"This waiter bought one hundred shares of U. C. common at 14, when nobody knew it was valuable. Oh, Wilberforce, if we'd had the gumption to look for a chance like this and ——"

Shadd couldn't stand it any longer.

"Look for a chance?" he echoed. "Why, I looked for one for years—day in and day out. Kept my eyes open."

He paused so that she might ask him: "With what success?" Instead, she said soothingly:

"Yes, dear. I'm not blaming you. I was only saying that this ignorant foreigner, who bought one hundred shares at fourteen dollars a share ——"

"And I," shouted Shadd, "bought two hundred shares at 9!"

For corroboration he waved the newspaper at her, on the margin of which he had figured at what price he should sell out the same two hundred shares in order to have an income of two hundred dollars a week. She stared at him in doubt, which gradually turned into terror. She voiced it by telling herself aloud:

"He's crazy!"

"I am not crazy," Shadd denied, knowing both whom she meant and to whom she was speaking.

She stared dazedly at him. She could see it was a different Shadd who spoke, but she did not know it was a Shadd who had tasted success and inhaled the incense of flattery. At all events her husband was not her husband. She couldn't keep the tears back, but she managed to steady her voice

"That's all right, dearie," she said softly.

"No; it isn't," he contradicted loudly, meaning she need not assume that he was still insane. "I just bought two hundred U. C. common."

"What is that?"

"Undersea Craft common stock." And Shadd, Wall Street veteran expert, smiled. He went on, modest as all great men are: "I paid 9 for 200 shares."

"Nine what?"

"Dollars."

"For the two hundred shares?" She gazed on him admiringly.

"No," he confessed; "for each share—eighteen hundred dollars for the lot."

"Oh-h-h! Then you took it from the bank! From—the—bank!"

"Yep!" replied Shadd, trying to look brave. He went on hastily: "So I bought the stock and held on like grim death when everybody was advising me to ——"

"From the bank!" repeated Mrs. Shadd.

"Of course" affirmed Shadd, feigning playfulness; even then he was marveling at his own courage.

"And that was the reason you didn't bring the bank book home!"

She shuddered violently at the thought of her weeks of ignorance. Her tragedy showed so plainly on her face that he hastened to inform her:

"Well, just because I had the pluck to take the money I've made fifty thousand dollars."

"Where is it?" she almost shrieked; then she shook her head, denying it to herself.

"In the office of F. T. Woodcock & ——"

"Who?" she asked, and without waiting for the answer walked toward a table where she had left her hat.

"My broker," replied Wilberforce Shadd in the voice in which the Kaiser says "My troops." He went on kindly: "You can't go there now."

She, nevertheless, put on her hat. Then she sat down on the edge of a chair and said:

"Tell me all about it."

"Well," he said, trying to decide on the jump which details to skip and which to play up, "it began with Hen Wilkins' spiel about submarine boats ——"

"Oh, I knew it wasn't your idea," she interjected forgivingly.

"Three Thousand a Year is Good Enough for Any White Person"

For ten years he had been an honest man. She still believed in him.

"Well, I knew Hen's yarn was crazy in some things; but I also saw where he was right. So I thought about it until I was sure I had sized up the situation correctly."

"And where is the money you say you've made?"

"I told you. In my broker's office."

"But why don't you bring it home—if you've got it?"

"The fifty-thousand-dollar profit is still on paper! There is no cash yet."

"Then you didn't make fifty thousand dollars?"

"Oh, yes; I have—on paper. It closed at 276 ——"

"What are you talking about?" she interrupted. She shook her head twice.

He knew what she was denying to herself, and smiled. He explained:

"The last sale was at 276; which means that if I had sold out just before three o'clock my two hundred shares would have brought me fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars in cash. But I didn't ——"

"Why didn't you?" she asked, recognizing the finality of the tragedy.

"Because," he said very deliberately, in order to drive the dagger in up to the hilt, "because I thought that I would wait to make one hundred thousand dollars, or possibly even two hundred thousand, instead of fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars at closing prices."

But he was mistaken. When she heard him talk of one hundred thousand dollars and of two hundred thousand she knew she was hearing fairy tales—lovely to read about, but mighty slim diet for everyday use. So she said:

"And you can get fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars now?"

"I could have gotten it to-day."

"'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' The first thing you do to-morrow ——"

"To-morrow," he interrupted, "I may get more—or I may get less."

"I just knew it would have to be less!" she asserted. "There was Raymond Porter, with those Long Island lots he could have sold for eighteen thousand dollars and didn't; and when he did sell he lost three hundred dollars instead of making anything."

"But this isn't Long Island lots."

"Well, I was reading the other day how the people who always lose the most money are the men who want to grab everything in sight; and ——"

"But I tell you Undersea Craft will surely go higher."

"What will happen"—and she looked her husband straight in the eye—"what will happen if, instead of going higher, it goes lower? Answer me that!"

He thought of his own abdication, of the descent from the Napoleonship of Woodcock's office, and almost shuddered. Then he said judicially:

"Well, we'd still be ahead of the game ——"

"Would we still be ahead of the game fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars?"

"No. But, even if we were only thirty or forty thousand to the good ——"

"Thirty or forty! The way you sling tens of thousands round! Your luck has gone to your head."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes. And you took the money out of the bank ——"

"But I have made ——"

"Yes; and now you want to lose it! Fifty-five thousand dollars is a fortune!"

Wilberforce Shadd had not thought it a fortune in Wall Street. Hearing his wife say it uptown made him think it was.

"It's fair pickings," he admitted grudgingly.

"What I can't understand is why, after having fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars in your grasp, you run the risk of losing it all ——"

"Not all!"

"Well, didn't you take it all out of the bank?"

"Yes; but ——"

"Oh, Wilberforce, how could you? It was all we had for a rainy day. Suppose you had—suppose you—suppose ——"

But she didn't dare suppose such a thing, though she closed her eyes.

"But I didn't lose it. I made more than I could have saved up in three hundred years."

"And you want to lose it!"

"No."

"Then bring the cash home, Wilberforce darling. Bring it to-morrow. That's enough."

"But we can double it ——"

"I don't want to double it. It's more than we ever thought we'd have."

"Not more than I thought I'd have if I was let alone."

He looked at her accusingly, remembering how her fears had bred cowardice in him.

"I'll let you alone if you bring home the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars to-morrow. Honest, I will, Wilberforce! When I think of what that money will mean ——"

She began to weep softly, with a drip as of a small fountain.

"Don't, my dear!" he said uncomfortably. "Don't! The idea of crying because I've made money!"

"I'll never ask you again to save money."

"You won't?" he said, knowing what the promise must have cost her.

"No—provided you bring the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars home to-morrow. When I think of my poor mother ——"

"I promise! I promise!" said Shadd. "I'll sell out. But when you see that stock selling where we could have got out at a hundred thousand dollars profit, don't talk to me."

She looked frightened and hesitated. Then she thought it might never happen. And if it did—if it did, which it wouldn't—he could talk as he pleased.

"Very well; blame me!" she told him.

"Went Down! Down!" Muttered a Man Named Shively. "Down! Down! Down!"

That night, before he fell asleep, he did not blame his wife—only Fate. He thought:

"I ought to have held out for a hundred thousand dollars," as though he already had sold out for fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars. "Confound it!"

Then it occurred to him that he was still a failure. To stop thinking of that he thought of the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars and fell asleep, smiling.

The next morning after breakfast, just as he was putting on his hat to leave the house, she said abruptly:

"Wilberforce!"

"Yes?"

"Do you think you—you can ge-get that much to-day?"

She looked at him so anxiously that he forgot his grievances and his remonstrances—everything but the profit. Had he not, after all, made a mistake in not selling out at fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars the day before, after he had convinced himself that fifty thousand dollars was enough for any Christian?

Six per cent on fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars meant $3312. That was much more than he was getting from the office for working.

"I hope so, darling," he said, so tenderly that she began to cry.

He did not comfort her. He could think only that he wished to sell that stock at once. Anything lower than 276 would be tragedy. After you have opened your mouth to insert therein a spoonful of raspberry jam with your own hand, you resent Fate's thrusting in a chunk of boiled cabbage.

"Damn!" he said.

"Oh, Wi-Wil-ber-berforce!" she moaned.

"Don't worry—yet!" he said. Then: "You will have to telephone to Mr. Lipps that I cannot be down to-day."

"He might not like it," she ventured. "Will it take all day?"

"Nobody can tell just how long it will take," he said importantly. "It may take one minute or it may take two hours. All I can say is that I will be back here as soon as I can."

"I'll telephone to Mr. Lipps that you are not well," she said cheerfully.

"No. Say I'm doing something for you."

"I don't like to," she protested.

"It's the truth," he said sternly. "I don't want to sell."

"I'll tell him," she promised hastily.

XIII

WILBERFORCE SHADD arrived at Woodcock's office before the opening. The general staff welcomed him with effusive cordiality.

Naturally they talked about the stock; and, to show him how completely they believed in him, thereby inflicting great pleasure upon themselves, they no longer asked him to tell them what further beneficences U. C. common was going to work. Instead, they told him what the future held in store for them all.

At nine-fifty-seven A. M., Henry Rumney, who was looking at the news ticker, shouted:

"Hey! Here's a whole lot about U. C.!"

And he began to read, snapping his fingers impatiently because the news ticker didn't print faster.

Trying to guess what words are going to be printed about a stock you're long of is bad for the nerves.

"Read it aloud!" cried Ben Meiggs.

They all listened while Henry read an official statement from the president of the company announcing the booking of contracts aggregating several million dollars. This was followed by an unofficial statement from an unnamed "insider," who declared that the book value of the stock at that moment, based not on prospective business, which was expected to be huge, but on what contracts were actually signed and the money deposited with New York bankers, was "several" times what the stock was then selling for.

Henry read this, one word at a time. When he finished all eyes turned toward Wilberforce Shadd, who, thinking of his wife's injunctions, looked acutely uncomfortable.

"That means at least two thousand dollars a share," said Henry Rumney positively to everybody.

Ben Meiggs, alias "Careful Mike," looked directly at Wilberforce Shadd and asked respectfully:

"Do you think so, sir?"

Since he himself could not hold for two thousand dollars, Shadd did not wish the stock ever to sell at two thousand. He, therefore, replied angrily:

"No; I don't!"

Consternation appeared on the faces of the customers, promptly to be succeeded by a puzzled look. If it didn't sell at two thousand dollars, at what price would it sell?

"Mr. Wilberforce Shadd," said Henry Rumney sternly, "you know damned well that stock is going higher."

"I do, do I?" said Shadd bitterly, thinking of his own abject promise to the woman who kept him from becoming a rich man.

"Yes, you do!" asserted Rumney; then, as one who adduces proof, he said: "Let's see what the opening is."

Willie, the subsidized office boy, had not yet appeared. Henry Rumney sought Dave Caldwell, the office manager, and said:

"Get a quotation on U. C. common as soon as possible, will you?"

"I Should Think You'd Have More Pride Than to Go Round Picking Up Old Newspapers After People"

"Sure thing!" The polite manager was so accustomed to nervous customers that he overlooked the peremptory tone. The entire office tensely awaited the bulletin from the Curb. Three, four, five, six, seven, eight minutes went by—minutes that ran at least three hundred seconds each. Then Willie came in, breathless.

"Well?" snarled Henry Rumney.

Willie looked dubiously at him. He was paid for whispering, but he could not whisper at such long range. Henry Rumney couldn't stand the suspense and cried sharply:

"Spit it out!"

"They can't tell what it's selling for. They've gone crazy. I heard Wright & Bonner's man say that the opening sales were all the way from 280 to 300."

"Two-eighty to three hundred?" asked Wilberforce Shadd.

That was more than 276. He'd better hurry up—if he wanted any peace at home.

"I say 2000 within sixty days," said Henry Rumney, looking at Shadd challengingly. "Don't you?"

"Two thousand what?" asked Francis T. Woodcock, approaching the group.

"Being a conservative man," said Rumney to the broker, "I was just remarking that U. C. common was on its way to 2000. Watch it!"

Woodcock smiled the smile of a father at his baby's Commencement.

"How about it, Shadd?"

"I am going to sell," answered Shadd miserably.

"What?" shrieked Henry Rumney.

"Honest?" asked Careful Mike Meiggs, looking incredulous.

"Not all?" from Woodcock.

Wilberforce Shadd forced himself to nod. His lips were tightly compressed. This was in order that his groans might not escape. The broker looked at Shadd, and somehow felt that his luckiest customer was not in his usual luck. He said:

"You know how I've felt about that stock of yours, Shadd; but I've come to the conclusion that this is the wildest boom in history. Nothing like it was ever seen. There isn't any top to them! I used to think the bull movement couldn't keep up and that an awful day of reckoning was coming; but, with accounts margined from fifty to two hundred points, what's the use of talking about healthy reactions, hey? I don't want to butt in; but it seems to me I'd take a chance and keep at least half. Of course a profit's profit; but if you sell all your stock ——"

"Yes, all!" cried Wilberforce Shadd, bent on committing suicide. "Every damned share I've got in this office!" He saw his wife—all in red!

F. T. Woodcock pushed a pad and a lead pencil toward Wilberforce Shadd.

"Write your order—and sign it," said Woodcock.

Every man in the room, including Wilberforce Shadd, heard the words and realized that what Woodcock really was saying was "Put it down in black and white, so you can't blame me—afterward." And all the customers who were long of the stock further translated the broker's unspoken "afterward" into "When it sells at two thousand dollars a share!"

Wilberforce Shadd wrote the order savagely and signed it desperately—watched by thirty-two lynx eyes.

Henry Rumney, having gazed long and bitterly at Wilberforce Shadd, suddenly ceased to frown and beckoned to Ben Meiggs.

"It didn't work, did it, Ben?" And Henry Rumney smiled.

"What didn't?"

"If he really was selling all his stock would he be doing it at the top of his voice, in front of everybody?"

"No," answered Meiggs; "but ——"

"But nothing! If he had told me or you, on the q. t., I might possibly have believed it. That stock is going to one thousand dollars a share, I tell you. And that's certain."

"I don't know about selling at 1000," said Meiggs; "but I do know that these insiders get left as badly as any sucker; in their own stock too. There's Patent Process Steel, for instance. I heard that Paterson, the treasurer, went short ten thousand shares at 90, and had to cover at 125. Lost all he'd made on the rise from 46."

Henry Rumney smiled broadly.

"Right-o, old top! We didn't bite that time—what?"

"No!"

Meantime Wilberforce Shadd was staring gloomily through the window at the passers-by, a picture of utter dejection—and foiled villainy!

"Not a bite! Look at him!" said Henry Rumney to Ben Meiggs. The sure-thing Mr. Meiggs nodded. For once he agreed with his reckless friend.

Wilberforce Shadd merely looked as he felt. All he could see in the sky was a stupendous bulletin board, on which he read: U. C. 5000. Then he began to figure. At 300 all he could get was sixty thousand dollars. At 1000, not waiting for 2000 or 5000, he would have taken out of Wall Street two hundred thousand dollars!—twelve thousand a year—one thousand a month—something a man could do something with!

"Look at him! Mad as blazes because no suckers bit in this office!" whispered Henry Rumney to Meiggs.

The others, seeing Henry whispering, instantly desired to know what he had said that was important enough to whisper. Henry cheerfully repeated his remarks, whereupon they nodded.

Really it was too transparent.

"I don't mind that skunk trying to get more stock," said Henry; "but why should he want our few shares when he could go outside ——"

"Oh, those people want it all! They'd swipe a blind man's pennies as eagerly as they'd steal a million out of a bank." Their glances were venomous. But Wilberforce Shadd was calling himself an ass. Doomed not only to be married and a coward all his life, but to die poor!

Woodcock came up to Shadd and whispered:

"We sold a hundred at 300 and a hundred at 301."

Sixty thousand dollars—that is to say, nothing!

"All right!" said Shadd huskily to the broker, and walked out of the office.

After the door closed on him the comments of the customers became audible to the clerks in the farthest offices.

"Three-two for U. C.!" triumphantly shouted Henry Rumney.

Ben Meiggs, who had twenty shares that showed him more than two hundred points profit, began to clap his hands. The others imitated him. Henry Rumney, as though the applause was intended for him, bowed to right and left, murmuring "I thank you! I thank you!" He was so happy with his two hundred and fifteen points profit that he wasn't sorry he didn't have a hundred shares. Then he thought of the man who advised him to buy the stock that had made him fourteen thousand dollars richer in a few weeks.

"The skunk!" said Henry Rumney.

When Wilberforce Shadd left the office he did not know whither to go; and so, as a man always will when he walks aimlessly, he walked toward the south. Presently he found himself in Battery Park. On the park benches he beheld not hobos, or clerks out of work, or homesick immigrants, or stenographers getting a breath of fresh air, but specters who grimaced mockingly at him. He didn't hear them, but he knew they were saying: "Only three hundred a share! Oh, you boob!"

He came upon the Aquarium; and, unable to bear his own thoughts, walked in for the first time in his life. Forty seconds later the bitterness went out of his mind and he forgot his troubles while looking at the fish.

Two hours later, tired and hungry, he was surprised to find that he craved to sit down in a comfortable chair before a good luncheon. He had sixty thousand dollars. No—he had more; he had sixty thousand and seventy-one dollars. He would take the seventy-one dollars and buy lunch.

He had forgotten to bring with him more than his usual fifty cents—the fifty cents that he had taken to the office every day for fifteen years. He smiled. He, Wilberforce Shadd, with only fifty cents in his pocket! It really was so funny that it put him in good humor, and he decided to go back to Woodcock's office and get some money.

He entered the customers' room and was shocked by what he saw. Gloom brooded over the office. There was a threat of ruin in the air. Pale-faced, anxious-eyed men, no longer debonair admirers of the great Wilberforce Shadd, clustered about the ticker, frankly despondent, visibly unnerved. And the voice of the tape reader by the ticker was the voice of a judge pronouncing death sentences, one after another—one for each man in the room.

Henry Rumney saw Shadd.

"Why couldn't you tell us?" he inquired hotly.

"Tell you what?" asked Shadd,

"You know damned well!"

Shadd didn't know; so he asked:

"What's U. C.?"

"Two seventy-one, and going down fast," said Henry Rumney, more loudly than was necessary. "But you can't have my stock!" And he turned away, frowning.

(Continued on Page 52)

"And I," Shouted Shadd, "Bought Two Hundred Shares at 9!"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1917

Give the Packers a Rest

ONE Chicago packing company did a business last year of five hundred and seventy-five million dollars. Six of them must have done a business of two billions.

This means that a handful of private corporations bought a great part of all the meat animals sold in the United States, and sold a great part of the meat and by-products the population consumed.

Many good people view that fact with suspicion and disfavor. But no business in the United States has been more copiously investigated than this packing business; no business is more closely watched. The books have been searched repeatedly. The men who conduct the business know their books are sure to be scrutinized in the future.

The methods of buying, manufacturing and selling have been overhauled and exposed. Whenever there is pronounced discontent on the side either of sellers of animals or of buyers of meat, a public investigation is pretty sure to follow. Investigation has shown there is no waste. Whatever else may be said, the packers certainly do their business with high efficiency and at a very small margin of profit for each pound of product turned out.

This Big Business has been thoroughly studied. Meantime an endless multiplicity of small businesses, each contributing in one way or another to the cost of living, get comparatively little broad investigation and study. Broad investigation and constructive study of small business, we believe, is quite as well worth while as destructive study of Big Business.

That British Shell Bid

NATURALLY American steel men were shocked to learn that an English concern had underbid them for a contract to supply our navy with big shells. English concerns were supposed to have their hands full making shells for England and to be handicapped by war-bonus wages; yet this English concern offered to make seventy-five hundred big shells for our navy at a price more than a million dollars below the best American bid, and to deliver the shells in little over half the time required by American bidders.

Naturally, also, this bid was heralded as conclusive proof of our need of "an impregnable tariff wall round the United States to prevent the flooding of our markets with cheap foreign goods and the impoverishment of our labor"—as one contemporary emphatically put it. For if England could so signally underbid us, both as to price and time, when at war, what could she not do when at peace?

But perhaps there is an alternative to that impregnable tariff wall. The English concern explained that it was able to make a low bid because at the time it had no work on hand in that particular line for the British Government; because its plant had been brought to a state of extreme efficiency, and because it had perfected an improved process for making steels of that sort. Now plants exposed to competition are more likely to be brought to a state of extreme efficiency and to discover improved processes than plants sheltered behind impregnable tariff walls.

We now have a Tariff Board to investigate just such phenomena as this shell bid in a disinterested, scientific spirit and to find out whether they mean that we need more protection or only closer figuring. The country is not going to become excited about any developments in that line until it hears from the board.

Opportunity in Prison

ABOUT two years ago the Mutual Welfare League was organized in Sing Sing Prison. It is composed exclusively of prisoners and every inmate is a member. Its first object was to inspire the saving sense of self-respect and social responsibility. The league soon addressed itself to education, starting a school, virtually managed by inmates, which any inmate might attend after completing the day's labor required of him by the state. Identification cards were issued to pupils by use of which they could leave their cells and go to the classroom where the elements of public-school education were taught.

Vocational training presently developed. Appeals by letter brought tools and books; telegraph instruments; wireless apparatus; automobile parts and appliances, so that a complete car could be taken apart and reassembled, and all its mechanism studied. Now everyone who is committed to the prison receives a statement from the league, explaining its purposes, offering its advantages, urging hearty coöperation with it. The league is permitted, of course, by the state; but its educational work is carried on without state aid.

The chairman of the Educational Department of the league writes: "Most of the inmates of prisons are there because they could not compete successfully with others. They did not know how to meet the conditions of free life. While in prison they should be made better able to maintain themselves in freedom. Our Educational Department is striving to do that. Generous friends outside have given books and equipment; but we are still much short of what we should have to give a fair opportunity for self-betterment to all who would take it.

"At present, for example, we are trying to start classes in carpentry, bricklaying and plumbing, but have too few tools. Secondhand tools would be very acceptable; in fact, any equipment that we can use in vocational training. If the need were more widely known, and the great good such helps to self-help can do in a place like this generally appreciated, good people would respond."

The Shipping Board

CERTAIN appointees to the new Shipping Board, it seems at this writing, are objects of senatorial suspicion and must be carefully investigated. They have been engaged in shipping in a rather large way, and successfully. Hence, naturally, the suspicions. A man who has conspicuously failed in his own undertakings will be readily acceptable to the Senate as a director of the business of the United States; but if he has been decidedly successful on his own account he will not be readily acceptable. We could cite various illustrations, but forbear out of consideration for personal feelings.

The new Shipping Board has a job both very difficult and very important. Already a vigorous exercise of its theoretically broad but practically dubious powers to regulate rates, and so on, is urged upon it. A number of people apparently view it chiefly as a tempting instrument with which to play hob in shipping affairs. They seem to think its highest usefulness will consist in disrupting, repressing, retaliating. The notion of a constructive instrument of the Government is not very familiar to them.

In the last calendar year of unprecedented freight rates and huge ship earnings, our merchant marine was increased by two hundred and fifty thousand tons of metal steam vessels, turned out by American shipyards on both seacoasts for American owners. That is by no means a heavy addition, in view of the circumstances.

In addressing itself pretty exclusively to the broad problem of how best to upbuild the American merchant marine the new board will find abundant occupation. It can well afford to let its other functions wait until it has a thorough grasp of the situation.

American Barbarism

THERE is now a more powerful reaction against lynching—that abominable disgrace to the United States—than ever before. It is more generally realized that lynchers, whatever positions they may hold in society, are essentially stupid barbarians, whose anarchism brings into question all social security and order. It is plain enough that no man's life can really be safe in a community given to lynching. There will probably be, at first, the extreme provocation of an assault upon a woman. The record shows that, having yielded to that provocation, yielding to lesser ones becomes increasingly easy; and finally a mob will as readily slake its bloodthirst by murdering a white man as a colored one. There is no real security for anybody.

Because lynching has been more common in the South, the South is especially interested in discouraging it. The intelligent Southern opinion, which must finally prevail, is insisting upon the only remedy—conviction and punishment of mob murderers. When dominant opinion recognizes lynching for what it is—a detestable crime against society far more dangerous socially than any individual murder—lynching will disappear. Only the criminal sanction or tolerance of misguided opinion keeps it alive. Mobs never lynch except when they think it perfectly safe. As soon as they have to expect not sanction or tolerance, but genuine prosecution, they will leave the repression of crime to orderly processes of law.

It is altogether a question of public opinion. To strengthen the right opinion is a plain duty for everyone who wants that opinion to prevail.

A National Pastime

WALL STREET has as irresistible a fascination for Congress as the insides of a clock have for a normal infant. No exigency of public business could ever make it forgo the childish delight of poking round in the works of the Street on any pretext.

This is a short session. There is much urgent business to be done. Somebody—presumably an office boy—starts a rumor. Somebody else—probably a wag—writes a letter to an innocent and excitable congressman. Without the least tangible evidence to go upon, Congress begins investigating. Men who doubtless could devote their time to some useful ends if permitted to do so are summoned from far and near to testify about something that there is no reason to suppose they have any knowledge of.

When engaged in serious business Congress is mostly ignored. The newspapers dismiss its sober proceedings with scant paragraphs or say nothing at all about them. But if Congress wants to put on a cabaret show entitled Wall Street the newspapers will give it whole pages. The silliest incidents and the emptiest chatter are reported in column after column. Utterly irresponsible and pointless vaporings on this subject will get more front-page space than the greatest debate on the weightiest affair of state.

After the War

IN AFTER-THE-WAR speculation one factor, which may be the most important of all, is overlooked. Europe is doing wonders now—keeping millions of men under arms, supplying them with prodigious quantities of munitions, raising billions of capital, and at the same time subsisting its civil population and carrying forward many lines of industry at a high pitch. Speculation runs as to the effect upon this country when all that highly organized, coördinated, intensively applied energy is turned to peaceful competition.

But Europe is working now under a tremendous stimulant. The mass of its people feel that what they hold dearest is at stake. The war fever is in their veins.

Peace will bring a reaction. The end of any prolonged intense effort always does. There will be a pretty dismal taking of stock everywhere. The dead will be counted with disillusioned eyes; there will be the dull burden of taxes. Millions will be asking themselves: "Why should it have happened?"

The business situation is always in good part a state of mind. The greatest fact in Europe's business situation after the war may not be any of the material things, such as the supply of capital and the rate of wages, with which speculation now concerns itself, but exactly Europe's state of mind. If it is a heavy, bitter, discouraged state of mind, that may well mean more in terms of industrial output than the supply of capital or the rate of wages.

Buying Stocks

A CORRESPONDENT, whose letterhead shows that he is a physician, says he is often invited by circular or newspaper advertisement to buy stock in some revolutionary invention. Usually the invitations point out that early investors in inventions, such as electric light, telephony, adding machines, typesetting machines, automobiles, moving pictures, made great profits.

"Isn't it true," he asks, "that if the invention proves successful, some way will be found, through reorganization, and so on, to freeze out the small investor?"

That is not the danger which confronts recipients of such invitations.

There is no reason why a competent physician should not advertise himself through bright-colored circulars and newspaper spreads—except that the highest class of good, responsible physicians do not advertise themselves in that manner.

Selling stock in new enterprises by means of flamboyant newspaper advertisements and circulars, promising big returns on the investment, is distinctly the method of the quack. One is warranted in judging the stock, like the physician, by the manner in which it presents itself. If it comes in like a quack, promising cures in all cases—or big profits and no losses—prudent people will have nothing to do with it.

Very Temporary Captain McLean

By PHILIP E. HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

MR. GAVIN McLEAN, expert cracksman, mechanic, motor driver and past master in the art of disguising everything about his engaging personality except his Scots tongue, was confronted with what he himself would have described as a "serious deeficu'ty."

Business with Mr. McLean had been extremely brisk during the early summer of 1914; and the trade he had recently developed in stolen automobiles—which he contrived to convey to his workshop, where by the many arts known to him he converted their appearance through a process of exchange of bodies, repainting, renumbering, combined with a trifle of judicious alteration of waterpiping, type of magneto, carburetor, or any other part that could readily be altered—had brought him to the high-water mark of illicit prosperity.

Once the stolen automobile had passed through his shop and his expert handling, disposal of the prize was a simple matter; for certain secondhand auto emporiums in the region of Euston Road are never particular as to the goods included in their auction-sale catalogues. And, though the genuine owners of cars who dispose of their property by this means find much cause for discontent at the low prices realized, Mr. Gavin McLean not only never grumbled at the prices fetched by his entries, but, acting on the principle of never looking a gift car in the radiator, took his check for the amount—less commission—and added it to his growing bank account with a self-satisfied smile, whether the figures on the check ran into two or three.

And then, in the early days of August, his hopes of realizing a fortune and starting a comparatively honest automobile business, on which he might live in comfort and security for the rest of his life, were dashed to the ground by the coming of war and all its consequent horrors.

Mr. McLean was no patriot. To begin with, his hand was against that of all law and order; and, to continue, he was a comparatively young man. And it is apparent to the meanest intelligence that fervent patriotism is a distinctive mark of those whose age, infirmities or social position render them ineligible for military service.

It will be remembered—even in these days, when everything, from a pledge to a deed of heroism, is forgotten with the issue of a fresh morning paper—that in those early days of the war, when "voluntary compulsion" was the fashion, there were some people in this country who agitated for national service. Some of them even had the bad taste to suggest that rich manufacturers should be compelled to nationalize their businesses for the duration of the war, and thus be saved the humiliation of making sordid profits out of their country's disaster, and Mr. McLean, being a Scot, was keen enough to appreciate the fact that the safest and least noticeable costume for the humble citizen at that time was that known as khaki.

To enlist as a private soldier was entirely distasteful to Mr. McLean; and, as he unfortunately had no military experience and no friends either at court or in the War Office, he did not see his way to applying for a commission. However, there are more ways of winning a game of poker than by keeping a king up one's sleeve; and, after some consideration and a careful scrutiny of the various types of "temporary gentlemen and ossifers" who were then to be seen swarming in the streets of the metropolis, Mr. McLean came to the conclusion that the easiest and safest method of joining the army, without bringing himself into too close touch with the authorities, would be to grant himself an unofficial commission in the Army Service Corps.

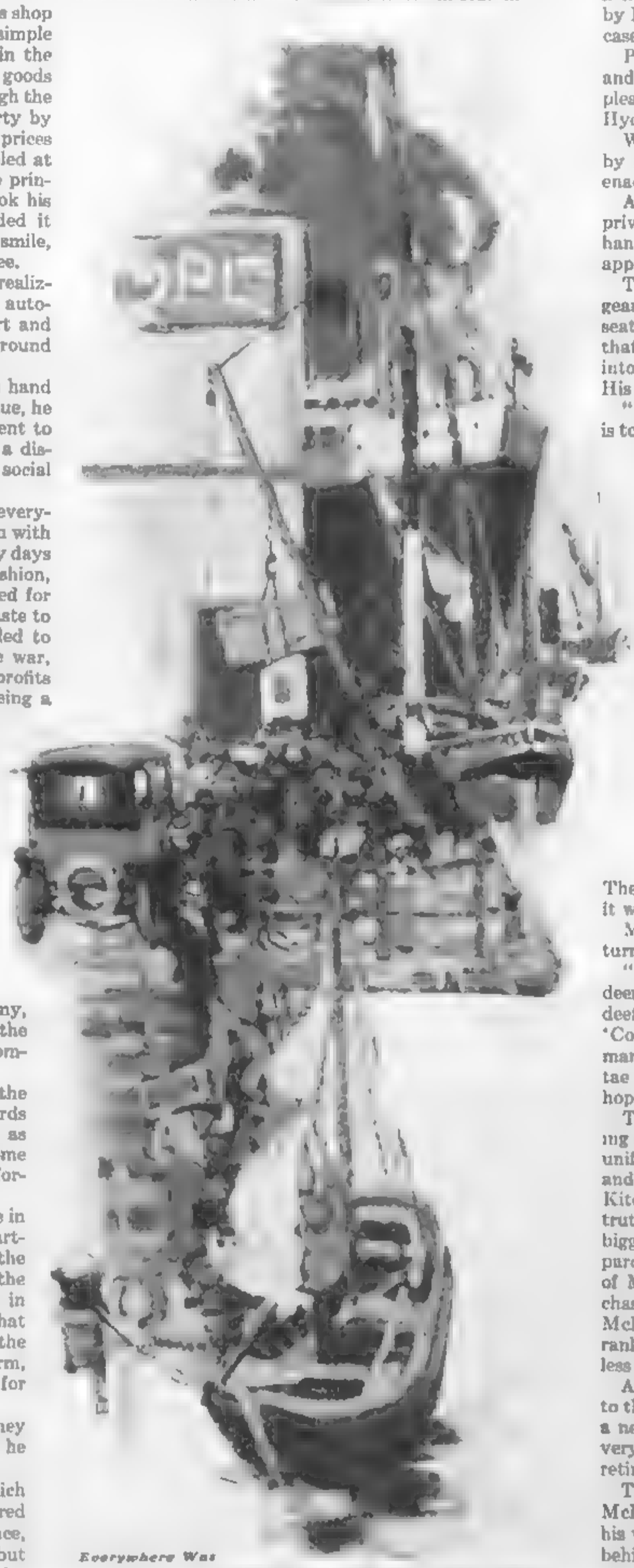
He selected that corps because at that time the Gazette, though naturally of large proportions as regards the fighting units, was enormous beyond all others as regards the A. S. C.; and, also, because he had become aware that a large proportion of these were for the formation of Mechanical Transport Units.

After earnest study of the columns of the Gazette in the Morning Advertiser, and of the advertisements artfully displayed alongside the Gazette, informing the newly fledged officers that Messrs. Moses & Aaron, the celebrated tailors, could supply field service kits in twenty-four hours, Mr. McLean betook himself to that eminent firm's showrooms. Announcing to one of the shopmen that he wished to be fitted with a uniform, he was taken to the basement and there measured for an outfit.

He had already provided himself with sufficient money to cover the cost of the modest outfit with which he proposed to provide himself.

Being unwilling to advertise his own address, which was over the workshop by the riverside, not a hundred miles from Kew Bridge, he paid for his outfit in advance, gave his address as the Grand Central Hotel, but arranged to have his uniform retained until called for on the afternoon of the following day. Mr. McLean thereupon betook himself to the lounge of a certain large hotel in Piccadilly, where he contrived to get into conversation with a newly fledged second lieutenant of the corps to which Mr. McLean was planning to attach himself in a purely honorary capacity.

His native charm of manner and his enthusiastic praise of the patriotism of his new-found acquaintance quite captivated the heart of that guileless individual; and, after a few minutes' conversation and the absorption of sundry drinks, he allowed Mr. McLean to pump him dry of the information of which that craftsman was in search.



Everywhere Was Bustle and Orderly Disorder, Leading the Great Steamer

Now Mr. McLean was extremely quick-witted, and it did not take him long to find out from this fledgling the salient points of the duties of an officer of the Army Service Corps as regards deportment and dress, school of instruction and probable destination, which were the sole points of interest to Mr. McLean at that period.

From his informant he gathered that, in the general muddle which followed upon the entry of Britain into the war, a young officer, provided he was careful to salute staff officers and all others who bore the rank of field officer—he was careful to extract the necessary information as to badges of rank—and provided he did not obtrude himself upon his superiors, was unlikely to attract any special attention. And it became obvious to Mr. McLean that, if this was the case with an officer regularly commissioned by his king, it was still more likely to be the result in the case of an entirely unofficial appointment.

Pleading an engagement, he escaped from his informant and returned to his workshop; and, as the afternoon was a pleasant one, he elected to walk along Piccadilly as far as Hyde Park Corner before taking a bus for Kew Bridge.

When he came to Green Park his attention was attracted by a little scene which was at that time in process of enaction in many of the busier thoroughfares of London.

A sergeant of the A. S. C., accompanied by a couple of private soldiers, stepped into the road and held up his hand to the driver of a smart touring car, which was approaching from Hyde Park Corner.

The driver of the car stopped his vehicle; and the sergeant, with a smart salute to the occupants of the back seat, produced a written order from his pocket and requested that the occupants of the car would be good enough to step into the road and hand the car over to him for the use of His Majesty's forces. The owner expostulated.

"Very sorry, madam!" replied the sergeant. "My orders is to commandeer every car of this type and hand it over to the War Office. I'll give you a receipt for the car now, and if you take that to Whitehall to-morrow, to the office of the Inspector of Mechanical Transport, you can make a claim for the price of the car; and you'll get your money at once. We've got to have every car that's suitable."

"But," explained the owner, "I only bought the car last week. I cannot part with it like this."

"Very sorry, lady—'fraid you ain't got no choice. This country's at war and we've got to 'ave cars."

"I call it disgraceful! I quite understand that we are at war—I think the Kaiser has behaved abominably—but I really cannot spare my car."

The sergeant motioned to his two men, one of whom ordered the chauffeur to get down from the driving seat—whereupon his place was taken by one of the men—and again addressed himself to the owner of the car, who, with very bad grace, at last got out and, taking the official receipt as though it had been a noisome reptile offered to her, surrendered the car and angrily ordered her driver to find her a taxi. The sergeant, with the second man, got into the car; and it was driven rapidly away toward Piccadilly Circus.

Mr. Gavin McLean watched it out of sight and then turned westward with a scheme forming in his brain.

"If a sergeant and yon two swaddy-men can commandeer a car in yon fashion, Ah'm verra sure there'll be nae deeficu'ty for an officer tae hae a smack at the same notion. 'Commandeered' Ah heear-red yon sergeant say—an' commandeered some mair car-rs will be before yon war's come tae a finish," said Mr. Gavin McLean to himself as he hopped on a bus bound for Kew Bridge.

The next day Mr. McLean, in a taxi, called at the tailoring establishment of Messrs. Moses & Aaron, tried on his uniform, which fitted quite respectably in several places, and was assured by the cutter that it was fit for Lord Kitchener—a statement that had a certain amount of truth in it, since it was obviously intended for a much bigger man than Mr. Gavin McLean. Depositing the parcels in his taxi, he drove to the opposition establishment of Messrs. Levi & Harris, in the Strand, and there purchased some braid and two pairs of additional stars. Mr. McLean had determined on an early promotion to the rank of captain, as he wisely inferred that, as such, he was less liable to interference than as a second lieutenant.

Arrived at his den, he set about the necessary alterations to the cuffs of his service jacket; and, being as handy with a needle and thread as he was with most other tools, he very soon completed the alteration to his satisfaction and retired to bed.

The next morning Very Temporary Captain Gavin McLean, A. S. C., stepped into the quiet street in which his workshop was situated and, locking the door carefully behind him, strode off, with an easy swing, in the direction of Kew Bridge.

In his pocket was an official-looking blue paper, bearing unreadable hieroglyphics, and alongside it were a number of neatly cut yellow slips of paper, as much like the receipt form he had seen the sergeant give to the car owner as the local stationery shop in Back Lane could supply.

The policeman on point duty near the bridge drew his heels together smartly as Mr. McLean approached and, to the latter's extreme pleasure, saluted.

Carelessly acknowledging the salute, Mr. McLean passed his natural enemy with an air of conscious superiority and strode away across Kew Bridge. Selecting a quiet spot on Richmond Road, some little distance from the entrance to Kew Gardens, he waited for what he knew must sooner or later come to him.

Two motor busses passed him, and then in the distance he saw a smart car, with an open touring body, approaching from the direction of Richmond. The driver was the only person in the car, and he drew up, with a grinding of brakes, as Mr. McLean, in the glory of his new uniform, stepped into the road and held up his hand.

"Ah must tr-rouble ye tae hand o'er yon car-r," said Mr. McLean.

"What the 'ell —" began the chauffeur.

"Ye can say a' that tae your maister-r yon car-r's required by His Majesty for the use o' the for-rces. Get ye down fra' yon seat."

The driver paused, bewildered.

"Hump yeself, ma mannie! An' if ye'll tak' ma advice ye'll gang awa' tae the near-rest recr-ruitin' office an' enlist — a gr-reat gowk that ye are! Ye are jist the mon we hae need o' the noo."

The driver, who happened to have witnessed the requisitioning of a car on the previous day, got slowly down from his seat.

"There'll be 'ell to pay over this!" he remarked. "D'you know 'oo's car this is?"

"Ah dae no'; but if Ah deed, an' if it was the king's own car-r, 'twould be a' the same tae mae," said Mr. McLean as he scribbled a receipt with the number of the car.

"But this 'ere's Sir 'Enry Lupton's car," said the chauffeur feebly.

"Mon," said Mr. McLean, mounting to the driver's seat, "Ah'm no' carin' if it were Sir-r Thomas Lipton's car-r—'tis needed for-r the airmy. Tak' yon receipt to Whitehall tae-morrow mor-rnin'—tae the office o' the Inspector-r o' Mechanical Transport—an', nae doot, he'll gie ye a fair-r pr-rice for yon car-r. Guid mor-rnin'!"

With which piece of advice, Mr. McLean slid the gears into engagement, let in the clutch, and drove away toward Kew Bridge, leaving the bewildered driver standing in the road.

Driving with great care, but at a fair speed, Mr. McLean crossed the bridge, continued his way into Chiswick Highroad, and after going half a mile turned sharply to his right. He dodged about for a short distance among the side turnings and finally reached Back Lane without seeing a policeman, or, indeed, anybody with whom he had even a nodding acquaintance.

Halting the car at the door of his workshop, he got down from the seat, unlocked the gate, and drove the car inside. As soon as he had safely bestowed it, Mr. McLean washed his hands and face, straightened up his belt, cocked his service cap a trifle more over his right eye, and went forth by devious ways in search of a second victim.

This time he got on to a street car going toward Hounslow and traveled on it until he had passed the unsavory suburbs of Brentford. At the corner where the car lines divide he alighted and, taking the turning leading to Twickenham, walked briskly in the direction of that place. Before he had gone a hundred yards he heard a car behind him; and, facing about, he held up his hand for the driver to stop.

It was a closed car, with a landaulet body; and, to Mr. McLean's horror, the window was slammed down and a white-mustached, red-faced old gentleman in khaki, with the scarlet band of the Staff round his hat, looked out.

Mr. McLean drew his heels together and saluted.

"What the devil d'you mean by stopping my driver?" questioned the old gentleman in angry tones.

Driving With Great Care, But at a Fair Speed, Mr. McLean Continued His Way Into Chiswick Highroad

"Ah'm verra sorry, sir-r," apologized Mr. McLean. "Ah'd no idea that this would be your car-r."

"Well, supposing it wasn't—what did you stop me for?"

"Ah was aboot tae ask ye tae gie me a luft."

"I'll give you a court-martial, sir, if you're not very careful! I suppose you're one of these ragtag and bobtail of the Army Service Corps from Hounslow?"

"Yes, sir-r," replied Mr. McLean untruthfully.

"Well, consider yourself under arrest. Go back to Hounslow and report yourself to your commanding officer. What's your name?"

"Angus McTavish," replied Mr. McLean.

"Very well, Captain Angus McTavish, you'll hear more of this, I can assure you," said the angry general; and, calling to his driver to go on, he received Mr. McLean's salute without acknowledgment, and his car sped away into the distance.

"Ah'm thinkin' per-rhaps ye're mebbe mistaken aboot ma heer-rin' mair o't," said Mr. McLean to the back of the retreating car. "However, Ah'll hae tae be mair careful i' the future."

At that moment an open touring car appeared from the opposite direction. Seeing that the occupant was a lady, Mr. McLean repeated his maneuver and, leaving the indignant owner and her driver to continue their journey on foot or return by the street car, drove away to his workshop and successfully deposited his newly acquired touring car alongside the other.

Doffing his uniform he assumed the greasy overalls he affected when at work and, with the aid of a most ingenious overhead traveling crane, which he had some time since fitted up, he changed over the bodies of the two cars, and during the course of the next two days so altered them in appearance that there was small chance of their respective owners recognizing them.

Intending to transfer the two cars for sale to Quiswell's Auction Rooms the next day, in order to make room for further "commandeerings," Mr. McLean, weary, paint-stained and disheveled, stood within the precincts of his shop regarding his handiwork and plunder.

"It's an ill wind that daes no' blaw guid tae somebody," he reflected. "Ah'm no' in love wi' war as war, sae tae speak; but gin Ah can gae on requeeseetioning twa guid car'rs a week, Ah'm no' sayin' Ah'll be fashed if yon war bides wi' us for ten year-rs."

Now undoubtedly the presentation of any of the bogus receipts would have made the authorities aware of the fact that some unauthorized person was commandeering cars which were not finding their way to the official destination; but the muddle of those early days of war was so intense that the authorities resolutely refused to see anybody on any business connected with paying out cash in any form until they had had time to consider how the necessary cash was to be raised.

Counting upon this, Mr. McLean continued his work until his garage was full to the bursting point. And, having effected certain exchanges of body work and made various minor alterations in detail, he proceeded to effect a salvage sale by the simple process of delivering the cars to sundry motor-auction salesrooms that are to be found in the neighborhood of Euston Road.

He was in some doubt, at first, as to whether to deliver the cars himself, and, if so, whether to array himself in his newly acquired uniform or not; but finally, concluding that to trust anybody else with the delivery would be to court disaster, he decided to undertake the job himself.

He also decided that, in view of the possibility of a car being officially commandeered en route to the salesroom, his presence on the driver's seat in uniform was a necessity.

Selecting the sacred dinner hour of England as being that in which he was least likely to be interfered with, he successfully delivered three of the cars to three separate salesrooms, representing them in each case to be his own property, and in two cases out of the three asking for and receiving an immediate settlement at a specially low price, on account of being under orders for the Front and having no use for a car.

The third car, which was a nearly new and very expensive one, was not so easily disposed of, because its value was such that any great reduction might have roused suspicion. However, he left it in the care of the salesroom and received an advance of two hundred pounds on it, pending its sale by auction or private treaty. The two other cars he had disposed of outright for one hundred and fifty pounds and one hundred and twenty pounds respectively.

Therefore, when Mr. McLean returned to his workshop, intending to drive the fourth car to a fourth salesroom, he had in his pocketbook in notes, mostly of the larger denominations, the respectable sum of four hundred and seventy pounds.

He was of two minds whether to cache this hoard or not before starting out on his last trip, but eventually decided to keep the notes in his pocket—a decision for which he had good cause to be devoutly thankful later on.

Mr. McLean, neatly attired as a captain of A. S. C., drove the auto into the road, got down from the driver's seat, locked the shed, pocketed the key and, remounting the seat, drove away.

He had avoided the crowded main thoroughfares as far as possible in delivering the three other autos; and this time, to be certain that he should attract no attention, he avoided the Middlesex side of the river altogether and, crossing Kew Bridge, made his way to town via Richmond and Upper Richmond Road.

He made his way in through Wandsworth and Battersea, and continued his drive over Albert Bridge and turned east along the Embankment, intending to run down to Westminster and from thence to retrace his road through the West End to Euston.

As he approached Grosvenor Road Railroad Bridge he became conscious of a small crowd of civilians surrounding the wreck of a touring car and a taxi, which had obviously been in recent collision with disastrous results.

Mopping blood from a gash on his cheek with a khaki handkerchief, and swearing in most strident tones, was an officer in the uniform and badges of the Staff, the crossed sword and baton on his shoulder straps proclaiming him to be of the rank of a general officer.

Seeing Very Temporary Captain McLean approaching with his recently acquired touring car, the general stepped deliberately into the track of the approaching auto and held up his hand.

Mr. McLean applied both foot and hand brakes and halted the car not a foot from the general.

"Where are you bound for?" inquired that officer.

With ready untruthfulness, Mr. McLean answered:

"Tae the War Office, sir-r."

"On any special duty?"

"No, sir-r—only tae hand over this car-r."

"Who does it belong to?"

"Yon's a government car-r, sir-r—jist ta'en ower fra' a civeelian owner-r."

"Commandeered?"

"Aye, sir-r."

"Then—damme!" exclaimed the general—"I'll commandeer it myself."

"An' wheer wad ye be needin' tae gae, sir-r?"

(Continued on Page 29)

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[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	175 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

(Continued from Page 26)

"Southampton," snapped the general sharply. "I'm General Ferguson, commanding the —nth Division. What's your name?"

"Ma name? Ma name's Captain Angus McTavish," replied Mr. McLean, with more readiness than truth.

"Are you a regular?" demanded General Ferguson.

Mr. McLean was nonplused for the moment; however, he compromised.

"Aye," he replied; "Ah'm a' that an' mair—though Ah winna say Ah haven't been a trifle irregular sometimes."

General Ferguson glared at Mr. McLean for a moment.

"Special Reserve of Officers?" he queried.

"Aye; ye micht ca' me that."

"I see," said the general, jumping to wrong conclusions. "Just joined up again for the war?"

"Aye," replied Mr. McLean guardedly.

"Well, anyhow," snapped the general, "I've got to get to Southampton to catch my boat. That fool of a taxi came swinging round the corner, knocked my car into matchwood, knocked the driver and young Webster, my A. D. C., out of time, and played hell generally. I've got to get on. You'll have to take me. It will be quite all right—I can give you a note to your chief that will put you all square. There's no desperate hurry for this car of yours to go anywhere in particular, I suppose?"

"Nae," said Mr. McLean; "there's nae mor-rtal haste for her. Jump in, sir-r: Ah'll tak' ye tae Southampton an' chance it."

"Good!" snapped the general, opening the side door and stepping into the car.

A corporal of the R. E. detached himself from the crowd round the wreck of the two cars, stepped smartly up to the general and saluted.

"They've taken Mr. Webster and your driver to Millbank Hospital, sir," he said.

"Right!" said General Ferguson.

"Am I to stay here till the wrecking gang arrives, sir?"

"You'll stay here till the war's over," said the general with a smile, "if you wait for that. You'd better get back to Whitehall and report the accident. Stop! I'll give you a note to take—that will explain the whole thing."

The general scribbled a few lines in his notebook, tore out the leaf and handed it to the corporal, who received it, saluted and stood strictly to attention.

"Now, Captain—Captain—what's your name again?" said the general.

"McWhirter," volunteered Mr. McLean with more readiness than accuracy.

"McWhirter?" said the general. "McWhirter!—I'm sure that's not what you said just now."

Mr. McLean pulled himself together. "Nae, sir-r," he replied; "Ah but gied ye the half o' it—it's a double name. Ah'm the McTavish-McWhirter—but yon's too much for maist folk tae remember; sae Ah sometimes ca' meself the one and sometimes the ither."

"I see," said the general. "Well now, Captain McWhirter, we'll get on, please."

Mr. McLean, wondering in his mind how he could contrive to rid himself of his distinguished passenger, engaged the gears, let in the clutch, and turned the car westward.

Away they sped through Chelsea to Putney, and out over Barnes Common to Richmond, and so through Kingston and Hampton Court to The South-Western Road, the general ever urging Mr. McLean to keep the car at speed. Through Staines and Bagshot they dashed, keeping a steady average of thirty miles an hour; and the car purred over the smooth road like a live thing.

At Camberley they halted to pick up more petrol, and while the tank was being refilled the general took Mr. McLean into the hotel and bought him a drink.

"That's a fine little car you've got there," he remarked.

"Ah've driven worse," admitted Mr. McLean.

"Yes," said the general; "and it seems to me I might easily get a worse one allotted to me on the other side. I've a dashed good mind to take her over with me. Would you like to come?"

Mr. McLean hesitated, his natural caution struggling with the love of adventure that is in every Scot.

"Aye, sir-r," he said; "Ah'd just like it verra weel."

"Then—damme!—you shall. We'll get the car stowed on the boat and you shall drive me."

"Wull I no get into trouble at the War Office?" asked Mr. McLean.

"The War Office be damned!" replied General Ferguson. "If a divisional commander can't choose his own car and his own driver, what's the use of going to war? I'll put that all straight. Between you and me, the War Office is in such a state of mess and muddle at the moment that they'll take no notice of anything. It'll take them months to settle down to any kind of routine. You've done me a good turn, my boy—I'm going to stick to you. Come along!"

Mr. McLean absorbed the remainder of his whisky and the pair returned to the car. Away they sped through Frimley and Basingstoke, and in the gathering dusk purred up hill and down until it grew too dark to go on without the lights.

"Better stop and light up," suggested the general.

"Nae need, sir-r!" shouted Mr. McLean. "Jist click down yon switch, if ye please," he added, pointing to the little switchboard that faced him on the dash.

The general complied, and the dazzling beams of the electric headlights pierced the shadows and turned night into day.

"Electric headlights, by Gad!" said the general, delighted. "This is a jewel of a car! I'll see I don't part with her if I can help it."

Away they sped through the New Forest and out to the south, until the lights of Southampton twinkled before them. And under the general's direction Mr. McLean sought and found the South-Western Hotel.

"We've taken it over as headquarters for the Naval Transport people," explained the general. "Wait here for me—I must go in and find out how we get across. My division crossed last night, but I had to wait for special orders."

The general disappeared into the hotel and Mr. McLean considered his position. A trifle of thinking brought him to the conclusion that flight at this stage of the proceedings would be attended by grave danger of detection; so he concluded to stay with his general and see it through. His deliberations were cut short by the return of General Ferguson, attended by a lieutenant commander of the Naval Transport Staff.

The latter officer mounted the front seat beside Mr. McLean, while General Ferguson entered the back of the car; and, under pilotage of the naval officer, Mr. McLean drove the car through the dock gates and down the road leading to the loading sheds on the quay.

"Here you are!" said the naval man as a long shed loomed up ahead of them. "Keep round to the water side—just under the crane there."

Mr. McLean halted the car between the wall of the shed and the crane, and looked about him. Everywhere was bustle and orderly disorder; hurrying men and anxious officers were bustling round and seeing to the loading of the great tramp steamer that lay alongside the quay.

Mr. McLean had gathered during the journey that the reason General Ferguson had not crossed with his division was that he—the general—had been appointed to the command at less than twelve hours' notice, owing to a sudden change in one of the higher commands. It appeared, also, that General Ferguson was a "dugout," having been living in comparative obscurity for some years.

General Ferguson was a man of about Mr. McLean's height and build, though some twenty years older; but, except for the fact that he was clean-shaved—an unusual state of the lip for a general—he was not in any way remarkable-looking.

After seeing the general installed in his quarters, Mr. McLean saluted and withdrew to his own cabin. After a delay of an hour the warps were cast off and the big steamer made her way slowly down Southampton Water to pick up her escort, and Mr. McLean, stretched on a very hard bunk, tried to get to sleep.

General Ferguson's cabin was next to his own, and cut off only by a thin partition, and he could hear the general snoring above the rumblings of the propeller shafting below in the bowels of the ship.

Just as Mr. McLean was beginning to feel sleepy he heard a startled cry from the other side of the partition, and sat up in his bunk to listen. The general's snores had ceased and he could hear no sound from the next cabin.

Very quietly Mr. McLean got out of his bunk and, opening the cabin door softly,

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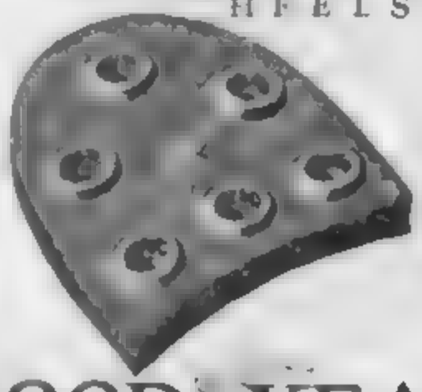

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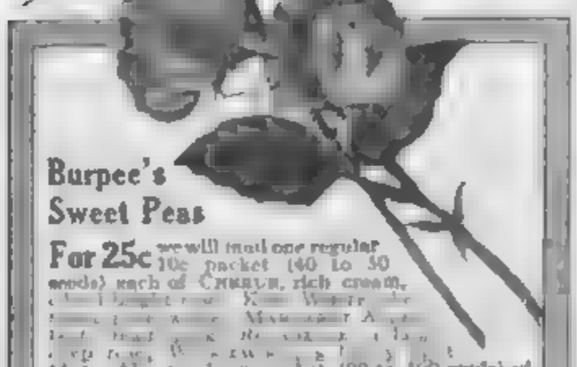

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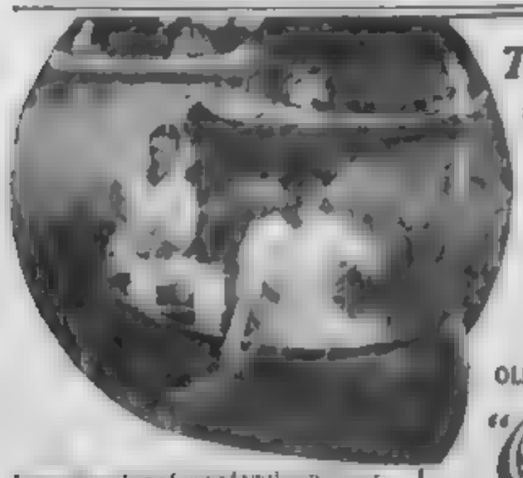

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again listened. He could distinguish no sound from the general's quarters. Softly Mr. McLean turned the handle of the door and looked inside.

The electric light was full on, and the general, who had divested himself of his service jacket, was lying at full length in his bunk.

"Is there anything wrong, sir-r?" inquired Mr. McLean. No answer.

Mr. McLean stepped closer to the bunk. The general lay white and still, and to Mr. McLean's eye appeared to be too still. Mr. McLean bent over and touched the general's arm. Still, the general gave no sign of life, and Mr. McLean, taking him boldly by the shoulder, shook him.

The general remained entirely inert, and further examination convinced Mr. McLean that General Ferguson was dead.

"Puir fellow!" he mused. "Hair-rt disease, Ah mak' nae doot. Ablins there's a doctor-r aboar-rd. Ah'd better see."

Just as he was about to leave the cabin in search of assistance, an idea struck him. With General Ferguson dead, how was he to explain his presence on the boat and his unofficial appointment? Mr. McLean hesitated, and it became obvious to him that he was in a position where he stood in considerable danger of making the acquaintance of a wall and a firing party at no far distant date. Then came inspiration—and Mr. McLean picked up the dead man's service jacket and slipped it on.

Mr. McLean tiptoed from the cabin and looked out of the doorway at the end of the alleyway. The deck outside was deserted, the night black, and the rail at the ship's side not five feet from the door.

Quickly Mr. McLean returned to his own cabin, picked up his service jacket and, with it in his hand, made his way to the dead general's side. He did not try to dress up the corpse, but, merely wrapping the khaki jacket round it, lifted the body and, staggering under the weight, made for the deck. Cautiously he looked back and forth; and then, when he was certain that there were no prying eyes to see his action, he crossed the deck to the rail and committed the body of the late General Ferguson to the deep.

There was a sounding splash, and the officer on the bridge heard a cry from the deck below.

"Man owerboar-rd!" cried the voice in a strong Scotch accent.

The watch, attracted by the cry, came running, and found an officer, in the uniform of a British general, leaning over the rail and gesticulating wildly.

"What's up, sir?" inquired a boatswain's mate.

"Naething!" replied the general. "Naething's up—it's ma young friend, Captain McWhirter—he's down—he's owerboar-rd! Canna ye no' save him?"

"Better come up on the bridge, sir," said the sailor.

And to the bridge they went, where General McLean-Ferguson reported to the astonished naval officer that Captain McWhirter, who had driven him from London and was to have accompanied him to join the Division, had fallen overboard.

"Can't help it, sir," said the naval officer. "I daren't stop. There may be submarines about, and we can't risk a shipful of men for one captain of the A. S. C. I hope somebody'll pick the poor chap up; but I doubt it."

"Aye; I doot too," replied General McLean-Ferguson; "but we'll hope for-r the best. Verra sad—a nice young fellow! Verra sad!"

With which obituary notice Mr. McLean, in the garb of a general in command of a division, returned to his cabin to investigate the contents of the dispatch case, in which he hoped to find information that would enable him to take over his command without exciting suspicion.

To his delight, he found what he required; and after a few minutes' perusal of the papers in the case he composed himself to sleep on the bunk in which General Ferguson had lain half an hour before.

"Eh, weel!" said Mr. McLean to himself as he lay down. "I dinna doot he was a verra guid general—but Ah'm nae sae sure that Ah'll no' mak' a better. It's no' as though Ah'd tae run the campaign. If Ah keep ma mouth shut, an' dinna gie ower mony or-rder-rs, Ah can get maist o' the worr-k done by adoptin' the navy's word o' command. All they'll get fra' me'll be just two wor-rds—'Carry on!'"

And the new British general fell sound asleep.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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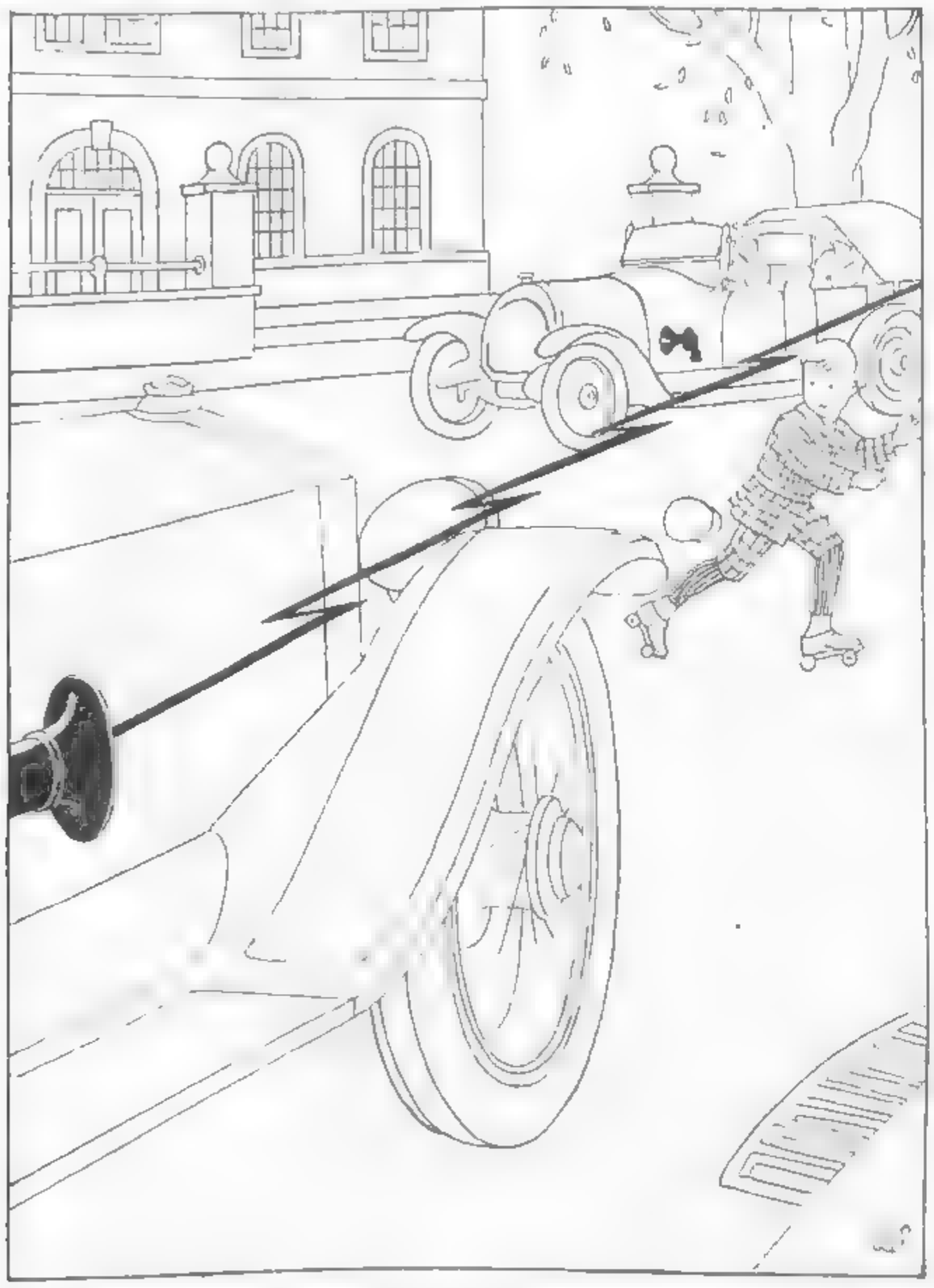

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There he is—almost in front. He doesn't see you.

You reach for the button that sounds your horn. Down—down also with the foot brake!

But it's the horn that you depend on. If that horn makes good, if it does its duty in those two nerve racking seconds—the accident DOESN'T HAPPEN.

You never thought much about the horn. When you bought the car you asked about the starter and the motor, the axles and transmission, the rims and cushions and leg-room and a dozen other things.

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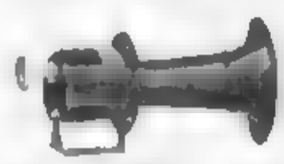

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HALF A MAN

(Continued from Page 13)

The boy vowed that there was not another such among womankind. The General nodded and stroked the knob of his nose.

Carlitos thought no more of the incident after the first flush of elation subsided. He thought no more of it for two whole days; and then, on the evening of the second, as he was engaged in rolling dice against Juan Juarequi and Tomas down by the stream, he looked up to see a cavalcade enter camp. In their midst, on led horses, were Mrs. Witherspoon and Rosie.

He paused in the middle of play to gape. They passed without seeing him and dismounted at one of a group of empty huts near Staff Headquarters.

"What's the matter, Carlitos? You are pale."

"Nothing!" he replied shortly. But in a short while he abandoned his comrades and strolled up to the house. It was guarded by a sentry. Carlitos knew the fellow, and they exchanged some remarks concerning the prisoners.

"Let me see them."

"My orders spoke only of men, not of children," observed the sentry with a guffaw; "so you may go in."

Mrs. Witherspoon looked up quickly when he entered, and Carlitos quailed.

"So it was you, after all?" she said. "I thought so."

"I didn't know anything about it, ma'am," he protested in a whine. "Honest, I didn't! How could I know that they'd play such a trick? All I did was to say something about how pretty she was—and so she is pretty."

"I'd like to scratch your eyes out!" snapped the girl. Her plump, tanned face was streaked with tears and she was sadly disheveled.

"How did they catch you, ma'am?"

"They come so quick we didn't have time to run; and Jim was away," wailed Mrs. Witherspoon. "There was only ol' Miguel on the place, and he never so much as lifted a hand. Oh, my baby, my baby—he'll die—I know he will! And it'll be your fault."

"Where is he?"

"They done left him with your ma; but you know as well as I do he can't get on without me. And they mean to kill us! I can tell that."

"Oh, no. It ain't as bad as that, Miz Witherspoon."

"Perhaps not," she cried fiercely. "It's like it'll be worse!"

The boy did not comprehend that at all; but he realized that they held him to blame, and he was abjectly miserable. So the next time the sentry went by the door he used him as a pretext to escape.

"Go and tell 'em some more!" Mrs. Witherspoon flung after him.

Carlitos pretended not to hear, and inquired of the soldier where General Murga was.

"He went out this morning to meet Colonel Servin and will not be back until late."

The boy reëntered the hut to impart this information.

"That's good," said Mrs. Witherspoon, who was lying on the floor. "I hope something happens so he never gets back! What're you going to do about it, Carlitos? You got us into this fix—can't you get us out?"

When he did not answer she added scathingly:

"After all I've done for you too! Here, we fed you and gave you clothes ——"

"Yes; and I've stuffed him with candy till he popped!" exclaimed Rosie.

"And now you go and do us like this! Can't you fix it so we could get away, Carlitos?" Mrs. Witherspoon's manner became eager. "Just give me a gun," she went on in an unsteady whisper, "and me and Rosie'll manage the rest. Please, Carlitos! Think of all we've done for you—oh, don't stand there like ——"

"S-sh!" the boy warned as the sentry reappeared; then he said aloud, in brusque tones: "Well, you women'd better quit crying and make yourselves pretty."

The soldier heard him and chuckled. Shortly afterward Carlitos left them.

They expected that he would return soon, but he did not. He went down to the creek and squatted on the bank, chucking stones into the water while he thought out the problem.

The fate of Mrs. Witherspoon did not occasion him the concern it ought, and he even dwelt on the baby's predicament with a measure of composure. Their case merely roused in Carlitos a certain irritation that he should be vexed with their troubles.

But Rosie was an entirely different proposition. The longer he pondered over what might happen to her, the bluer he felt. He fidgeted and fumed. At one moment he savagely denounced his own garrulity, which he knew intuitively had brought her to this plight; the next, he wanted to murder the general, hero though he was. He stood up and flung stone after stone into the stream with all his might.

About five o'clock he answered roll call, but returned immediately to the creek. And there he stayed, though the bugle sounded for supper, wrestling with his problem. He was still wrestling with it when darkness fell; but he was quieter now.

Something was crying his duty in ears that strove to be deaf. The white half of him was working strongly.

At last he seemed to reach a decision, and made his way by a circuitous route to the horse lines. An hour later he sauntered back to the village past the hut where the women were held. The sentry was talking to a young girl at a fire about ten yards off. It seemed to Carlitos that he was having too good a time to be watchful, and after a few minutes he stole to the back window and tossed a pebble inside.

Why Mrs. Witherspoon and Rosie did not scream when it rattled on the floor they could never afterward decide, nor why they permitted in silence a figure to climb through into the room. Perhaps the size of the intruder was reassuring, for even in the dim light, and under the strain of fear, he looked very small to them.

"Don't move!" breathed Carlitos in the girl's ear, and she clutched his thin little arm convulsively. "There's a couple of horses tied below the bend. Come on!"

They tucked up their skirts and followed him soundlessly out of the window and down the slopes.

"Here they are," whispered the boy. "Be mighty careful how you get on; and go slow. I've wrapped sacks round their feet."

"Ain't you coming, too, Carlitos?" asked Rosie in surprise.

"No-o-o. I got to stay."

"But they might find out; and then you'd get it!"

"I'll be all right. You go along. I—I just got to stay."

With a prospect of escape at hand, Mrs. Witherspoon was seized with a fever of energy.

"Hurry, Rosie. I'll help you up first. If we can make it to the ranch before they catch up, Jim'll take us to the Border; and then ——"

But Rosie was of softer stuff. She did not realize any more than the older woman the sacrifice the boy was making. She never suspected for an instant that he was doing it in the full expectation of paying with his life; but, all the same, it was a fine, manly thing for Carlitos to do, and she was touched to the heart. She reached out in the dark and took him in her arms and kissed him. Carlitos clung to her; and suddenly he began to cry.

"So," Black Murga rasped, with the culprit erect on the mat before him, "you helped them—and admit it?"

"Yes, general."

"Why? You knew what to expect, didn't you?"

Carlitos answered humbly that he did.

"Then"—the general bent his heavy brows on him—"what made you go and do it?"

"They'd—they'd been good to me!" was his only defense.

Murga considered him a while, his features set and stern.

"You have heard me say that the first duty of a soldier was loyalty and obedience? Yet you have been a traitor."

When he paused, Carlitos deemed it incumbent upon him to say something.

"Yes, general."

"What I don't understand," continued the chief irritably, "is why you didn't go with them. You come back here and sneak into bed, and next morning have the nerve to own up that you helped them get away!"

(Concluded on Page 35)

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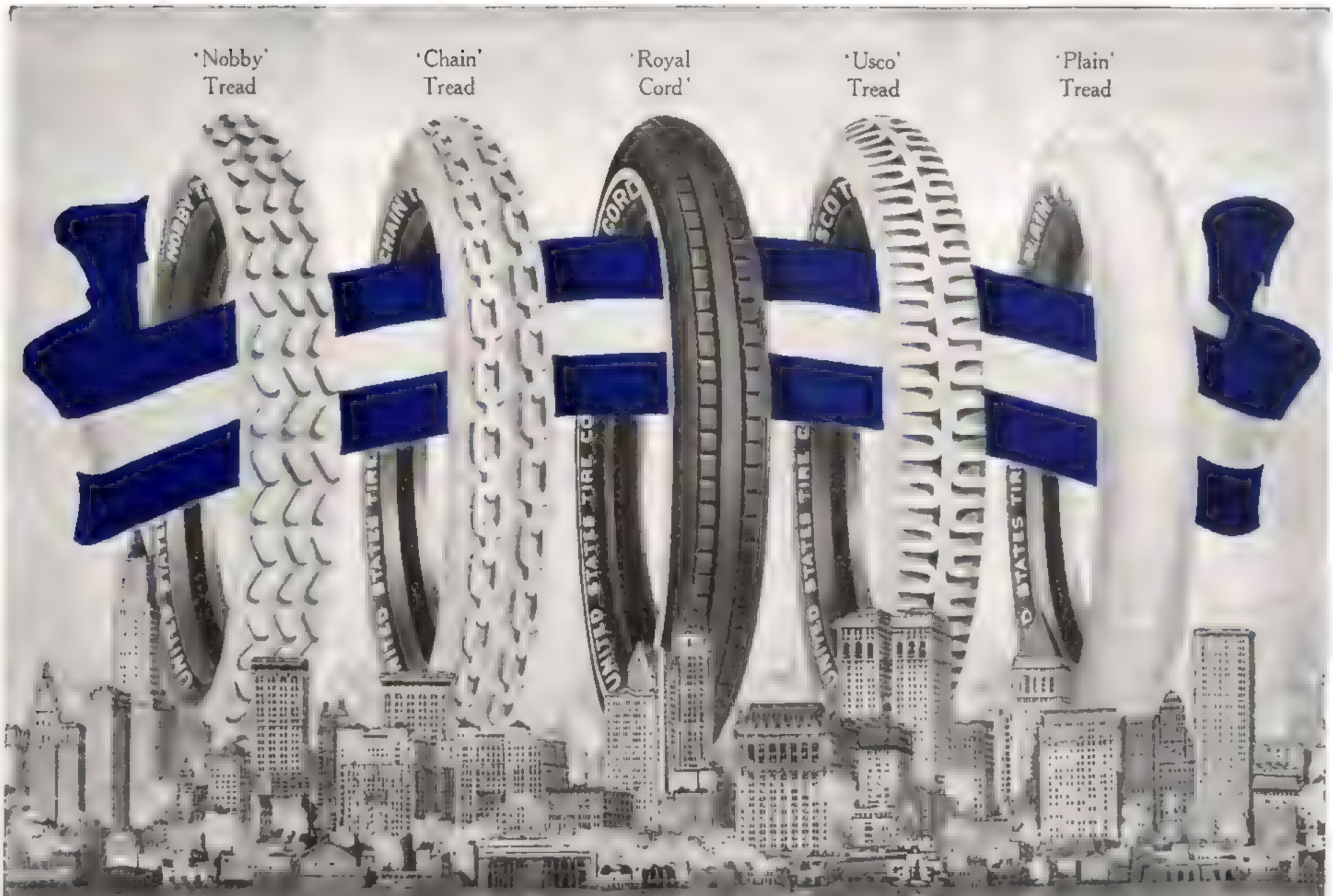

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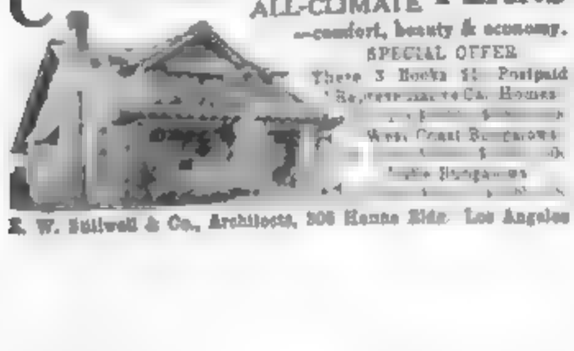

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(Concluded from Page 33)

It was plain that the performance struck him as sheer effrontery.

"I—I had to come back. I'm a soldier! Besides, you'd have found out it was me and got me, anyhow."

The rebel chief scrutinized him fixedly. Carlitos was pale round the lips and ears, and the pupils of his eyes flinched slightly, but he stood up straight and did not tremble.

"I see," said the general with ominous calm. "You figured that I might let you off because you're so young. Well, you were wrong." He paused, made a sign to Colonel Moreno, and added: "I'm going to have you shot. Take him away, colonel. And finish the job at once. You understand me."

It was only what Carlitos had expected, but from the group about the chief broke exclamations of horror and amazement. There was a simultaneous movement forward of all but Moreno, and a young aide cried:

"*Por Dios*, my general! Think—he is only a child!"

"Be quiet, you!" roared Murga, his face twitching with rage. "Just one word more and it will be twenty blows with a saber. Do you hear? Take him away, Moreno! There's a pill of my making."

They fell back, and the colonel conducted the boy outside. Before going, Carlitos saluted punctiliously, and as they passed out into the sunshine he could hear Black Murga scolding his staff.

A priest confessed Carlitos and a squad of five marched him to the adobe wall against which Hernandez had perished. On the way the boy kept that hero in mind and strove to walk as nonchalantly. The result was a pathetic swagger; and when he tried to smoke, it got into his lungs and set him coughing. Yet he contrived a joke to the sergeant of the squad, and the big Yaqui grinned.

The whole camp trailed behind. Carlitos did not resent their curiosity. Instead, he accepted it as a tribute and was glad that so many people should see how fearlessly he could conduct himself.

How was it Hernandez had done? Ah, yes—he had smoked a cigarette; he had flung it from him and made a speech; and he had thrust aside the bandage. Well, he would do the same; he, Carlitos, would show the entire army the stuff that was in him. A sort of ecstasy submerged the inner voices that prompted him to beg for mercy—to run for it—to fall down and refuse to go farther.

Consequently, when they placed him against the wall Carlitos selected a spot with nice care, as though the choice were a matter of moment. Murmurs of pity reached him from the crowd, but he did not interpret them. An officer attempted to bind his arms, but Carlitos pleaded that it was unnecessary, for he would not run or dodge, or fight back.

Next he pushed aside the handkerchief that Colonel Moreno would have tied over his eyes, squared his shoulders, gazed straight at the firing squad, and announced in a childish treble:

"I'm ready!"

The colonel stepped to one side. His sword was lifted.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Carlitos.

They waited. The boy took another pull on his cigarette—he had nearly forgotten that. Blowing a smoke ring above his head, he tossed the stub away.

"Tell Rosie," he cried, "that my last thoughts were of her—and my soul to the Unknown! *Préparen armas!*"

Up came the rifles.

"*Sobre el reo apunten!*"

They leveled them at his breast.

"*Fuego!*" he shrilled.

The rifles barked. The dust spurted from the adobe wall. Yet Carlitos stood upright. He was quivering, but he did not fall.

"You'll have to shoot again," he quavered. "I'm not dead yet. I think you missed me."

And, dadgum, if they hadn't! What do you think of that? The whole army gave a yell and surged toward the prisoner. The colonel advanced to look; and Black Murga appeared abruptly from the crowd to make sure for himself. It was surely a miracle.

"*Ah qué pelado;* it is the truth!" exclaimed the general, turning the boy round and round, and feeling him all over. "Not a hole in him—not so much as a scratch! What sort of shooting is this? I've half a mind to stand all five of you up in his place."

"Shall we shoot him again, general?" inquired Moreno gravely.

"I should say not! If five of my best shots can't hit him the first time, you don't get another chance. How about it, *muchachito?* Had enough? Then be off before somebody of surer aim tries it."

The advice seemed good to Carlitos. Jubilant, but feeling far from secure as yet, he darted into the press of spectators and was carried triumphantly back to camp. They felt so relieved and happy that they not only yelled for Carlitos but even cheered Black Murga. And Carlitos made eleven speeches.

He was well started on the twelfth, the center of a throng of troopers; he was relating it all over again—how five full-grown men had fired pointblank at him from a distance of five yards without so much as inflicting a mark, because of God's grace as a reward for devotion and courage—he was telling it for the twelfth time when a messenger arrived to summon him to headquarters. Carlitos did not notice him at first. He was in fine fettle. As he warmed up, he colored the tale, dividing the credit between Divine intervention and his own astuteness in making certain muscular contortions by which he had evaded the whizzing bullets.

The messenger thrust forward.

"Yes, Carlitos," he said; "you ought to be thankful for your small stature. That alone saved you. But hurry up and come with me. The general wishes to speak to you."

"What's the matter now?" demanded the boy in some apprehension.

"I don't know."

Very uneasy, Carlitos accompanied him to the chief's house. Nor were his fears allayed when he glimpsed Murga's expression, which was black and lowering. Half a dozen officers were in the room, and they gazed at Carlitos without a sign of friendliness.

He began to fear the worst.

The general waited until Carlitos had brought his heels together and saluted. A secretary sat beside him, with pen and paper.

"What is your name?" he began with much formality.

"Carlos Aviles, excellency."

"Your age?"

"Ten years—going on eleven." The secretary jotted it down.

"Have you any children?" Murga continued.

"No, general—not yet."

"Ah! Then you are not married?"

"No, general."

"So much the better. You can serve me with undivided mind. Carlos Aviles, you are promoted in the orders of the day to a captaincy; and you will be attached to my personal staff. . . . And now," he cried, rising from his chair, "come and embrace me, *hombrecito!* Give me ten thousand like you, and I would laugh at my enemies."

Later that day Black Murga was disturbed in his siesta by wrangling voices and sounds of strife, punctuated by yelps of pain. He sent his military secretary to learn the trouble. That officer returned in short order.

"It is one of your aides, excellency."

"What? That row? Who? Which one?"

"Captain Aviles, general."

"Ah, indeed! And what is the captain doing now, Dario?"

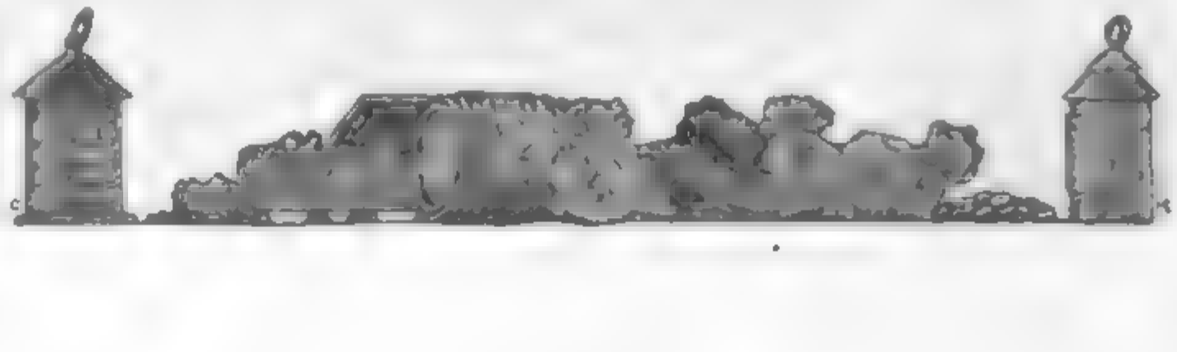
"He is trying to beat up two of your soldiers."

"Good for him! Why?"

"It seems, general, that he ordered Troopers Juan Juarequi and Tomas Fraustro to salute him each time he went by."

"Well?"

"They told him to go to hell!"



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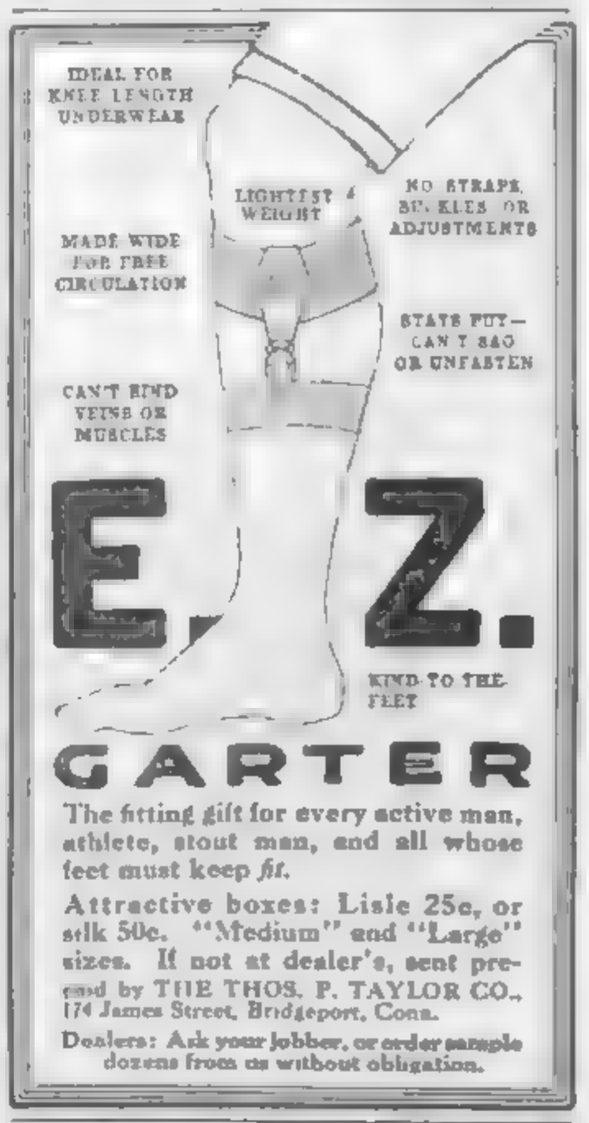
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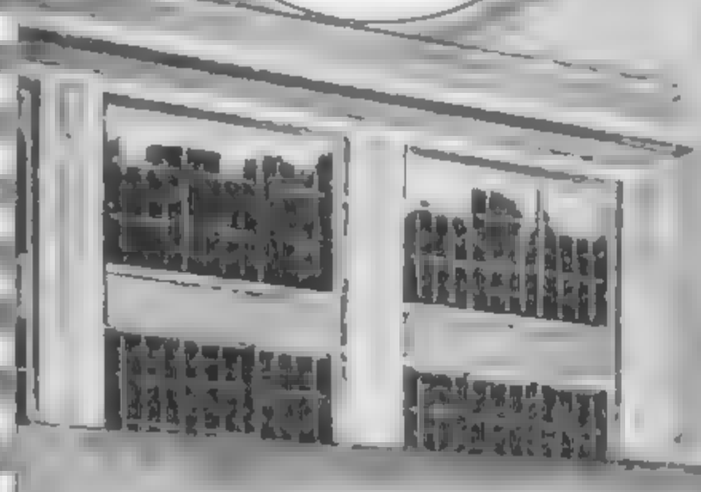

SALT OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 7)

dirt that runs from four bits to a dollar a pan. So he buys the property for a million dollars, puts in his machinery an' ditches, washes for a month, an' shuts down to make his first clean-up. Sinful, that gal tells me he don't git gold enough to fill a tooth!

"Hyde is in Yurrup by this time; so Pyrites can't git close enough to the skunk to kill him. Also, Pyrites don't squeal none—part from pride an' part because he's a dead-game sport. He just packs his jacks an' heads up into the Harqua Halas, lookin' for another stake, which he never finds; an' finally somethin' goes wrong with his innards an' he sets back from the game. His widder runs a miners' boardin' house an' manages to give this here gal Marjorie her schoolin' an' make a trained nuss out o' her; after which maw cashes in too—an' the gal's an orphan."

Sinful John was silent a long time, pondering this tragic tale. Finally he asked:

"An' this feller Hyde? Is he still in Yurrup? Because if he is we'll just nacherly look that varmint up an' argy the case with him when we go to the Paree Exposition."

"No," replied Snowshoe, "he ain't. He's a-livin' in New York, an' he's what you-all call a banker and broker. That million he took from Pyrites Kincaid give him his start; an' Marjorie tells me as how she read all about him in the papers. I reckon mebbe that skunk's worth twenty million dollars by now."

Again Sinful John lapsed into silence. After a long time Snowshoe Sam queried:

"I'm agreeable, Sinful. . . . How d'ye propose takin' that million away from him?"

Not a word had been spoken; yet Snowshoe read his partner's thoughts as accurately as if Sinful had shouted them.

"To-morrer mornin'," Sinful declared calmly, "I'm a-goin' to take two o' the jacks an' go back to the dry diggin's, dig up that eighteen thousand dollars in dust we got buried there, an' light out for Battle Mountain, to connect with the overland train. When I git there I'll cash in enough dust to keep us both goin' for the next three months, an' the rest o' the poke I'll put in the safe-deposit vault in the bank there, in both our names. Then I'm a-goin' to dust for New York; an' as soon as you're able to stagger round, Snowshoe, you light out for Mono County. D'ye remember that big cement-gravel deposit we looked over twenty years ago about nine hundred acres of it, up near Benton?"

Snowshoe nodded.

"You're goin' to sell him that conglomcrate, eh?" he queried.

"I'm a-goin' to try, Snowshoe."

"Salt?"

"You bet!"

"How?"

"Nothin' so coarse as Mexicans with gold-filled cigarettes. No, siree! It'll require art to sell this swindler nine hundred acres o' gravel without a streak of color in it! So we'll be artists, Snowshoe. We'll just tell him where the claims lie, lead him out to 'em, then walk away an' let him or his engineer sample every dog-goned acre of it, if they want to. They'll get an assay that'll drive 'em crazy, no matter where they take the sample."

"Sinful," Snowshoe Sam reminded his partner gently, "we ain't got dust enough to salt nine hundred acres o' that wuthless gravel deposit. An' though I don't never aim to be a short sport, an'll go as far as any man, still, as your pardner, I've got to remind you that this proposition's goin' to knock spots out o' our trip to Paree. An' you been settin' a heap o' stock by that journey."

"To hell with Paree!" roared Sinful John with splendid nonchalance. "I been readin' up on Paree lately, an', come to think of it, I'm afraid I've been overestimatin' that camp. In the first place, the john-damns, which is what they call the city marshals, won't let you wear a gun; an' if you hit a Frenchman a swipe in the snoot for insultin' of you, you git six months in the county jail. The only thing that's left for a feller to do, then, is to cuss the short-horn. An', Snowshoe, them Frenchmen don't know what cussin' is like! Snowshoe, they wouldn't understand us. If I was to call one of 'em the name that was sudden death in Ballarat an' Eureka an' Virginia City when we was young fellers, he'd think I was complimentin' him."

"Well, I'll be shot!"

"Yes, sir; it's a fact. Snowshoe, whenever you want to cuss a Frenchman just call him a camel; if you want to git him goin' for fair, call him a camel with two humps; an' if you want to see him tie knots in himself, 'low as how he appears to you to be a kind of cabbage, badly cooked! That'll always stampede him."

Snowshoe expressed proper amazement.

"Wa-al," he concluded finally. "Let's hope we'll save enough out o' the wreck for a trip to Frisco. We ain't been there since sixty-eight; an' they do say folks in Frisco has quit burnin' kerosene in lamps an' uses 'lectricity. I sure would like to see one o' them bottles with a light in it an' no wick. Speakin' personal, Sinful, I ain't never been very strong for Paree myself."

"Then you wouldn't enjoy the trip, Snowshoe. However, to git back to business: As soon as you're able to toddle round you cross over into Mono County, California, an' stake every acre of that gravel deposit. You can use the names of all our friends here in Kelcey's Wells; then, after filing the location notices, come back here, give each of the fellers whose names you've used one silver dollar an' git a quit-claim deed from them for the claims. Then git a lawyer an' incorporate 'em all in a company, an' put a couple o' fellers to doin' the assessment work, until I come back from New York with this Hyde person or his engineer."

"What'll we call the mine, Sinful?"

"Call it the Sweepstakes Minin' Company; an' don't use your own name in connection with the deal at any time. Have the locators deed direct to the company, an' put all the capital stock in my name, with two dummies, holdin' a share each, to make up the board of directors. I'll be president an' treasurer."

"High fi-nance, eh?" piped Snowshoe.

"You bet!" said Sinful John. "Minin'—how to do it an' how not to do it is one game you an' me savvy all the way. High fi-nance! I should tell a man!"

IV

THE cool young man on guard in the general office of Mr. Brandon P. Hyde, banker and broker, of Wall Street, New York City, looked up as the door opened cautiously halfway. An individual, alien to New York, stood in the aperture. Mr. Hyde's young man gazed upon Sinful John—for the visitor was none other—but said nothing, though his gaze plainly indicated that he wished to be shown something, no matter what. On his part, Sinful John hesitated, awaiting a cheerful summons to enter and make himself at home. Thus, ten painful seconds passed.

"Well?" queried the cool young man.

"Son," Sinful asked mildly, "be the boss in?"

"Have you an appointment with him?"

"No."

"Then he isn't in—to you, I'm afraid."

"Suppose you tell him I'm out here an' ask him if he can spare me ten minutes o' his attention."

"Whom shall I say wishes to call? Have you a card?"

"Quit joshin' me, young feller! Have I a card? Of course I ain't. Just tell the boss John R. Harkness, of Kelcey's Wells, Nevada, has called to sell him a mine."

"It would be as much as my job is worth. Mr. Hyde has mining propositions put up to him every day of his life, and just at present he isn't considering any further investments."

"He'll consider my proposition. He can't afford not to."

"Mr. Hyde's time is very valuable ——"

"How valuable?"

"Well, I've known days when it was worth a hundred dollars a minute."

Sinful John stepped into the room, reached into his breast pocket, and brought forth a roll of greenbacks held together by a rubber band. Quite coolly he counted out a thousand dollars and shoved it across the counter toward Brandon P. Hyde's astounded outpost.

"I'm no piker when it comes to gittin' what I want," he informed the latter. "You tote that wad in to the boss an' tell him I'm not asking him to give me a second of his time. I'm prepared to buy it an' pay his price for it."

Mr. Hyde was a very human sort of bandit; consequently when his private

(Continued on Page 39)

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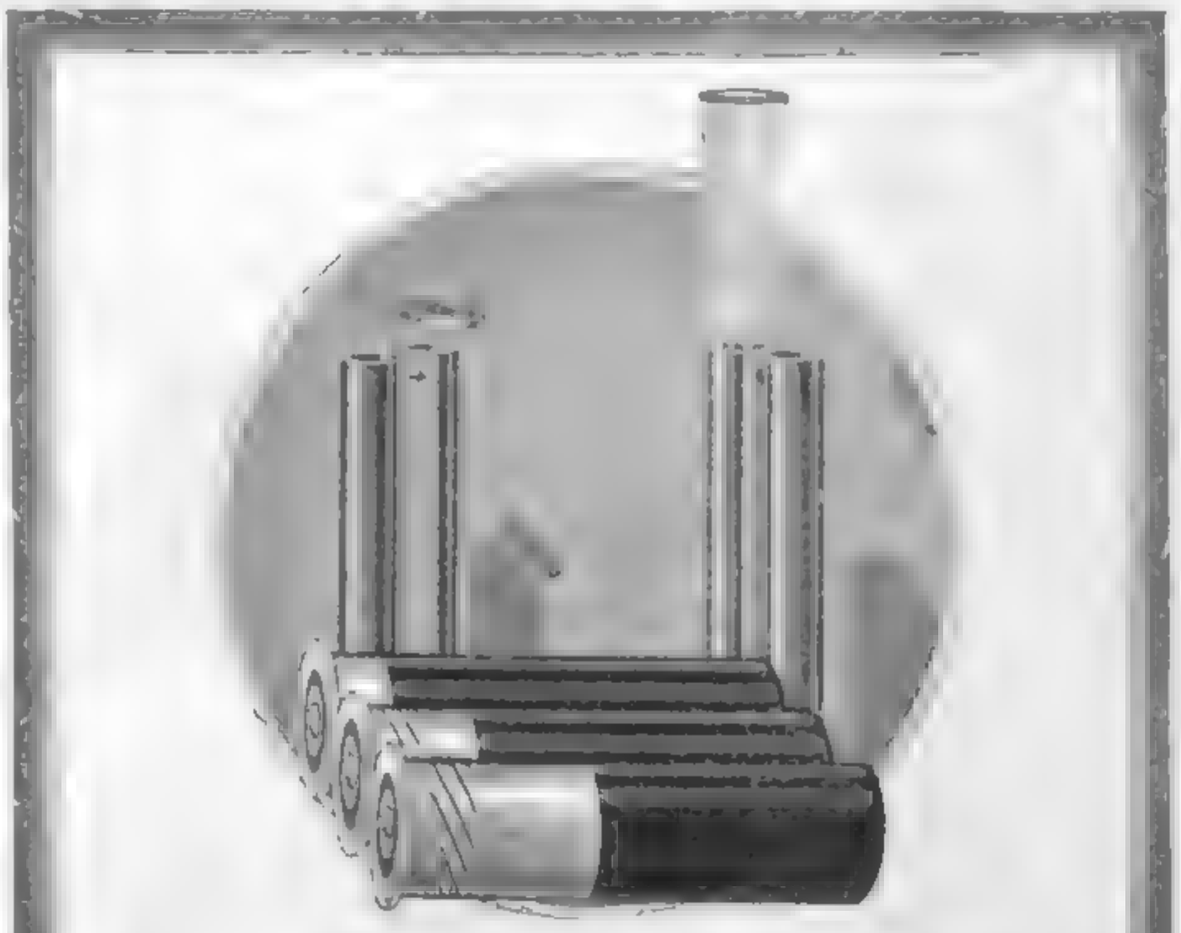

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SIMMONS *Beds*

(Continued from Page 37)

secretary carried him Sinful John's message, together with the latter's cash, name and address, the financier forgot his customary taciturnity long enough to laugh.

"Money talks, Dawson," he declared. "Show him in."

Sinful John entered—a picturesque sight. A Battle Mountain tailor had built him a Prince Albert suit of a cut that, in those days, was strictly vogue. The horseshoe-cut vest showed a "b'iled" shirt, with three small red studs therein. They looked like rubies, but were not. A low turndown collar, with a black string tie, a wide black felt hat, and a pair of twenty-five-dollar boots, the beauty of which even Sinful's trousers, drawn over the boot tops, could not conceal, completed his attire. His thick white hair hung in wavy masses to his coat collar, but his cheeks were clean-shaved and his tobacco-stained beard and mustache had received the careful attention of a barber that very morning. He looked dignified, patriarchal; the compelling glance of his keen, fearless blue eyes won the respect of his victim before a word had been spoken.

"Sit down, Mr. Harkness," said Hyde cordially. "My secretary tells me you want ten minutes of my time. I am very busy, but I can grant you ten minutes. Meantime there will be no charge." And he shoved the thousand dollars toward Sinful John, who pocketed it with a smile.

"Pretty able chap—the young feller," he declared with a nod toward the general office. "I just nacherly had to outgame him." He sat down. "Yes, sir, I wanted to see you," he continued; "but not for ten minutes. I can tell you my business in five minutes. I own all the stock in the Sweepstakes Minin' Company, of California. The Sweepstakes consists of nine hundred acres, more or less, of a cement-gravel deposit, an' I guarantee to deliver it with a clear title an' the assessment work all done.

"I'm offerin' it to you for a million dollars, cash money—an' you're a-goin' to buy it, because that deposit is from ten to twenty feet deep; an' I defy you to put a round o' shots anywhere in the face an' break down stuff that won't assay as low as three dollars a ton an' as high, in spots, as ten. I'm tellin' you, Mr. Hyde.

"Remember, however, I ain't wastin' your time. I'm an old man, an' I ain't got the million dollars necessary to put in machinery an' build ten mile o' flume to lead the water to this ground for sluicin'; so I'm sellin' out, an' I've picked on you to buy me out. The young feller outside told me you have minin' propositions put up to you every day of your life. I don't doubt it; but—you'll never have another proposition like mine put up to you! An' this is how I'm goin' to put it up to you: I'm a-goin' to leave five thousand dollars with you here an' now to pay the expenses of sendin' your engineers out to the Sweepstakes Mine to make an examination. If them engineers reports that the ground ain't as I represent, then the deal is off—an' it ain't cost you a cent to find it out.

"It's a hydraulic proposition, Mr. Hyde. I guarantee the water, provided you build ditches to bring it to the property; an' I'm tellin' you that when them engineers o' your'n reports back to you you'll see a hundred million in sight, an' you'll just about bust a leg runnin' to me with a certified check for a million dollars. Of course, if you buy the property you reimburse me for the expense money I've put up. That's fair, ain't it?"

Brandon P. Hyde chuckled pleasurably.

"You're right, Mr. Harkness," he declared. "I'll never have another proposition like this put up to me, for men of your caliber are too scarce. You are really willing now to put up the cash to guarantee me against loss if I'll take a chance and merely investigate your property?"

"That's the bet! She goes as she lies. My name is John R. Harkness; an' when you git the contract ready, an' signed, send the young feller over to the Astor House for my signature an' the cash. Much obliged for your time, sir. Good-afternoon." And Sinful John picked his hat from the floor beside his chair and started for the door.

"Here; wait a few minutes!" Hyde called. "We'll fix this thing up here and now. If you have such a gravel deposit as you describe and it will assay one dollar a ton all through—and if, as you say, a million dollars expended on machinery and waterways will put the mine in operation—I'll buy it."

"You've bought the Sweepstakes Minin' Company," said Sinful John; and he sat down again, while Hyde sent for his attorney to come over and draw up a memorandum of agreement between him and his strange visitor.

When it was signed Sinful John paid over five thousand dollars, took a receipt for the same, and departed, after having made an agreement to meet Brandon P. Hyde's engineer ten days hence at Hornbrook, Siskiyou County, California, guide him into the gravel deposit, and leave him there to sample the mine according to his nature and inclinations.

"Which there won't be nobody but your men on the ground," Sinful declared. "I'm tellin' you that cement-gravel assays so high, anywhere you put in a shot round a couple o' miles o' face to git your sample, that if me or my representative was standin' round you'd be inclined to think we'd salted the ground on you."

"Salting nine hundred acres of ground would be prohibitive as to price," Hyde suggested, out of the depths of his early experience in salting placer ground on the late Pyrites Kincaid.

"Well, I ain't takin' chances on rousin' suspicion," Sinful declared. "I can't afford to queer a million-dollar deal—not at my p'int in life. I'll lead your men in an' leave them there to investigate as they durned please."

▼

WHEN he left Hyde's office Sinful went to his hotel and sent the following telegram:

NEW YORK, June 27, 18—.

E. S. POSTELWAITHE,
Hornbrook, Siskiyou County, Calif.

Sold. Engineer due Hornbrook morning July seventh. SINFUL.

Immediately upon receipt of this telegram Snowshoe Sam went over to the general store in Hornbrook and bought two cases of seven-eighths-inch forty-per-cent gelatine dynamite, packed them on a burro, and disappeared into the hills. When he was satisfied he was far from prying eyes he carefully pried off the lids of the cases and removed the dynamite; then, from his kyacks, he produced a polished-steel rod about ten inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter; also, a bag of gold dust and a tiny funnel.

His nefarious preparations now being completed, Snowshoe Sam took up a stick of dynamite, drew back the folds of the heavy, greasy, brown-paper cylinder at one end and drove his steel rod down through the center of the stick for one-third of the distance, wiggled it round gingerly, and then withdrew it, leaving a well-defined hole. Into this hole he placed his tiny funnel and from the buckskin poke poured about ten dollars' worth of gold dust into the funnel. Then he stamped the gold down into the heart of the dynamite, covered over the tiny hole, folded the paper back over the end of the stick, reversed it and performed a similar operation in the other end. When the task was finished that stick of dynamite contained between eighteen and twenty dollars' worth of gold dust, and there was no sign to indicate that the stick had been tampered with.

Wise in the ways of the miner handling powder, Snowshoe knew that an engineer, when breaking down rock for ore samples, is never foolish enough to use a full stick of dynamite. He cuts it in half. Hence Snowshoe craftily salted his dynamite from both ends, planting each deposit at about the center of a half stick. Hence, when a full stick was cut in twain the point of separation would be approximately at the center of the stick and the knife would cut through dynamite only, thus rendering discovery of the gold practically impossible. Snowshoe loaded all the dynamite, repacked it in the boxes and nailed down the lids again, after which he dug a hole and buried the deadly stuff to keep his inquisitive jacks from investigating it to the detriment of all concerned.

Then he went fishing over on the Klamath River; and when fishing palled on him he took his old double-barreled, muzzle-loading shotgun and went hunting rabbits for Toby. Thus did he disport himself until the fifth day of July. On that day he journeyed back to Hornbrook, arriving late at night; and on the morning of the sixth he again visited the general store and bought the last two cases of dynamite in Hornbrook. The excess supply usually kept on hand had been used up by patriotic citizens

(Continued on Page 42)

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Four Coupé	$1650	Four Limousine	$1950

Eight Touring . $1950

(Concluded from Page 39)

during the Fourth-of-July celebration two days previously, and a new consignment would not be delivered for several days.

Snowshoe packed his two cases on his jack and trudged back to his camp in the hills, where he worked until far into the night, salting both cases liberally.

Thus it came to pass that when Sinful John, accompanied by Hyde's engineer and two husky assistants the latter could trust, dropped off the train at Hornbrook on the morning of the seventh, and the engineer went over to the general store to purchase dynamite at the source of supply closest to Sinful John's deposit of cement-gravel, or conglomerate, he was courteously informed by the proprietor that he had no dynamite in stock, having sold the last two cases the previous night.

Sinful John, having gone to take over the pack outfit and saddle horses he had ordered by wire, appeared at the general store a few minutes later, and to him the engineer explained the embarrassment resulting from the scarcity of dynamite. They would have to mark time in Hornbrook until the storekeeper should receive the lot just ordered.

To this unwelcome news the storekeeper further added, volubly, that he was plumb sorry; that he wished he had known sooner, because he'd sold the last two cases only the day before.

"Who'd you sell it to?" Sinful demanded.

"To a prospector name o' Postelwaithe. He's peggin' away at a claim back yonder in the hills."

"Oh, I know Postelwaithe!" Sinful declared, vastly relieved. "You say he bought two boxes?" The storekeeper nodded. "Then," quoth Sinful John, "he'll give us one of them if we agree to send him out a case from this here lot you've got comin' next week. One case each will keep us both going until more dynamite gets into this country. Come, boys! Climb aboard your horses an' let's crack along. We pass the claim o' this person Postelwaithe on our road out to the Sweepstakes. He's an obligin', neighborly sort o' cuss; in fact, you'll find that folks in this country is generally willin' to give a feller in need about half o' whatever they've got."

So Sinful John led his victims out to the camp of Elmer Sampson Postelwaithe, who sympathized deeply with them in their predicament and cursed the mining game up hill and down dale. It appeared Mr. Postelwaithe had just come to the conclusion that quartz mining was a delusion and a snare, and was about ready to go back to his old love—placering. Consequently he would be glad to sell them three cases of dynamite, if they wanted it, and take back any part they found themselves unable to use

Brandon P. Hyde's engineer was delighted with Snowshoe's liberality and neighborly spirit, and hastened to take advantage of it. Snowshoe pointed disgustedly to three cases of dynamite.

"Help yourself. All I ask is that you don't let it drop," he declared; he was not at all concerned, for all three cases were salted.

"Much obliged," Sinful John told him. "Have a cigar, Mr. Postelwaithe?"

"Don't mind if I do, Mr. Harkness," said Snowshoe Sam.

VI

BRANDON P. HYDE'S engineer in the course of time rendered his formal report on the property of the Sweepstakes Mining Company. He had put in shots and taken samples all over the property, which, when washed and rockered out, showed an average assay of $4.61 a ton, with so many million tons of gravel in sight that Brandon P. Hyde actually blinked at the enormity of the paper profits. Everything was as the whimsical Mr. John R. Harkness had represented and the engineer recommended the immediate purchase of the mine.

So Brandon P. Hyde promptly transferred a million dollars by telegraph to a San Francisco bank, and wired John R. Harkness to call upon his attorney there and close up the deal; which, being done to the entire satisfaction of the attorney, a certified check for a million and five thousand dollars was handed Sinful John, who, to the great amazement of the paying teller, insisted on receiving the entire amount in bills of large denomination.

With the million in a satchel, he then went to Los Angeles, where he purchased ten cashier's checks from ten banks, each check drawn for one hundred thousand dollars in favor of Marjorie Kincaid. These checks he inclosed in an envelope, together with a scrap of paper, upon which was written:

"I can't die a thief! I stole this from your father before you was born. Please forgive me."

Then he returned to San Francisco. At the What Cheer House he met Snowshoe Sam, who reported Toby in the basement of the hotel and everything lovely in his department; whereupon they sent that million dollars by registered mail to Marjorie Kincaid, at Kelcey's Wells, Nevada. When the return registry receipt gave ocular proof that Pyrites Kincaid's daughter had at last come into her father's fortune, Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam went blithely forth to the enjoyment of those worldly things they had set their hearts upon. It was a wonderful vacation; certainly Gay Paree was not a deprivation.

And when the poke was down to five hundred dollars Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam and Toby went back to Kelcey's Wells, bought a new pack outfit and drifted away through the purple haze into the silence, to sunrise and sunset, to the scent of the sage at dawn, and wood smoke and the odor of frying bacon in their eager nostrils at eventide.

When at last they came to their abandoned dry diggings, in the hot, cruel heart of Big Smoky, with the shimmering heat waves stretching away to the distant blue Toquina Range and the desolation of death round them, Snowshoe Sam heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank God, Sinful," he murmured, "we're home again!"

As for Brandon P. Hyde, he spent another million installing machinery and building a dam up in the hills, and miles of ditches to lead the water to his vast cement-gravel deposit. The Sweepstakes Mine ran a month and then shut down for the first clean-up, which netted nothing—neither more nor less.

Simultaneously with the receipt by Hyde of this horrible report, however, the latter's mail brought him a communication that, though disconcerting otherwise, at least brought to Brandon P. Hyde the meager comfort of an explanation. It was undated and unsigned, and read as follows:

"Do not blame your engineer that made the examination. I slipped him a couple of cases of salted dynamite. The Sweepstakes Mine wasn't a mine at all—just a big deposit of conglomerate, which is a formation that often contains a lot of gold. The only gold the Sweepstakes contained was the gold that was put into the sticks of dynamite. After your men had drilled holes in the face of the deposit they tamped the salted dynamite into the holes; when the dynamite exploded it blew the salt into the deposit, an' when your engineer rockered his samples he found stuff that ran $4.61 to the ton.

"Now you know how Pyrites Kincaid felt when you salted that Mexican ground on him fifteen years ago. Pyrites is dead; but his heir will enjoy your million. The other million you spent on the ground is for exemplary damages.

"It's a long lane that hasn't got a saloon at the end of it!"

And when Brandon P. Hyde's detective came to Kelcey's Wells seeking information anent one Elmer S. Postelwaithe and one John R. Harkness, nobody could give him any information. If he had only asked for Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam!

And yet some people ask: "What's in a name?"

WITH CANADA AT THE SOMME

(Continued from Page 20)

major waited to receive us. Of the college-athlete type, he was just a big, cordial boy, glad and lucky to be alive. Tale after tale he spun of brushes with the Germans in the hot days when Canada took Courcelette up the Somme; and he ended with these remarks: "So you are with THE SATURDAY EVENING POST! Your paper has hurt me deeply. I was up in a dug-out on the Somme. As I'm too tall for the regular funk hole where I used to sleep, my head and legs were always hanging out. I hadn't had a bath for ten days. My batman, poor kid, had been hit, and my trench coat went with him. My clothes had been soaked and dried on to my skin. Then someone brought up the mail and I drew a POST. I opened it to a collar ad—you get me? A collar ad! I looked at that neat son-of-a-gun, slapped him and said: 'Take that, Willie! Take that!'"

There was, too, a paymaster officer, with one of those crinkled faces which in the North American type go with shrewdness. He might have been a small city judge or banker of the Middle West; and he was wise, very wise. The Canadian-Irishman who escorted us past the stinking shell holes of an old battle to a set of reserve trenches and an observation post, might have been in high affairs in Boston, that Puritan city grown Hibernian.

Dinner Before the Attack

He whom they call the "Papoose" is of the Western Continent, too, but with a difference. He gets his nickname from a play on his real name; but as much, too, for his wide-eyed, childish interest in this world and his boyish spirits. For the Papoose is of the French element, and shows it in his sprightliness. Yet he has seen enough to sadden a man for life a proof that characters are not changed by war. Twice he has come back from action the only unwounded officer of the company. On the last night before our all-American party moved on to the Somme, there was a dinner at a certain headquarters. A crack military band, come to cheer up the men at the rest stations, serenaded us outside. After God Save the King they played The Star-Spangled Banner, which I considered right handsome of them. That called for speeches. The Papoose rose and delivered himself of real eloquence—another proof that he is French. That was a singular dinner, there behind the guns, a pleasant affair, with much joshing about the board. Yet these men were only a few weeks from the slaughter pen of the Somme; and one and all they had been through hell. It broke queerly into the conversation now and then. In the midst of some quaint or funny story about Smith or Brown or Jones the narrator would pull himself up and say: "Poor fellow, he's gone!" or "Killed at Courcelette!" and then, after a momentary shift of expression, go on with the conversation.

With the rank and file we had communed less than I might have wished. The Canadian is not marked off from the "Imperial" forces, like his brethren of Australia and New Zealand, by a distinctive hat. He wears the trench cap; his designation is merely the bronze maple leaf at the collar and the brass tag "CANADA" on the shoulder-strap. Yet as the columns crawled down the muddy roads you could usually pick the Canadians by their stalwart frames and the freedom of their stride; and when they came near enough, the hard stress of their American accents would pierce the babble of softer English speech. Now and then a stop at a crossroads would afford a chance for a talk or an exchange of cigarettes, and the soldier so accosted, upon finding that we were not officers, as our khaki seemed to prove, but only correspondents from the States, would open up with the friendliness of our Continent and tell about themselves. We talked so with a wheat farmer of the Saskatchewan, a mechanic from Ottawa, a clerk from Toronto, a miner—he was using his skill now in driving military galleries from the far North.

I found, too, that the excellent Canadian morale, of which the British correspondents write in these days, was no myth. Why soldiers prefer dangerous activities to less dangerous passivity, I do not know; but the fact remains; and these Canadians proved it to me. They vastly preferred the Somme, with its terrible hardships and losses, to the pounding at the Ypres Salient. This rest in the peace trenches hardly resembled warfare as they had known it in their heroic fifteen months of battle for the Empire; and it came most gratefully after the Somme.

Now we had shifted through Amiens, toward the scene of action where a part of the Canadians, wedged among their Imperial comrades, were blasting their way toward Germany. A bad set of tires and a damaged rear wheel held us back that day, and we came to the devastation of the Somme and to an advanced headquarters in a twilight sprinkled with the firefly spots of bursting shrapnel, lit by the sudden, vicious bursts of guns. Headquarters was a dug-out to which a plank walk led across a muddy ridge. The general was having tea, and an Imperial colonel—"Imperial" among the Canadians means about the same thing as "English"—had dropped in for a visit, a noble specimen of a cream-colored English bulldog following at his heels. While we drank our tea the animal slept under the table, snoring even more wheezily than is the habit of his kind.

"He's been through it with me from the first," remarked the colonel. "He was gassed at Ypres, and I was afraid I was going to lose him, poor old chap—his voice has never recovered!"

Soldiers at the front, I find, do not care greatly to discuss the war. Visitors bring a breath of outer air, a relief from a topic so all-absorbing that it amounts to torture. So we spoke of many things, such as the presidential election and the reason for the American accent. Only when we rose to go did the staff remark quite casually that there was going to be an attack during the night. A certain strong and famous German trench had been half taken a week before. The mud had been drying during the day, and Canada was going after the remainder. They spoke of this quite casually as part of the day's work; but when we left the general was hurrying back to his map room. We had scarcely started our car down the road, when the guns, which had been booming all the afternoon, broke into a tattoo, as a snare drummer, out of the "Tum, Tum, Tum-Tum-Tum" of his marching beat, will break into a long roll.

We flashed, on our way back, through the ruined city of Albert. Who does not know of the Albert Virgin? The fame of that curious statue has spread over the world; yet to get the impression it gives, bizarre, sinister, pathetic and all-impressive, one must see it not in photographs, but in the setting of battle. The Albert Cathedral was one of the most pretentious modern churches of France, though a little loud in effect, what with much mosaic and gingerbread work. Now at its highest steeple stood a gigantic gilded Virgin, holding up before her the Child with His arms outstretched. This figure, seen in the distance, was the cross of the church.

The Colonel's Dog Fritz

No church tower I have seen in the war is so badly battered, while still standing. Shells have bitten great chunks from this side and that, until in profile it looks like a corkscrew. The copula supporting the figure was burned, and the iron girders bent so that the statue dipped over horizontally. There it rests; it seems a mother keeping her child from falling; and the outstretched arms of the infant give him an appearance of terror. We saw it in flashes of the guns, in star sparkles of the shrapnel; the crazy structure and the figures which topped it were shaking with the reverberations of the guns. I could even imagine an expression of horror on the sculptured face of the Child.

We were quartered in a city perhaps twenty miles behind the line. There the colonel was to meet us. Since he is a character in the events of that night, I pause to describe him. He is a Briton of the old army; among the prismatic row of service ribbons on his left breast is the Victoria Cross, which he won at Spion Kop. The colonel is tall and rangy, calm and witty, opinionated and kindly. Wherever he goes behind the front he takes along Fritz, his little dog. When the Canadians stormed a certain bastion at Courcelette they found only one living thing—this tiny mongrel fox-terrier with an undershot jaw, who stood on the body of his dead master barking furiously. The officer who captured Fritz is dead; the colonel got him by inheritance. And now the little traitor is as fond of the colonel and his mess as though he had been barking for England all his days.

(Concluded on Page 46)

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And it is human nature, when a man approves of any product, to derive satisfaction from the fact that its merit is generally recognized by others.

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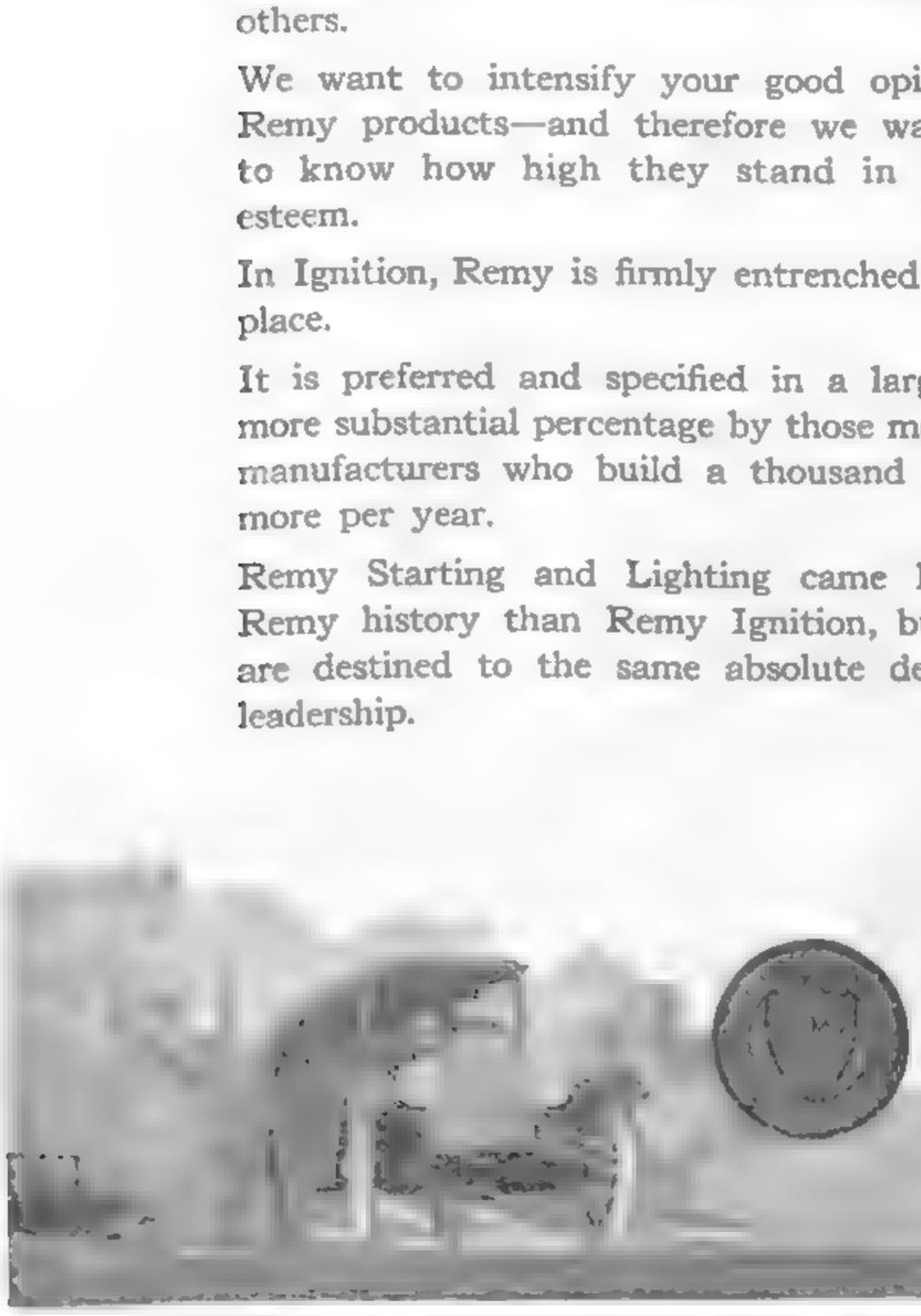
For the user's satisfaction, electrical devices on a motor car must be dependable for the life of the car.

We want you to remember that the name Remy stands for constant, deliberate intention to build for the user's satisfaction.

We do not speak of Remy leadership among motor car manufacturers in a spirit of boasting. We give you the facts as a matter of information.



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The guarantee behind Goodyear Cord Tires is not a scrap of paper.

It bears no signatures, no seals, none of the meaningless appurtenances of official habit.

It is written rather in performance than in phrases.

It is simply the clear and steadfast purpose of this Company never to send into the world a product unworthy of the Goodyear name.

A strange guarantee, perhaps, in these days of definite mileage warranties.

Yet is it strange?

Why should you trust a tire-maker's signature if you cannot trust his product?

And why, if you can trust his product, should you ask his signature to a mileage guarantee?

No man can *write* miles into a tire—he must *build* them there.

And to build them there in Goodyear measure he must be stirred by such a purpose as the Goodyear purpose.

He must ally this purpose with the highest manufacturing proficiency to make it consistently effective.

High aim and high ability must work hand in hand—and such an alliance is the real guarantee behind Goodyear Cord Tires.

This, and the fact that you—the tire-buyer—*must* be satisfied.

Their capacity for long and satisfactory service is not on paper, remember—it is *in the tires*.

Their longer mileage is insured not by a phrase or a figure—but by the best materials put together in the best possible way.

Their positive economy rests not upon a promise, but upon definite structural Goodyear features.

Their greater comfort, their lasting strength, their surer security, their uniform quality, their downright *goodness*—these are guaranteed by Goodyear integrity of manufacture, by the character of the product itself.

In the ordinary sense, the guarantee behind Goodyear Cord Tires is not a guarantee at all.

But to those who have dealt with Goodyear it is a warranty beyond all formal compact.

They know the Goodyear declaration of principles is to be found in the Goodyear product, and they require further assurance no more than they require a trusted friend to swear his loyalty before a notary.

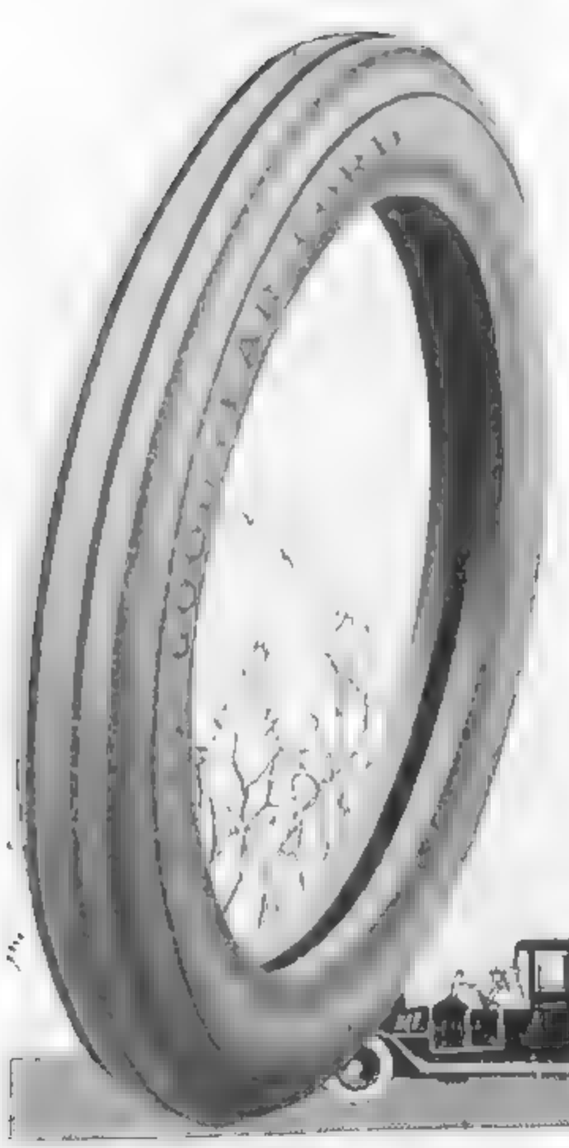
They know the miles they pay for in a Goodyear Cord Tire will be paid back to them upon the road.

And that there is more satisfaction in collecting them there, than over the adjustment counter.

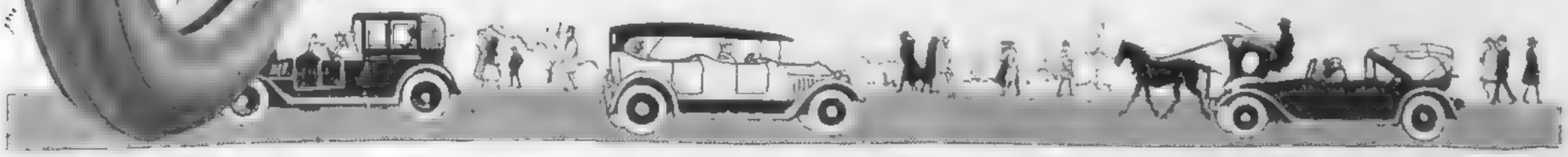
You will find it so, when you buy Goodyear Cord Tires.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

They come in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, in both All-Weather and Ribbed treads, for gasoline and electric cars.



The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 42)

The weather had broken into a beautiful night with a full November moon. The British hold the air above the Somme; it is the best thing they do. Yet on a night like this it is very hard to prevent air raids. Extinguish lights as you may, the target lies stretched below the enemy, while the aëroplane rises invisible against the silvery-slate background. We were not surprised, therefore, to have the lights of the hotel suddenly fade out. The hotel help, making a brave effort to be calm, lighted candles. Just as we were washing for dinner the sharp crack of anti-aircraft guns opened outside. We ran out. White puffs of shrapnel sprinkled the silver-slate sky like clouds in a Japanese print. They burst faster and faster, the flock moving always toward the zenith, there came a loud "bang" not far away, showing that the bomb-dropping had begun. With all that shrapnel falling it was imprudent to stay outside. We withdrew indoors and finished our toilet. There were more crashes; then the guns died out.

Scarcely had we begun dinner when the firing recommenced—the raiders, evidently, were on their way back. Madame the cashier, counting change at the desk, smiled gravely; but she stopped every now and then on the bang of a bomb, a five-franc note raised in a hand which shook only a little. Our slim, pretty little waitress paused once, laid her hands on a door and her head on her hands; then she continued serving. Two other waitresses, more frankly frightened, stood together in a corner; I saw their shoulders jerk with each of the big explosions. Our officers calmly ate their *hors-d'œuvre*, making now a comment on the raid, throwing now a word of joking reassurance at the waitress. Then silence again.

After dinner I visited friends at a château a few streets away. Conversation was going merrily when it came again. We went into the backyard to witness the show. The shrapnel clouds were climbing to the zenith and we were planning a retirement when the backyard of a house two doors away went up like a blast in a quarry; we had a vision of a black cloud shot with angry red sparks. When, toward midnight, I grew sleepy, one of my hosts offered to show me my way home. Just as we neared the hotel the firing, the bomb explosions, recommenced; it seemed no time until the clouds of aërial warfare were breaking exactly overhead. We ran to the big night door of the hotel. It was closed. We rang the porter's bell. Evidently he was in the cellar. I had a picture as I rang of a group of French soldiers—convalescents from a hospital, it turned out—passing up the street.

A Very Close Shave

I had given up ringing for the porter, had turned back into the street, when two bombs struck almost together, one the hotel next door, one a shop four doors away. The first I did not notice at all; it was the other which produced the spectacular effect. A cloud of dust and débris burst fanshaped across the street, broken glass rattled, the French soldiers with proper prudence scurried toward cover. I had leisure to wonder, as I crammed myself into one corner of the doorway, why I saw no dead out there in the street, why I myself had escaped, and why I had felt no wind from the explosion. In reality the bomb had exploded inside the shop, and what I saw was only glass and débris blown out through the window.

The French scurried to cover, and then, plainly in the moonlight, I saw a tall British officer striding with easy dignity toward a refuge in the doorway of the adjoining hotel. Though I learned it only the next morning, this was the colonel, and he had a close shave. He had been calling on a friend at the hotel next door. On the way out he entered into conversation with the porter. On some impulse they walked as they talked out onto the street. Five seconds after they passed the door the lobby in which they had been standing went up in splinters. No one was hurt in this building, but people were killed in the town that night—as usual, civilians. These bomb raids on open towns strike the observer as fairly senseless. Five minutes after this episode a German raider was brought down in flames, a spectacle which we missed. That stopped the performance for the night.

Yet twice I was wakened by firing, and realized only when I struggled out of sleep that it was not a raid but the noise of the great eternal battle twenty miles away. I realized also that while I lay warm between linen sheets, Canada, heroic Canada, was staggering through mud and cold and pain and death for the prize of a ditch. I had heard Verdun going full blast, but never such intense fire as this. The burst of curtain fire would last ten minutes or so, a roar which rose to a tremendous crescendo, die down to a roar, rise again. Once I looked out; a faint light like dawn rimmed the patch of horizon above the city roofs.

When we burst into the map room of advanced headquarters next morning the adjutant announced quietly: "We got the trench; our casualties are small; fifty prisoners or so." Yet the action evidently was not quite over as yet; these modern battles do not end until the enemy has made his last counterattack. The adjutant, as he spoke, wore a telephone head-receiver; suddenly he began talking in cryptic letters and numerals. A staff captain stood at the map, taking measures with a divider. The general, busy over some papers, found leisure for a moment to explain the action. They had not slept since we bade them good night at teatime. Their faces were drawn, lined, dark with fatigue toxins. I noticed, after a time, that we were all talking under our breaths, as men do in times of stress. And all this, I take it, is a fairly typical picture of a headquarters during a modern battle. The gold lace has gone, all gone, from war.

The Great Spectacle of the War

The strain relaxed a little. Probably something among those cryptic messages over the wire had convinced the staff that counterattacks were finished. The general strolled out into a sickly sunlight over a sick land, and laid out our route with due regard to prudence and possible curtain fire. So we started forward. There were Simms and I, correspondents; a pleasant Irish captain, who had come with us all the way; a Canadian major, whose name is written large in American letters; and a staff captain. The last is worth mention. He was in high school when he enlisted for the Empire; he has been through the hottest of it all; and he serves on the staff by virtue of ability.

The hinterland of the world's greatest battle lay some way behind us. At the beginning of the war I saw a whole German army march through Louvain, and I have said often that it was to me the great spectacle of the war. I revised that opinion on the spot. Nothing that I may see again in life can impress me like this. Imagine a rolling country, falling here and there into wide, shallow hill bowls. Imagine a terrain, on which grows neither tree nor shrub, but only at best stumps. Imagine that grass, hedges, roads, houses, are all gone, blotted out; a land underfoot of sticky mud which seems to exhale poisonous odors. Imagine next a new city, greater in extent than Manhattan, sprung up suddenly on this strange ground—a city without women, without real houses, without rapid transportation lines, without the slightest ordinary grace or convenience of life. As far as the eye swept in any direction were the tents or bivouacs of men, interspersed with military dunnage of every size and kind. I can compare it to only one thing I ever saw before—one of the old Western boom camps, only on a gigantic scale. Here was a battalion in bivouac, circling in lines while the men were issued rations or clothing. Here was a great corral of artillery horses. Down all the roads—old ones rebuilt after the smashing of battle, new ones thrust across the mud—crawled a procession which ran forever, as though on an endless chain: artillery with bright, burnished muzzles, polished harness and curried horses, going up; artillery with muzzles covered by khaki-brown caked mud, rope-patched harness, incredibly bedraggled harness, coming out; camp kitchens with smoking stacks; motor omnibuses moving troops; motor caravans carrying shells and supplies; motorcyclists curving expertly through the traffic; empty ambulances hurrying forward for the wreckage of the attack; loaded ambulances coming slowly back; mule trains; the touring cars of officers. And, adding somehow to this impression of a city, were the graveyards, with little white crosses rising thick as wheat stalks.

The guns were increasing their fire as we went forward—the regular morning hate. Never was there a pause in the regular "boom-boom-boom" which sounded now near, now far. Also there were screaming shells, and occasionally the lighter sound of their bursting punctuated the noise of our guns. The Germans, their "eye put out" by the British supremacy in the air, were shelling blindly by the map, aiming generally at some feature of the landscape, like a crossroads, which they had known in their time of occupation.

We pushed on past towns whose hitherto obscure names were flashed to the four corners of the world by the communiques last summer. La Boiselle, Pozières, Martinpuich. Towns! They are geographical locations only. The foundation of one heavy stone house stands with a sliver of wall; there is nothing more, not even a visible site. They say that when the army first came one could trace in the débris the course of streets; but even that has passed, what with the use of a working army. On the edge of one of these towns a crater, like the true crater of a volcano, gapes open to the sky; here the British exploded a giant mine. "Want to see a German dug-out?" asked the staff captain. "Those fellows dig in their sleep."

We splashed and floundered, weaving through a maze of military work and supplies to a hole like a cellar door. An officer, walking ahead with a lantern, led the way down precipitous stairs of cement; the same material incased the walls. We turned; we were traveling downward between boards, deep into the earth.

"There are still German grenades lying about," cautioned the officer; "don't kick any of them!" He stopped by a section of the plank wall. "Graveyard," he said briefly. "We boarded up the German dead in there!" Again there was a door. "Used to be an officer's funk hole, but we've nailed it up because of what's inside." We were glad to climb up into open air.

Near by was a barbed-wire entanglement, forming a small corral, where a group of men, so soaked in the universal brownish-yellow mud that their uniforms had lost distinctive color, stood huddled together, their hands in their pockets, their backs turned against the cutting November wind.

"Our Fritzes, the ones we caught last night," laughed the staff captain. Someone among them had cracked a joke, it seemed, for as we came up they were all laughing. I say, as a neutral who tries to be fair-minded, that they seemed to be relieved and to enjoy captivity. We looked them over carefully, as they smoked cigarettes and exchanged cheerful conversation, to see where the German quality was deteriorating; and we drew no conclusions. Four or five looked like pretty poor specimens physically; but four or five others were stout little men and young. Down the road came an artillery caisson on which rode a Canadian officer with a German officer-captive beside him, their uniforms of the same color by virtue of caked mud. As they passed, everyone ran out from dug-outs, cook-shacks and barricade to have a look. The German saluted; the Canadian grinned a broad North American grin.

The Irish Sergeant's Tale

On the advanced edge of this new-sprung city was a field dressing station, just a hut of sandbags. As we approached a group of walking cases came in from the other direction, showing utter exhaustion in every stiff movement. The wreckage of the night's work was beginning to arrive. Two stretcher cases were lying at the door, tucked up in gray army blankets, awaiting their turn. The nearest lay with his eyes closed, his face the color of soiled putty; I could not tell if he was alive or dead. Beside him a fine, stalwart blond boy was chewing his lip to control himself until the needle should bring surcease. A third man, not so heavily wounded, had called for a drink, and a German prisoner, his head bound up in a field dressing station, was lifting him by the shoulders, while a British Red-Cross man tilted a water bottle to his lips.

We walked on; we were in the belt behind the actual fighting front, where there were no motor vehicles, no field supplies. The men we passed were equipped for business only, and bent on business; neither officers nor rankers troubled about salutes. We had reached, too, the place of unmitigated devastation. Farther back there had been a few touches of green. Fields which the traffic spared had put out a little grass in the shell holes. Here nothing lived. The trees were ragged stumps. The shell-torn trees beyond Verdun, when I saw them in July, showed a little ragged verdure. These showed nothing; and it was not the effect of November. You saw that they were dead, drying and rotting. We reached a plateau. As the mists limited vision, you saw nothing but broken, battered, muddy ground. Near by shell hole blended with shell hole. In the distance it all resembled a muddy road which has been trampled by cattle. A tank rose somewhere in the distance. Two wrecked aëroplanes lay like dead birds in the other direction. Then, as the eye grew accustomed to the black muck, I began to pick details. What had been a German gun rose, a twisted piece of scrap iron, from the muck. "Dead," said the officer briefly, and pointed. With eye and glasses I began to make out the new-buried, newly unearthed by shell fire.

We pressed on toward the probable line of curtain fire, beyond which it was not prudent to go. And up the road came slowly but sturdily a little man, unarmed, with a new sheepskin coat over his uniform. Behind him walked another, slighter and darker, with the Red-Cross brassard on his arm. We stopped the little man; he wore a sergeant's chevrons. Without preliminary salute he addressed us in a ripe Irish accent:

"Well," he said, "I got mine!" He pointed to his battle hat. A bullet had struck it, had turned the steel back in little curling splinters. "Put me out for a few minutes," he said: "then I got it in the shoulder. It's the lucky one, I am—see what happened that last time I went over." He fumbled under the sheepskin. Out came a package of chewing gum, an old knife, and finally the broken remains of a gold watch. "They can't get me," he added, smiling on us with a pair of merry blue eyes. "I'm Irish!"

Touches of Nature

Over there in the ground mist lay what was Courcelette, a name which will be blazoned forever on Canadian banners, graven forever on Canadian memorials. Here the French Canadians and the men of the East—Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—won one of the hardest and most brilliant tactical actions of the war on the Western Front. But it was nothing to see—only something to imagine. That hump which marked the site was quite indistinguishable from other military works in the mud, and resembled anything but a town. A ridge, black below, crested by gray mist above, ended the line of vision. Somewhere in there lay the Canadians, victorious but last night, and now digging feverishly against another possible counterattack. The German fire, indicated by the scream of shells ending with a fire-cracker burst, had somewhat changed its direction. There was a chance, I learned, that another shift might cut us off for the time being from retreat. The Irish captain asked pleasantly how I liked to be under fire. Another officer remarked that the principle of scouting was not only to get the information, but to get back with it; he presumed the same principle applied to journalism. So we retired, clumping along corduroy roads, wallowing in mud.

The wounded were coming in faster as we approached the dressing station. And somewhere along the route we caught up with our friend the sergeant strolling back, a little feebly now, but with the air of a man who has all the time in the world.

He walked with us, talking of the Regina Trench and Vancouver politics, until we reached the automobile, where the major invited him to come aboard. We had a full load already; so the sergeant rode in the front seat, while the staff captain—lately promoted from the high-school cadets—stood up on the dashboard.

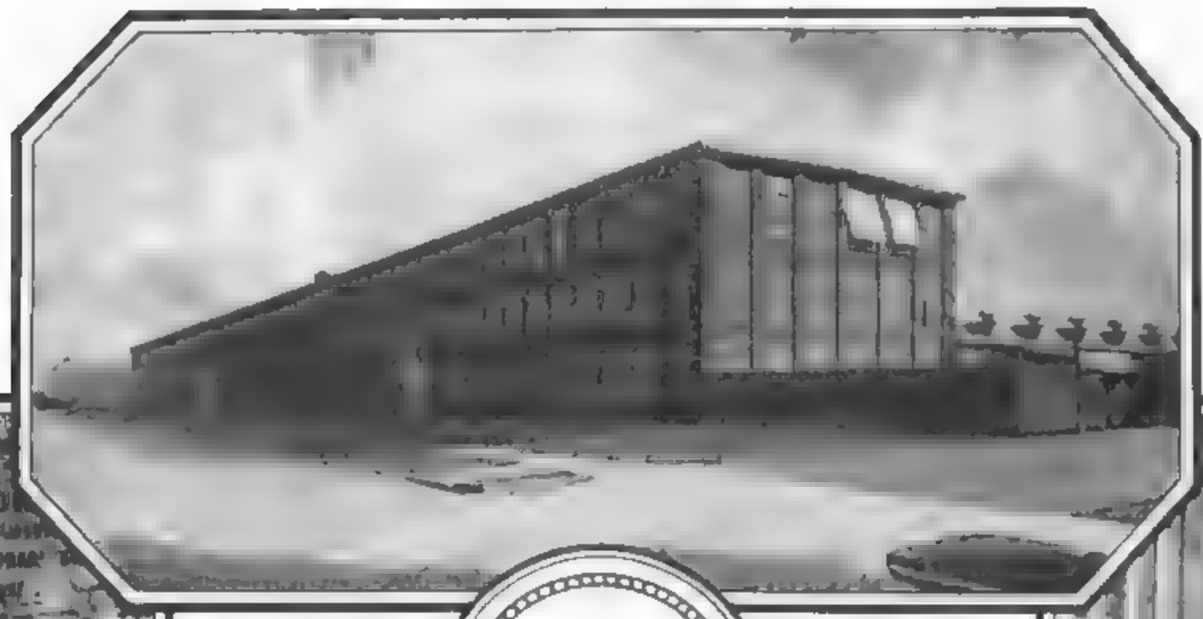
That would not happen in every army!

Those touches of home in a foreign land! Poignant at any time, they are doubly poignant in war. I intended to sail home to New York as soon as ever I could finish with the Somme and get these lines through the censor.

Now we made a stop, on our way back, in a town which is shelled every day. The window-panes of the nearest house were gone, blown out by the back kick of a shell. Someone had covered the gap with a newspaper. It was a sporting page, a real one. In a corner of a seven-column head was the standing photograph of Our Great Expert. Below beamed the benevolent countenance of Grover Alexander, premier pitcher of the National League. Hal Chase, who led the League in batting, stared at us from midpage; in the lower corner George Stallings, the world's great hunch player, glowered from beneath his roached hair cut.

Did a sporting page, I wonder, ever bring tears to human eyes before?

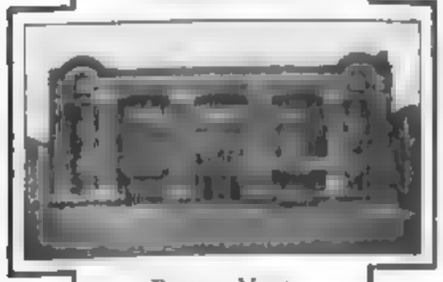
A record of every part is kept



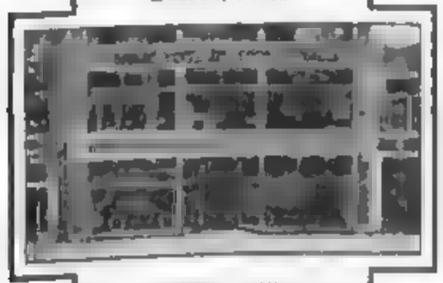
The Maxwell Service plant at Newcastle, Ind. This is the parent of the Maxwell branch service stations shown below. The greatest stock of automobile parts in the industry is housed in this building.

Maxwell Service is built on system

Detroit, Mich.

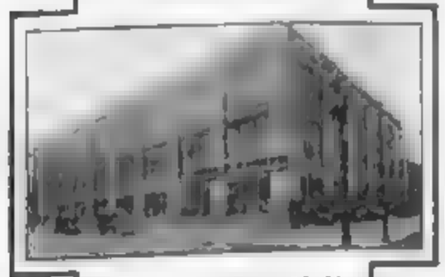


Boston, Mass.



Chicago, Ill.

Windsor, Ont.



Long Island City, N. Y.

Minneapolis, Minn.

SERVICE

IN preceding advertisements, we have explained various measures adopted in manufacturing processes to insure a surpassing serviceability from Maxwell Cars.

But there is still to be considered the after-service—the speedy replacement of parts worn out or accidentally damaged.

To dispose of this problem, we have a highly systematized and nation-wide Service Department which operates sixteen big Service Branches, advantageously located from coast to coast.

These branches serve our distributors, dealers and our own retail stores and replenish the supply of parts that all such distributors, dealers and retail stores are compelled to carry.

We have defined carefully each territory and require each Service Branch to maintain an adequate stock of all parts of every Maxwell Car ever built. Thus can we guarantee delivery of any Maxwell part in from one to twelve hours, irrespective of where the car owner may be located.

From a desire to perfect Maxwell Service still further, we constantly keep a crew of expert traveling mechanics who conduct a campaign of education among Maxwell dealers and their service men.

We believe Maxwell Service is superior to that of any other motor car builder. And we are keeping it on this high plane because *continuous owner satisfaction* is our biggest asset and is responsible for the great, the unprecedented success of The Maxwell Institution.

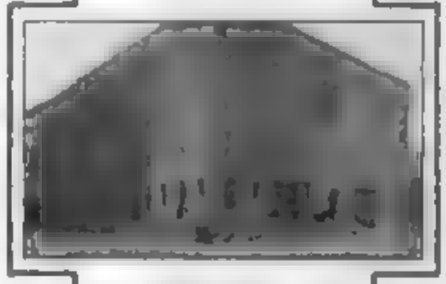
Roadster, $620; Touring Car, $635; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.
Canadian prices: Roadster, $870; Touring Car, $890, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell
MOTOR COMPANY INC.
DETROIT, MICH.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Portland, Ore.

Kansas City, Mo.



Omaha, Neb.

San Francisco, Cal.

Denver, Col.

Williams' Shaving soaps stick powder cream liquid

See that smile? It starts the minute the Big Stick is brought into action and broadens as the shave proceeds.

The smile and the shave were strangers once, but now they're inseparable—all because of the soothing, softening influence of the lather of Williams' Shaving Soaps.

Get a Williams' Holder Top and smile with the majority. The metal finger-grip is a convenience from the start and a necessity at the finish.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid

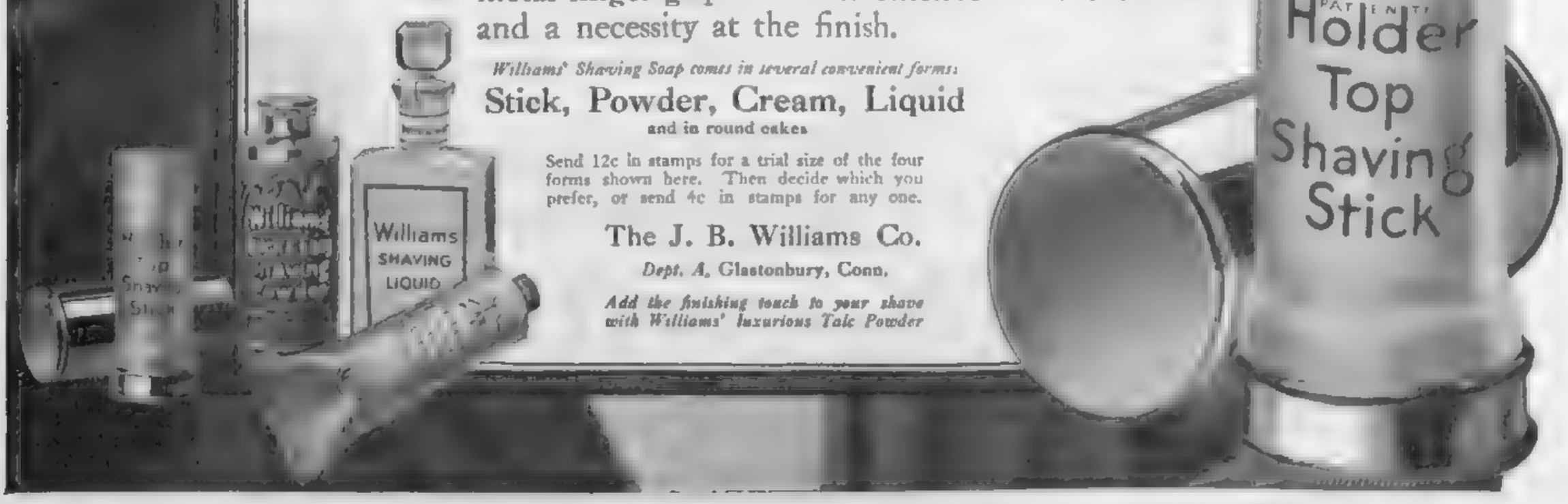
and in round cakes

Send 12c in stamps for a trial size of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer, or send 4c in stamps for any one.

The J. B. Williams Co.

Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder



BUBBLE DAYS OF FINANCE

(Continued from Page 4)

stayed there; that customers were wrong four times out of five, and that rarely did one sell stock short.

The same theories, principles and spirit are manifest in this latest revival or reincarnation of the game. It is figured that the present customer lasts about four months, on the average; and, as the broker pretty well makes his own prices and is thus able the sooner to close the customer out, the game will be as profitable while it lasts as was the old bucket-shop business.

But it is difficult to estimate the size of these reembodiments of bucket shops, for much of the present business is conducted by mail, whereas nearly all the trading in the older type of gambling joint was carried on in the offices themselves.

One man now engaged in this business has a genius for organization. Except a very few close lieutenants, none of his employees knows the whole business.

This concern sends out thousands of letters a week. Its office and general expenses are enormous. The chief rival of this concern, besides all these expenses, had at one time a large corps of salesmen on the road. Both concerns have a great number of expensive branch offices. But there is nothing new about all this. John Hill, writing fifteen years ago, said:

"Of the vast sum wrung from the thrifty by false pretenses, about twenty million dollars is spent for newspaper advertising, about an equal amount for postage stamps, and vast sums for attorneys' fees, circulars, booklets, stenographers, clerks, telegraphing, and for furnishing suites of offices. The swindler is usually a reckless spender and squanders his ill-gotten gains."

Impudent Selling Methods

One curious feature is that with each new wave of doubtful promotions many of the notorious gentry more or less voluntarily announce that they have reformed, turned over a new leaf, and will thenceforth "be good." They visit the offices of detective agencies, reporting bureaus, lawyers employed by big financial institutions, the post-office authorities, the district attorney—sometimes the police.

"I've been in jail three times," one swindler told one investigator not long ago, "and I'm not going again."

He was serious about it too. Perhaps he really intended to play on the square for a change; but one fundamental principle upon which all the detectives and investigators in the world of low finance operate is to take it for granted that unless proved to the contrary the fly-by-nighter has something in his blood that will not disappear but, even when he intends to reform, sooner or later will force him to put over another raw deal. They are like habitual drunkards.

One of the most baffling of the newer features that the various enemies of get-rich-quickdom have had to combat in the last two years has been the use of assumed names. Of course an alias is nothing new, but its employment is now far more common and skillful than formerly. Well-known criminals have come into Wall Street and organized fictitious firms, with dignified-sounding names not unlike those of members of the Stock Exchange. When things get hot for the slick imitator he quickly forms a new firm with a different name.

One method employed on a more extensive scale than ever before to dispose of stocks has been the use of telegrams. This has really become such an abuse that the telegraph companies ought to find some way of restricting their use to properly urgent matters. The use of telegrams instead of letters is to get the attention of the person addressed. Busy and experienced men won't read stock-jobbing circulars. As yet, they will still read a telegram; but even these will soon lose their novelty.

Recently a concern sent out night letters offering stock in a new industrial company. Estimates as to the number of telegrams sent range from five thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand. Many persons received them who had never heard of the firm.

A new practice is the use to which several get-rich-quick artists have put the ordinary broker's confirmation slip. These are the slips brokers send their customers upon receiving an order. At the head of the slip appear the broker's name and address and the date, and at the bottom a long printed notice to the effect that all securities bought or sold or "carried" for customers are subject to the rules and regulations of the Stock Exchange, and several other provisos commonly employed in regular brokerage transactions. In the middle of the sheet appear the words "We have this day —— for your account and risk ——." The blank spaces are left, of course, for the word "bought" or "sold," as the case may be, and for the name, quantity and price of the stock involved.

Though not members of any stock exchange, the fly-by-nighters have had printed precisely similar slips; but in place of the word "bought" or "sold" they insert "reserved," and send the slips to total strangers, who have never even heard the name of the firm. Still other gullible persons feel they are under some obligation and send on the money to pay for the stock.

A favorite means of advertising is by means of the "house organ," or alleged magazine. Of course reputable brokers do the same thing; but those in the dark alleyways of finance are far more imaginative and ingenious.

One such "magazine" is published by John Skinem & Company, of Number 00 Broad Street. It is known as the Wall Street Synopsis, Limited—at least that is what we shall call it. One department is called Personal Talks With Traders, by Special Arrangement With the Financial Abstract, of Number 000 New Street. But, as everybody knows, there are many buildings in the Wall Street district with ells that extend either from one street through to the next, or from one street round to another street running at a right angle. Number 000 New Street is the same building as Number 00 Broad Street, and the effort to make people think that the Financial Abstract is a different crowd or outfit and is in a different building from the Wall Street Synopsis and John Skinem & Company is a cheap, childish trick.

A suspicious fact about all such literature is that it always advises one to buy but never to sell. Another common characteristic is the clever way in which attention is always called, first, to undisputed facts and legitimate securities, and then shaded off to doubtful facts and still more doubtful stocks. The advice begins with references to legitimate securities, but well down in the middle of the list of cats and dogs the firm's advertising manager pauses long enough to insert the name of at least one more well-known concern, to bolster up the general impression.

Another favorite device is the employment of slogans or catchwords. Twenty years ago this was a common practice and the thimbleriggers of those days used such phrases as the following: "We can prove all our statements." "One hundred dollars invested now will make you wealthy." "Fortune knocks at every man's door but once in a lifetime. This is your summons!"

Fake Photographs

The present type of slogan is briefer. One of the first of the present crop of impostors to decamp overnight had a really splendid motto. But all he left behind him to pay debts of $61,281.74 was twenty pearl-handled revolvers.

The paltriest, shabbiest trick of all is the fake photograph. Now it should be observed that though every large city has its crop of irresponsible brokers and promoters most of them have settled down upon New York like a pest, owing to its large Curb Market. But though their headquarters are in New York the bulk of their newspaper advertising and mail-order campaign reaches other parts of the country. Especially do they seek out cities where workmen have made big wages, and also the smaller towns. Even in New York City there are naturally plenty of people—the vast majority, indeed—who do not know the appearance of every building. To fool out-of-town folks in this petty manner is simplicity itself.

One firm, which has since gone to the wall, occupied a few rooms in one of the upper floors of a large building owned by a very well-known restaurant company. The restaurant occupied the ground floor and the second floor. A huge sign stretching from top to bottom of the building announced the restaurant's name to all the world. But the broker sent out a circular to his customers containing a picture of the building, with the sign of the owners entirely erased from the negative and his own name, in huge letters, covering the whole front of the building.

In a similar way another petty share peddler covered a photograph of the two lower floors of a famous office building with his name, though he never occupied more than a single room.

Of course the purpose of these double-negative photograph tricks is to convey an impression of vastness and magnificence that never existed. Frequently the main entrance to an office building is surrounded with the polished name plates of many tenants. One concern sent broadcast a photograph of one such entrance with all the name plates erased but its own. The effect was indeed superb, because the building has a truly famous location; but if the reliability of the firm's brokerage service does not exceed the truthfulness of its photography its customers have a slim reed on which to lean.

The last stages in this gigantic game of imposture cannot be far off. It will be remembered that the bubbles of several hundred years ago usually came to an end when the stockjobbers reached the brazen effrontery of inviting people into "An undertaking; but no one to know what it is"; or "For a purpose not to be disclosed." There have been times when people would buy stock in anything—in schemes to take gold from the sun's rays or from sea water, and to pick diamonds off the cactus plants of Mexico. We have about reached that stage again.

The Activities of Mr. Jackson

People are invited to enter "Syndicates for undisclosed purposes." With the wording and names changed, but exactly reproducing in substance and spirit the real thing, here is one such invitation:

Dear Mr. A.: We have decided to organize a company having as wide a field and scope as the electrical industry. Indeed, it has ten million possible customers in the United States, Canada and Mexico alone. If the company sells only two per cent of the possible demand on this continent it will net seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, or two hundred and fifty per cent.

It is our intention to invite a few of our friends to become subscribers on a preorganization basis—which offers opportunities of enormous profits in the near future. We invite you to become one of the original subscribers.

And nowhere does the circular mention the nature of the business to be engaged in!

Quite the most lurid episode of the last two years has been the return to the scenes of lamb-shearing of a promoter celebrated from the Pacific Coast to London and Paris. So numerous have been his occupations and so many his names since he was compelled to sell his seat on the Stock Exchange, about fifteen years ago, that he could not even remember them all at his trial, last June, when he was sentenced to a year and a half in the penitentiary.

This much is known: At least three or four times Professor Jackson—which is not his name—piled up "front" ranging as high as three hundred thousand dollars. He had a professional education in this country and supplemented it with a postgraduate course in Germany. Striking in appearance and skillful in impressing the fair sex he has always had the faculty of making people feel sorry for him.

Once, against the almost tearful warnings of the district attorney, he induced a group of citizens in a Western city to raise twenty thousand dollars in bail, and promptly jumped it. Arrested some years ago for selling stock in a South American scheme, he escaped from his captors in a San Francisco street, but slipped and fell as he approached the ferry, and broke his ankle. While confined in a hospital he managed to escape to a waiting automobile loaded with rifles and revolvers, and made for the mountains. But he was recaptured in Oregon and served a jail term of a couple of years.

Shortly after the war boom in stocks started, a new firm was formed on the Boston Curb, which asked to have a certain mining stock listed. The authorities grew suspicious, and it was found that Professor Jackson was behind the innocent-sounding name of the new firm, and had left for parts unknown with his customers' money. But so well had he concealed his identity that he had fooled one of the great stock exchanges into allowing him the use of a ticker.

A few months later people began to wonder at the great business and prosperity of a previously unknown Wall Street firm of "bankers." It bore a dignified name—one that would not rouse the least suspicion. One of the great mercantile agencies made a report upon the firm, which, though admitting that the statements could not be confirmed and no estimate of means was obtainable, spoke of the silent partner, whose connection with the firm had been widely advertised, as the nephew of one of the largest stockholders of the Standard Oil Company, a man worth perhaps sixty million dollars.

A Sudden Trip to Florida

The new brokerage house was specializing heavily in Standard Oil stocks—one especially, which it said would go to a thousand dollars a share, and which was, of course, an enormously rich concern. So attractive was the literature and so obvious to the most ignorant were the merits of the stock that large sums, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, were sent in to buy the stock on the "easy-payment plan." Much was made of the broker's relationship with the great family of Standard Oil magnates.

The firm had its offices directly opposite the quarters of a leading Wall Street detective agency. The head of the firm lived in the same hotel as an official of the Department of Justice. Yet no one suspected him and there seemed no limit to the taking in of easy money. The lawyers for the Standard Oil family heard of the firm's literature. They knew that the pretended connection with a nephew of their client was not only false but a pure fiction. Their client had no such nephew. A post-office inspector thought the broker might be Professor Jackson and took his picture from the Rogues' Gallery to show it to the clerks in the broker's office.

But the professor had always shown intense speed in flitting from one part of the country to another to avoid capture, and he had been sufficiently forewarned by demand from the Standard Oil attorneys to stop using their client's name to make his getaway to Florida. His capture speedily followed, and also his trial, conviction and prison sentence.

The case of Professor Jackson is only one of the more glaring chapters in the history of the separation of credulous people from their money. It requires from three to a dozen letters before the victim begins to give up his wealth. But having once succumbed to the blandishments of the accomplished faker it is appalling to note the confidence and sense of security he displays in absolute strangers while the deal is on, and the surprise he manifests when he finally and inevitably wakens to the realization that he has been duped. About ninety per cent of the victims are ashamed to acknowledge their greenness, and very few care to go to the trouble and vexation of prosecuting.

I sat in the outside office of a Wall Street detective agency the other day and noticed a meek, pale-looking little man talking to one of the assistants. He had come all the way from another state, nearly a thousand miles away, to see whether a certain broker to whom he had sent money was reliable. Presently the overworked head of the agency rushed out impatiently from his private office and asked what was wanted. The assistant, trying hard to suppress a smile, said that Mr Smith, from Four Corners, wanted to know about Stingem & Company.

"Shut up shop yesterday!" snapped the chief. "Everybody in New York has a judgment against them. They are not good for anything. You can't get a cent out of them; but you can put your claim in the hands of a lawyer if you so desire. I can't do anything for you."

"Thank you," said the little man dejectedly as he took up his hat and walked out of

(Concluded on Page 52)

$1150 F. o. b Racine
For Mitchell Junior—120-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
For 7-Pass. Mitchell—127-inch Wheelbase

Hundreds of Extras

Due to John W. Bate's Efficiency Methods

"How can the Mitchell give so many extras?"

That is a question asked of Mitchell dealers, perhaps a thousand times a day.

There is only one way—by saving in factory cost. By building the whole car in a model plant, under Bate efficiency methods.

Our duty now is to wake men up to the value of this new factor. We owe it to you as we owe it to ourselves. If we can actually give you 20 per cent extra value, you'll want the car that does it.

What the Extras Are

The Mitchell extras—in the latest models—comprise the following, all of which distinguish the Mitchell car.

31 extra features—nearly all of which all other cars omit.

24 per cent added luxury—new beauties added this year out of savings made in our new body plant.

100 per cent over-strength in every vital part. That's double even the former Mitchell standard.

These three classes of extras comprise hundreds of additions, which every man wants in his car.

How We Afford Them

John W. Bate, the great efficiency engineer, has cut our factory costs in two. He has built and equipped here a model plant, adapted to this single car.

Here we build, under Bate efficiency methods, 98 per cent of this car. We build even our finest bodies. And we build at a price which, in this class, no one else can match.

The savings go into these extras. They pay for unique attractions which every fine car needs. That seems the best way to show you clearly the value of efficiency methods.

Mark the Over-Strength

You will see the extra features—see the extra beauty. But the chief Mitchell extras lie in the chassis. And we want to impress their importance.

The Mitchell standard, up to lately, has been 50 per cent over-strength. That seemed an extreme standard. It gave the Mitchell its reputation for endurance

Seven Mitchell cars that we know of, built under that standard, have averaged 175,000 miles apiece—over 30 years of ordinary service. Two have already been run over 200,000 miles apiece.

But three years ago—after one year in Europe—John W. Bate returned here to double the Mitchell standard. Since then, part by part, he has given Mitchell vital parts twice the needed strength. And this year, for the first time, we announce this radical standard.

Safety Margins Doubled

This means a doubled margin of safety. It means a lifetime car, in Mr. Bate's opinion. It means less trouble, less repairs, less upkeep.

Over 440 parts in the Mitchell cars are now built of toughened steel. Parts which get the major strains are built of Chrome-Vanadium. We pay for steel in Mitchells up to 15 cents per pound

Parts on which safety depends—like steering parts and axles—are also built over-size. Every gear is tested. And our standard for gear teeth is now 50,000 pounds per tooth.

Let us mention one part which, in most cars, so often gives out under shock. The Bate cantilever springs in Mitchells have now been used two years. In all that time, used in thousands of cars, not a single leaf has broken. That's what this extra standard means throughout the Mitchell chassis.

TWO SIZES

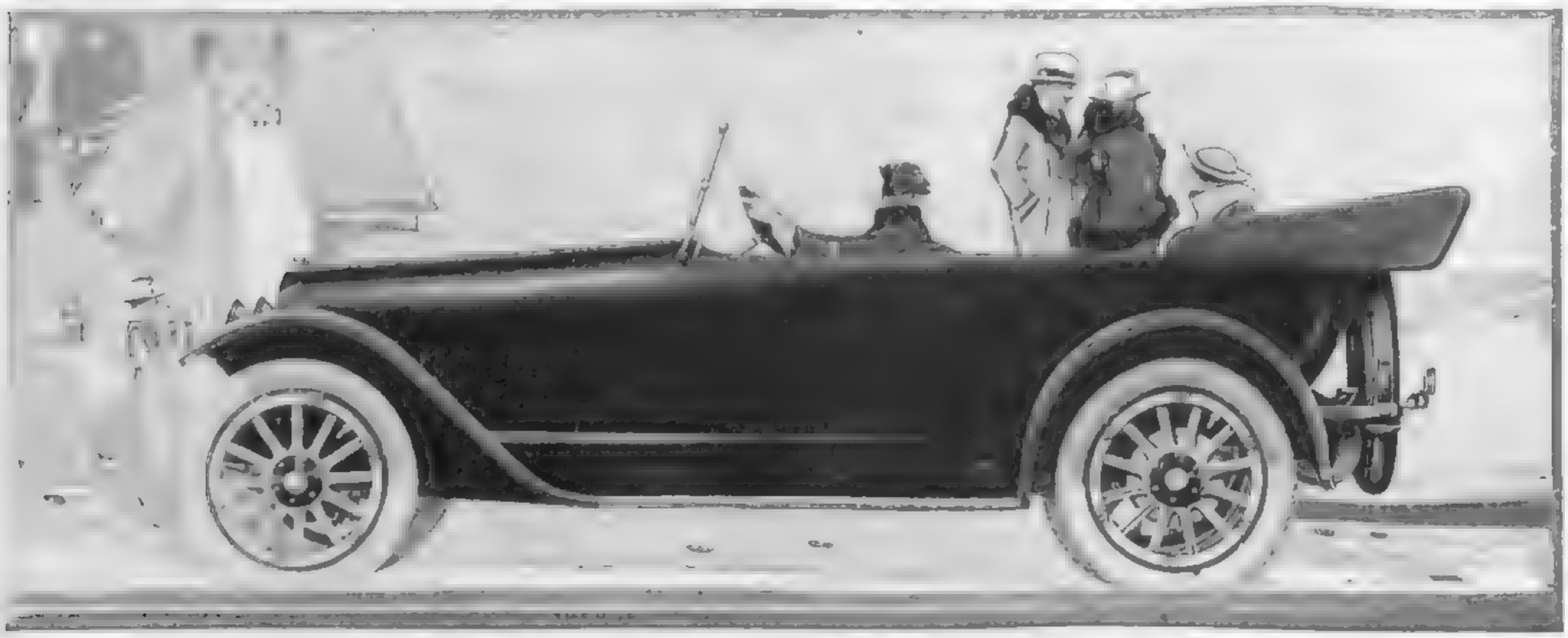
Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.



Built by John W. Bate
in the
Model Efficiency Plant

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

Now Also An $1150 Model

Mitchell Junior—120-in. Wheelbase

Another new step which Mr. Bate has taken is to build a smaller Mitchell. And that is also for efficiency.

A man who wants a 7-passenger car must have the power to drive it under any hard condition. He ought to have the larger Mitchell with its 48-horsepower motor.

But a man who wants a 5-passenger car can use a 40-horsepower motor. He has ample room with a 120-inch wheelbase. We build for him the Mitchell Junior, so he doesn't pay for room or power not needed. But he gets a Six.

This is not a new-type model. It is simply a smaller edition of the much demanded 7-passenger Mitchell. To prove it out, before making this announcement, we put out last year thousands of these cars. It is just as perfect as the larger Mitchell.

So this year we offer two sizes and prices, plus eight new styles of bodies.

Greater Luxury

This year we shall save, through our new body plant, hundreds of thousands of dollars. Here we now build all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed. And under Bate efficiency methods.

This saving all goes into added luxury. We have added 24 per cent to the cost of finish, upholstery and trimming.

This means heat-fixed finish coats on the entire body. It means a rare-grade leather, a wider rear seat, better cushion springs. It pays for a hundred final touches which mean so much to women.

As a result, the latest Mitchell stands out as the handsomest car in its class.

Now 31 Costly Extras

Last year the Mitchell offered 26 distinct extra features. This year it offers 31.

By these extras we mean things like a power tire pump, reversible headlights, a new-type control, a ball-bearing steering gear, an extra-cost carburetor. Things like a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables, an engine primer at the driver's hand. Things which usually cost an extra price.

On this year's output it costs about $4,000,000 to include all these 31 extras. They would be impossible at the Mitchell price without our factory savings.

New Considerations

These are new factors to consider in buying a high-grade car. It isn't price that counts so much as the value you get for the money.

Here is where the Mitchell has tremendous advantage, due to years of preparation under a master of efficiency.

Every factory waste shows up in a car. It means stinted value somewhere. The Mitchell factory economies show up just as clearly in hundreds of added values.

See them and judge them for yourself. They show in beauty, luxury and comfort. They show in road performance. As the years go by they will show in the wondrous durability.

The buyers of Mitchells, in large part, have been men schooled in mechanics. Or men advised by competent engineers. We publish a list of famous engineers who selected this car for themselves.

Our purpose now is to impress on laymen the superlative Mitchell qualities. This year we more than double our output, so more men can be supplied. And we want more men to learn why Mitchells have lately won such multiplied prestige.

They offer you what no one else can offer. One hour's time will prove that. The result will change your whole conception of what a fine car ought to give.

There are Mitchell dealers everywhere.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

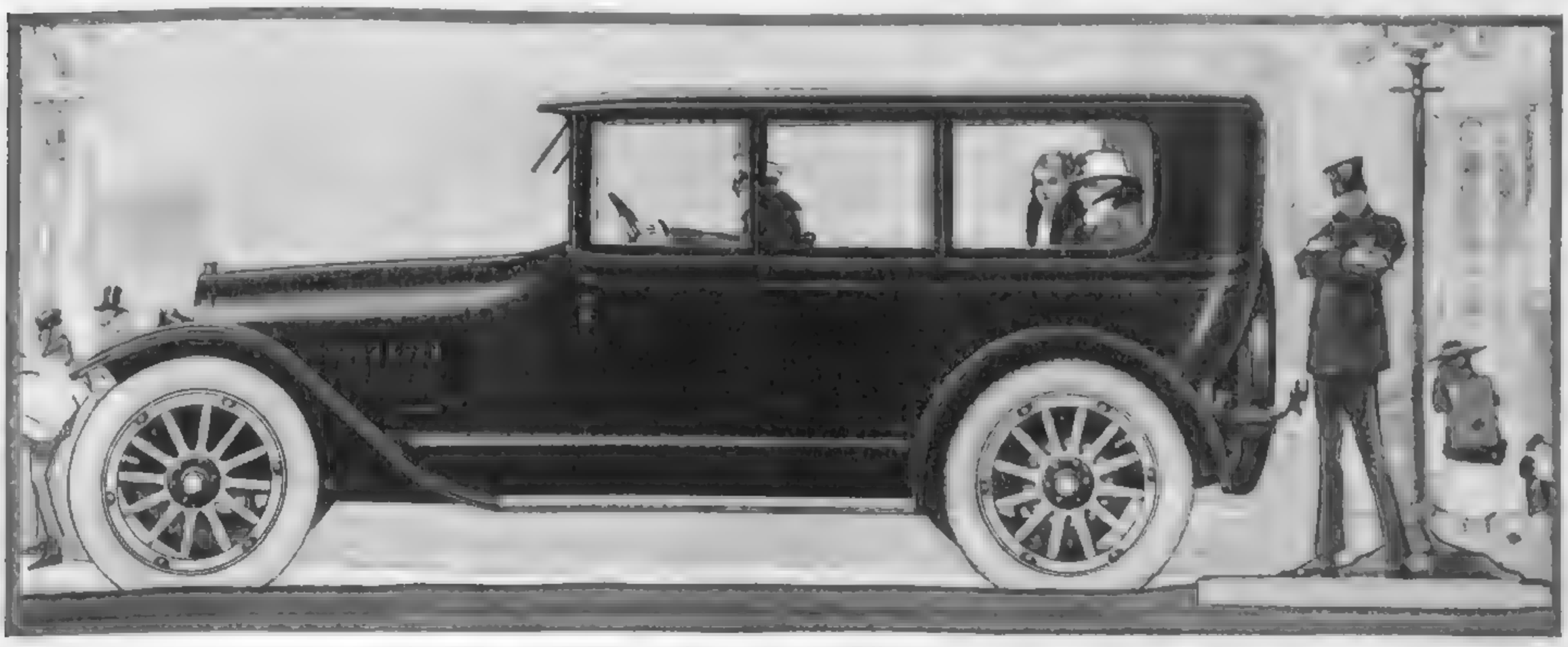
Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

Mitchell Junior **is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.



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Beautiful Mary MacLaren, with Harrison Ford, gives it a delightful air of youth and romance; while the fine cast and the play's dramatic strength make for you the perfect entertainment achieved always in BLUEBIRD Photoplays.

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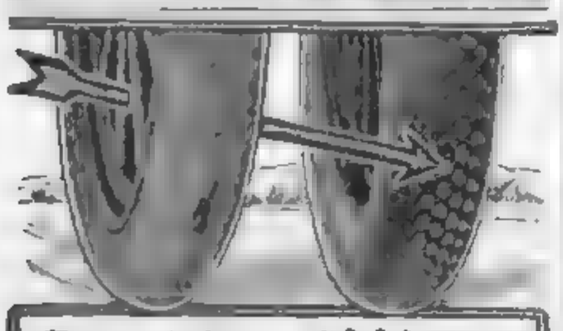

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Without obligation send me free catalog, copy of guarantee ... sample and booklet "10,000 Miles on One Set of Tires."
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Write us the course you are interested in, age, how long you have taken lessons, if any, etc., and we will ... of the following ... Courses ... students' or ... by the great Wm. H. Sherwood, HARMONY, by Dr. Protheroe and Rosenbecker; VOICE COURSE (with aid of phonograph), by Crampton PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC, by Frances ... Violin, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, ... ORGAN by equally eminent teachers. We want to prove to you in this remarkable way what fine lessons they are—SEEING IS BELIEVING. Full particulars sent along with free lessons. Send no money.

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What 15c Will Bring You from the Nation's Capital

The ... matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is ... weekly ... at the Nation's Center, for ... a paper that ... the news of the whole world ... clean and only ... reach new ... in its 2nd year. It ... tells the ... whole story ... $1 a year. If you ... on what is going on in all the world, at the least possible cost, ... If you are ... or ... 15c in stamps or coin will bring the Pathfinder 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. The Pathfinder, Box 95, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 49)

the office, the chances being a thousand to one that this was now a closed incident in his life, except for the bitter experience he had gained.

Why will men and women blindly intrust their money with brokers they do not know? The same folk are very careful from whom they buy a twenty-dollar suit of clothes. They are mighty careful not to go to a shyster peddler of hats or shoes or suits. They are even careful of the grocery stores they patronize. They prefer to deal with retail houses of established reputation. But the fact that financial swindlers phrase their advertising with such extreme cunning as to make it attractive seems to upset all the ordinary common sense and precautions of human nature.

"But how am I to know a reliable broker from the other kind?" is the natural question.

The answer is simple: Ask your bank to write to its correspondent bank in the city where the broker has his headquarters, whether that be New York, Chicago, Boston or any other city. Inquiries made where branch offices are located will be of no avail. If this precaution is taken the chances are more than a hundred to one that the investor will not fall into the hands of a swindler.

Of course reliable brokers often get their customers into unfortunate investments. But a great deal more than half the battle is fought if the broker is honest to start with. Never before were there so many attractive stocks with reasonable assurances of becoming good investments. There are more than enough to go round. There is no excuse for buying holes in the ground that have never been dug or shares in motor companies that have never built a motor. The merits of an investment are not determined by its typographic allurements.

There is no royal road to selecting safe investments. Even John D. Rockefeller has picked lemons. But the literature describing the stock will, nine times out of ten, on its face, stamp the wildcat with its proper brand, as it will also mark the legitimate type of security. Be wary of the extravagant use of adjectives, and of the liberal use of such words as "belief," "expectation," "opportunity," "possibility," and any extended reference to the success of other companies. As the writer has said elsewhere:

The swindler always promises too much; his literature is too plausible. Usually he is overvehement. His letters are personal. He wants to let you in on the "ground floor." He is holding the stock just a little longer for you. He is absolutely certain the stock is going up. He bubbles over with enthusiasm. He conveys an air of optimism, buoyancy and good nature. It is all fake! That is the way he works; and you must look out for it.

ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 23)

A smile began to form itself on Wilberforce Shadd's face, and suddenly petrified itself when Meiggs, in an awed voice, shouted from the news ticker:

"It's officially confirmed! The Cunard office admits it. The loss of life is not known, but the worst is feared. The ship, after the second torpedo, quickly went down."

"Went down! Down!" muttered a man named Shively, who stood near Shadd. "Down! Down! Down!"

And he began to point toward the floor with a rigid forefinger. He had been one of the first bulls, buying stocks on the first day that the Exchange resumed business. He had pyramided until he was carrying stocks on which his paper profits had been over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars at ten o'clock that morning. Now, at twelve-thirty, the profits had been more than cut in half. And he kept on muttering: "Down! Down!"

Still he would not sell, but hoped for a miracle.

Henry Rumney approached Shadd and asked threateningly:

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Dave Caldwell, the usually suave and always keen-eyed office manager, cut in:

"He did! He certainly did! And all you fellows did was to call him names!"

The other customers might or might not be wiped out and cease to be customers; but Shadd had cashed in and, therefore, would have money to make good his orders. From orders come commissions, and from commissions come comforts.

Shadd nodded:

"That's right! I told them."

"But you didn't tell us why."

"No," said Caldwell; "but he told you he was selling his, and you called him a skunk—after he put you into a stock that showed you a couple of hundred points' profit."

"U. C. common, last sale 265!" read Ben Meiggs from the news ticker.

"I told you fellows," said Wilberforce Shadd loudly; "but you were talking two thousand dollars a share."

"You certainly got there with both feet," said Caldwell admiringly.

"I want fifty dollars," said Shadd diffidently. "Do you suppose I could ——"

"You bet your life!" And Caldwell rushed to the cashier and rushed back with a yellowback, and a receipt for Shadd to sign.

Shadd put the fifty dollars in his vest pocket with the same gesture that he might have used on five cents the day before. Then he said to Henry and Meiggs:

"Say, Rumney—and you, Mr. Meiggs won't you come to lunch with me?"

"I couldn't eat now if it was the last chance I had," said Rumney indignantly.

Ben Meiggs shook his head and compressed his lips.

"I'm sorry," said Shadd, and walked from the office.

Meiggs approached Henry Rumney and said, after a moment's hesitation:

"It wasn't Shadd who was the fool."

"No," admitted Henry Rumney. "But he's a skunk, just the same."

XIV

WILBERFORCE SHADD went to the restaurant whither Henry Rumney, while still grateful, had taken him on an unforgetable day. On this occasion, as on the previous, Wilberforce did not feel quite at home there. In the appraising eyes of the waiters he saw the contempt that comes from the practice of sizing up ungiven tips. On the faces of those patrons who took the trouble to look at him he fancied he saw an amusement that irritated him to the scalding point; but he assured himself that he was outwardly calm as he found an empty table, without help from the captain, and sat down. He deliberately tried to look as if his mind were so intent on important business that all he could do was to stare frowningly at a spot on the tablecloth before him.

A patron's frown is the waiter's strongest magnet. An omnibus, on whose face was a resigned look that came from knowing there would be no vacancy on the waiting staff in his lifetime, placed before the absorbed Shadd one glass of water, one butter plate, one bread plate and one menu. Then the waiter rushed from another table, said "Yes, sir?" looking the while at the other customer's card.

Wilberforce Shadd read the list of dishes and their prices. He could not help thinking more about the prices than about the dishes, until he defiantly reminded himself that he had made sixty thousand dollars by being wise enough to buy when everybody thought he was crazy, and to sell when everybody called him an ass for not holding on. And if what he had done was so easy, why didn't more people do it, including the Wisenheimers in Woodcock's office, hey? He had fifty dollars in his pocket. And, no matter how expensive the lunch was, it wouldn't be fifty dollars.

He turned to the waiter and ordered with a recklessness that went to his head, champagne-wise, and made him feel very happy and very generous. He wished to give of his abundance to all the world.

He ate the most expensive meal of his life with relish. By dessert time he was ready to emerge from his chrysalis. The real and definite change came when he tipped the waiter one dollar and fifteen cents and received the enthusiastic thanks of the poor man, whose financial gratitude was so obviously sincere. The change showed in Wilberforce Shadd's face, in the poise of his head, in his gait, as he walked out of the king-making restaurant.

He was now a man with money; a man better than other men. He had lost the fear

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For Every Possible Purpose

of dismissal, the apprehension of years over the regularity of his income. And it had been so easy, too, to make money that he could never again feel the old respect for the legendary money-makers—that is, the members of the firm of Morris & Cunningham, for whom he had worked for years—for practically nothing!

It was the superbly fed and fearless Shadd who walked into the customers' room of Francis T. Woodcock & Co., and gazed calmly, almost superciliously, upon the still excited men who had not been clever enough to sell out three hours before the news of the sinking of the Lusitania reached the Street.

The nonsellers, however, had become less bitterly resentful and were again ready to worship at the shrine of Success, provided the god, in return for the incense burned, vouchsafed them a tip or two.

Henry Rumney made the first move. He was carrying many other stocks besides his Undersea Craft and it therefore behooved him to rise superior to petty prejudices and unmanly grudges. So he said:

"Well, Shadd, I've got to hand it to you." Henry spoke without enthusiasm, because he was in a hurry to rush through the usual flattering preamble and get down to his own troubles. "You certainly did cash in at the psychological moment. And—er—— What do you think of 'em now? They've had quite a setback."

Not knowing what reply to make, the new Shadd shook his head as the old Shadd never would have dared to shake it—that is, he managed to express not only negation and dissent but formal displeasure.

"Why not?" persisted Henry Rumney, who was a bull because he held stocks instead of holding stocks because he was a bull.

Shadd again shook his head.

"I don't see any panic," went on Henry doggedly. "Many who are selling now will be buying 'em back at higher prices."

All he had lost so far was a fraction of his paper profits, but he begrudged it as if it were a fraction of his viscera. He frowned and mutely dared Shadd to answer.

"Nope!" said Shadd, disdaining to give reasons.

"You don't think we are going to have war with Germany, do you?" asked Henry Rumney, and hastened to make a reply unnecessary by volunteering "I don't!"

Shadd smiled quizzically at Henry Rumney—and remained silent!

"Even if there should be war with Germany," ventured Careful Mike Meiggs, who also had not sold and, therefore also, could think only of bull, or favorable, factors, "I should think the war stocks would go higher than ever. The companies will simply have more business to do, with Uncle Sam in the market as well as all Europe. I guess the United States will pay as high prices for war material as anyone else."

"I doubt it!" said Wilberforce Shadd calmly.

Henry Rumney, who had been thinking hard, trying to find some way of goading the saturnine Shadd into telling the facts, now smiled Machiavellically and asserted with exasperating assurance

"Oh, there will be no war!"

"No?" And Shadd just looked at Rumney.

Ben Meggs thereupon began to look worried.

"I think," put in Bill Edson, in whom the wish was father, grandfather and stepfather to the thought, "I think they've gone as low as they are going to, this trip."

He meant stocks. Tipsters, when they speak of "they," always mean the Malefactors of Great Wealth who conduct the wholesale shearing. But to everybody else "they" means stocks.

Wilberforce Shadd felt the discomforting scrutiny of a dozen pairs of corkscrewing eyes full upon him. He began to think quickly. His problem was to be not only the fount of all wisdom but also infallible. The solution lay in finding words that would do the trick, no matter how the market went. They came to him.

"If I felt the way you do, Mr. Edson," he smiled, "I certainly would buy stocks."

But Bill was modest. He was not sure his thinking had any relation to wisdom. He came back:

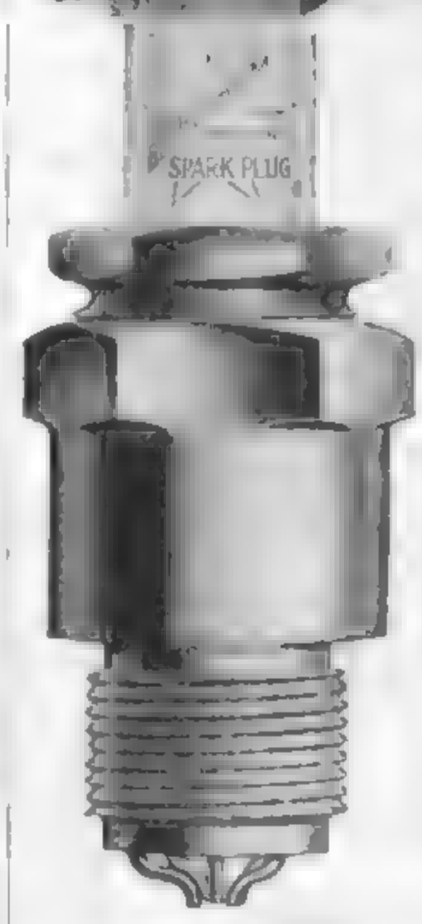
"Do you think the way I do, Mr. Shadd?"

Shadd, foiled in his well-meant effort, became angry enough to resolve to take a sporting chance. Not holding any stock, he naturally wished all stocks to go down.

(Continued on Page 56)

BETHLEHEM
Five Point Spark Plug

"Made where Steel is King"



PRICE
$1
In Canada $1.25

Guaranteed for the Life of your Car

When you install a set of Bethlehem Five-Point Plugs your troubles end, expenses cease. Scientific investigation and progressive development have brought the Bethlehem Five-Point to the premier position which it now occupies.

Designed and manufactured only after the most thorough study of the theory and practice of ignition, it is right on every count!—and yet it costs no more than ordinary plugs.

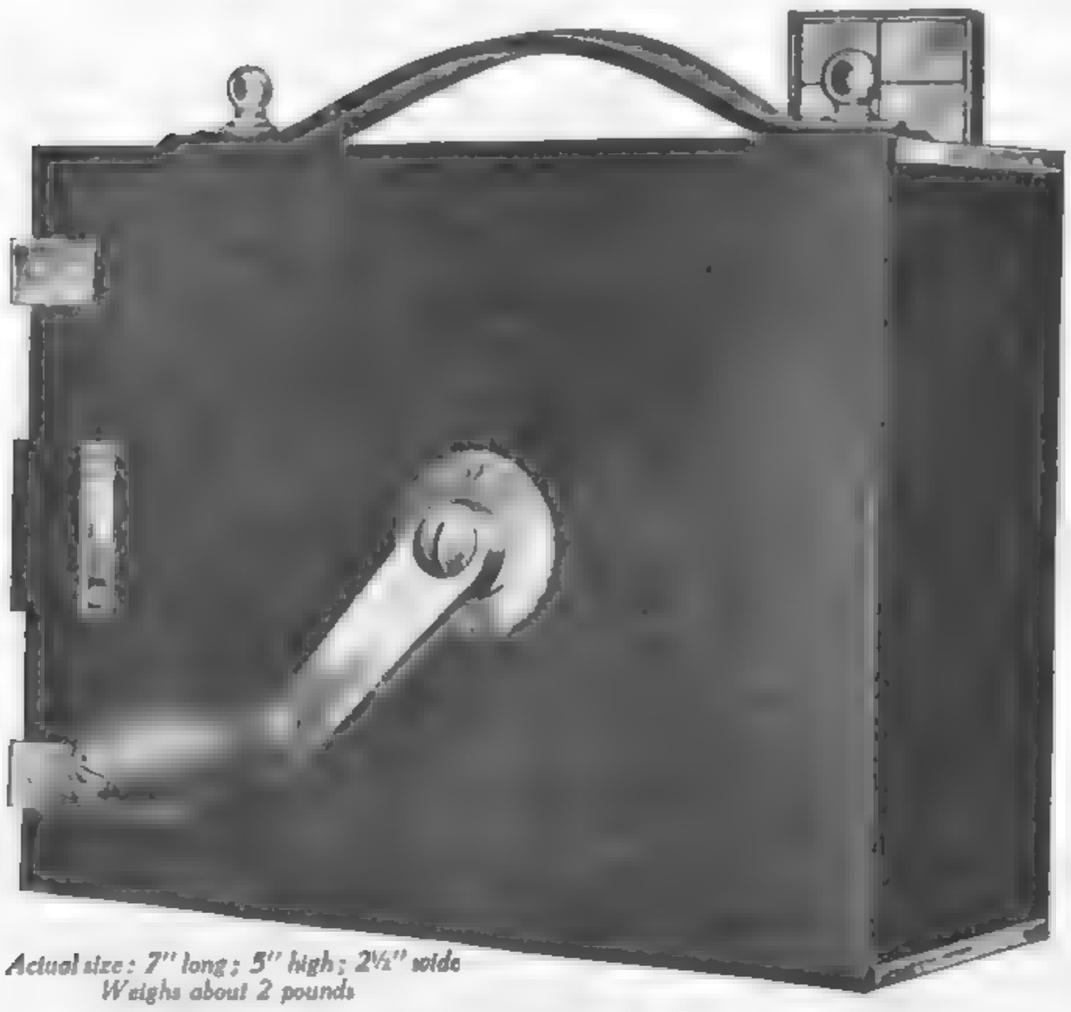
If your dealer should happen to be out of Bethlehem Five-Point, write us giving make and model of car; we will forward you a set designed for your particular needs.

THE SILVEX COMPANY
BETHLEHEM PRODUCTS
SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.
E. H. SCHWAB, President

Guaranteed for the Life of your Car

Make Your Own Movies!

Young American Inventor



Actual size: 7" long; 5" high; 2½" wide
Weighs about 2 pounds

Movette Moving Picture Camera

$29.75

Equal in performance to the best professional machine costing $1000 or more

Never mind his name WHAT HAS HE DONE? Why, he's turned the photographic business topsy-turvy. He's given the world a jolt—an invention to talk of for years to come. They all said **"IT CAN NEVER BE DONE." "BUT I'VE DONE IT"** says he.

To every man, woman and child in this land, he sends this message: "You've longed for it. You've waited for it—and **YOU SHALL HAVE IT.** What's more, you shall have it at a price that will make every dealer who ever sold a camera **GAPE** with astonishment. **HERE IT IS."**

A Perfect Moving Picture Camera for Everybody

Dealers! Here it is A camera that is amazing in simplicity and a miracle worker in performance. **A camera with 131 patent claims in it,** yet a child can operate it in less than a minute. A camera that gives **1600 snapshots for $1.50,** equal to two minutes of the best professional film. A camera so compact and light that it can be carried anywhere with pleasure. A camera that is **fool proof** to the user and **trouble proof** to the dealer. A camera mechanically perfect—it simply cannot be used the wrong way. A camera that will take the best moving pictures possible—32 living snapshots for **THREE CENTS.** Think of it! A camera that will

Storm the Nation's Stores with Buyers

Dealers! Golden opportunity never knocked so loud upon a merchant's door. Think of the money made daily in the **MOVING PICTURE** business! Think of the money **YOU CAN MAKE DAILY** in the moving picture **CAMERA** business! Think of the surprise, the enthusiasm, the demand when the people know they can make at pleasure or will **THEIR OWN MOVIES!** Think of something that hundreds or thousands of people in your town or city will want to buy—**and you selling it!** Think of this truly wonderful invention—a camera of absolute perfection that will take one foot of film, 32 living snapshots, for **THREE** cents, or 50 feet, 1600 snapshots, for $1.50, each one of which can be enlarged any size for another few cents. **HAS THERE EVER BEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS?** It is the free, high road to **money making** that will

Revolutionize the Camera Business!

Talk of profits Every merchant in the country could sell Movette Cameras and **YOU** would still do a big business. Camera Supply Houses—Stationery, Hardware, Drug and Department Stores—Sporting Goods and Talking Machine Dealers. Just these dealers to supply a nation with a **"scientific miracle"** everybody will insist on owning. **Talk of profits! Continuous profits!** This is a business in itself. We'll prove it to you. We'll show you what compounding profits really means. Those two little words, "per cent," never meant so much to you. Invention has made millions rich—here's one **placed on deposit** to your credit that will enrich **YOUR** business by adding another business to it.

Do it NOW! The answer is—Our output 1200 Movette Moving Picture Cameras a day. **Sign the coupon. Wire or write.**

DEALERS *MAIL THIS PROFIT INQUIRY COUPON!*

S E P 2-3-17

Movette Camera Corporation
Rochester, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: Please send me full particulars about the new fascinating Movette Moving Picture Camera Demonstration Outfits. Also a complete explanation of the profit possibilities in a Movette Agency.

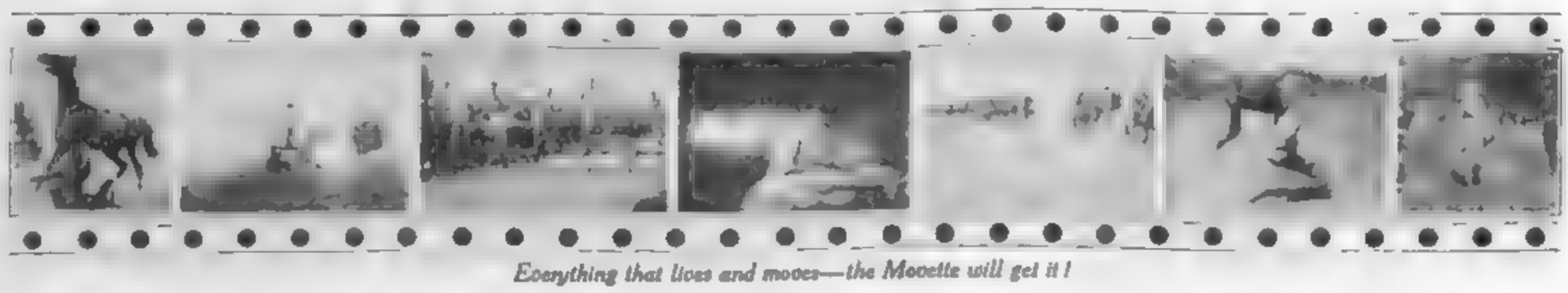
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MOVETTE CAMERA CORPORATION, 1165 UNIVERSITY AVENUE ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Largest Makers of Moving Picture Cameras in the World



Everything that lives and moves—the Movette will get it!

Make Your Own Movies!

Startles the Whole World!

A Miracle in a Metal Box

For everybody! Power to make anything that lives and moves **LIVE AND MOVE AGAIN.** Because **YOU will it, YOU wish it.** Power to say,—**LOOK!** Do you see that man, that woman, that child, that crowd, that event, that action, that living, moving scene? **I CAN MAKE THEM LIVE ALL OVER AGAIN.** And everybody can do it, because the **MYSTERY** has been taken out of the Movies forever. No more wondering **HOW IT'S DONE.** No more longing to **DO IT YOURSELF. DO IT.** It's yours—the mystery of it, the joy of it, the entertainment of it, the usefulness of it—the living picture that does everything but talk. **YOURS!** A scientific-wonder machine, so simple that a child can operate it in a minute. So marvelously efficient that if you paid a thousand dollars for a professional camera you **COULDN'T TAKE A BETTER PICTURE.**

THINK what this Invention means to you!

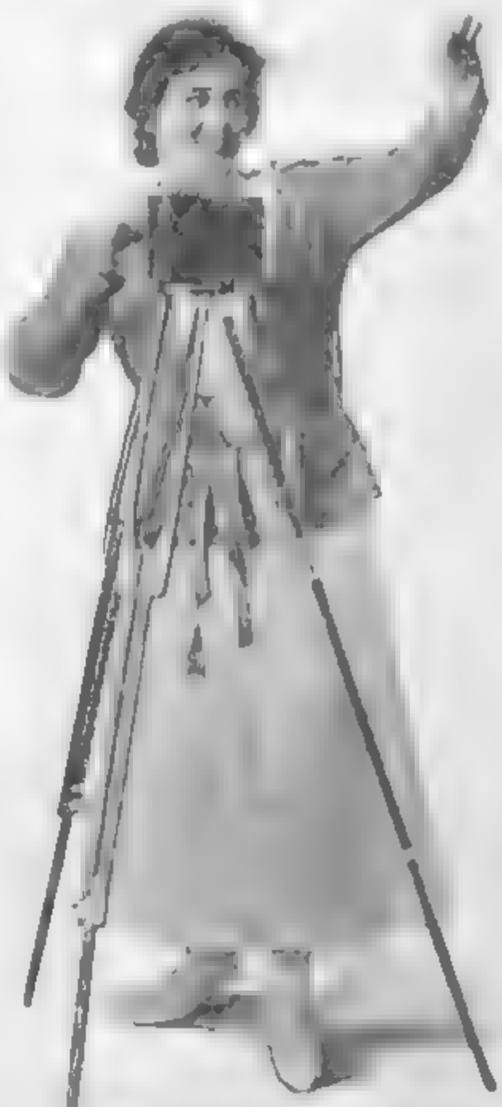
You know what the Movies have done to educate and entertain. **NOW YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN MOVIES IN YOUR OWN HOME.** You take pictorially anything that lives or moves right into your home—**TAKE IT—OWN IT.** You give the lifeless picture—**LIFE.** No more memory fadeaways, but living pictures. Would you see in years to come the mother or father who have left you? **LOOK!** They live on the screen before your eyes. You've conquered time, age, yes, perhaps the silence of the grave, with your Movette and its projector. Would you see again the dear kiddies who have grown up? **THERE THEY ARE!** Laughing, playing, care-free angels, bless them. Would you go back over the days, school days, vacation days, big days, momentous days? The Movette will give them back to you **ALIVE,** with happenings and meanings. Would you keep a history of your life, your loved ones' lives, your city's life? The marvelous Movette will keep it for you—give it back to you and yours in living moving pictures, and do all this for **less than the cost of ordinary photography.** This is the miracle of the Movette.

Movette uses are Universal

For boys and girls at school, at play, in study, education, entertainment, helpfulness, the Movette will **enrich their lives.** To the individual in any work, profession or environment the Movette will give **a myriad uses.** Everyone can use it everywhere. Clerk, mechanic, artisan, teacher, professor, lawyer, doctor, minister, lecturer, salesman, factory superintendents and manufacturers in a thousand lines of business, merchants, city police and fire departments, builders, inspectors, commissioners, soldiers, sailors. For every home, every trade, Y. M. C. A. workers, lodges, churches, Sunday schools, grammar and high schools, colleges, universities, all sports and athletics, hunting, fishing, tennis, football, rowing and sailing, swimming, automobiling, running and field sports. For fairs, vacations, entertainments, games. Events in town, city and country—the living world **AROUND** you and a live imagination **INSIDE** of you, the Movette Moving Picture Machine will serve for pleasure or profit.

Movette will get you!

There's a novelty, a quiet excitement, an enchantment about this masterpiece-invention **THAT WILL GET YOU.** It will bring your eyes closer to the beauty and wonder of life around you. It will stir the imagination. It will give knowledge to every owner. To go **"MOVETTE-ING" WILL BECOME A NATIONAL HABIT.** It will mean bringing home pictures that tell living stories. This miracle-working machine will strengthen family ties. It will make **home a treasure house of entertainment.** It will bring the great out of doors to the fireside. It will take the cost out of joyful living because a Movette will open the door to more simple and intense pleasures than can be imagined. The variety of **"what the owner can do with it"** is inexhaustible. It is at once a gift of science and invention unequalled since the talking machine—a possession **worth its weight in gold.**



Movette Will Get You

Every Dealer Sells it

Guarantee to Purchasers

We absolutely guarantee that the Movette Camera will make perfect moving pictures We will refund your money direct to you without question or equivocation if it does not do so.

MOVETTE CAMERA CORPORATION - ROCHESTER, N.Y.

You Can Buy It Everywhere

Startling low cost and lasting economy

go with the Movette Camera and each 50 feet of film. A thousand uses in every machine. Every picture a permanent entertainment for its first cost, and every picture paying a free, lasting dividend of joy as long as you care to keep and show the film. Soon **a library of living pictures**—your very own. Talk of Moving Picture and Camera economy! **32 PERFECT SNAPSHOTS TO A FOOT FOR THREE CENTS. 1600 SNAPSHOTS FOR $1.50.** Camera $29.75 and a lifetime service in it. Was there ever **ANYTHING** like this! It **IS** a miracle. A machine that can do **EVERYTHING BUT TALK.**

Movette Snap-a-graphs are perfect pictures

every time—all the time. No focusing—it's all done for you. No dark room necessary. Daylight loading and unloading. Films replaced in camera in a few seconds. You only have to turn the crank, and the Movette will get everything—get you with its wonderment, its uses, its pleasures—get you with its unlimited possibilities. This isn't a thousandth part of what the Movette Moving Picture Camera **WILL MEAN TO YOU.**

Write for this FREE book—Now!

Get an envelope—your pen—a spot of ink—a two cent stamp and **MAIL THIS COUPON NOW.**

MOVETTE CAMERA CORPORATION, 1163 UNIVERSITY AVENUE ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Largest Makers of Moving Picture Cameras in the World

The Movette gives your photographs LIFE!

NOW TEAR OUT SIGN AND MAIL TO-DAY!

S.E.P. 1-5-17

Movette Camera Corporation
Rochester, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN—I am interested in Movette. Will you kindly send me further details regarding the fascinating Movette Moving Picture Camera, with and your interesting new book, The Screen, the Wonder of It—FREE.

My Dealer's Name is _____

His Address is _____

My Name is _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 53)

"No," he told Edson very gravely; "I do not think as you do. This is a time to play safe!"

Thrilled by the visible signs of the sensation created by his words, he nodded toward the subdued customers and approached Dave Caldwell, the office manager.

"I say, Caldwell," began Shadd, not quite so courageously—"about the check ——"

"What check?" asked Caldwell, already trying to look as if it wasn't his fault.

"For my U. C. common."

"What about it, Mr. Shadd?"

"When can I have it?"

"You are not going to close your account with us, are you? I think there will be a lot of bargains on any further break ——"

The new Shadd thought of additional fortune winning, but the old Wilberforce thought of Mrs. Shadd and her fears and his peace of mind. The new Shadd, therefore, shook his head and said pleasantly to the office manager:

"Not yet a while, Caldwell."

So rare a bird is a stockbroker's customer who knows what to do without prodding that Caldwell nodded respectfully and paid Shadd the stupendous compliment of not urging him to trade. An office manager's object in life is to get orders out of customers. This man Shadd, however, dealt exclusively with cold facts, including the future course of the stock market. Still, he was a customer, from whom commissions should come.

As the manager's face reflected his indecision it occurred to Shadd that, though Francis T. Woodcock & Co. had sold his stock, Wilberforce Shadd might never see the cash. He could not see how Woodcock could steal his sixty thousand dollars and he did not actually expect it; but he feared it.

"When," he asked nonchalantly, "will you get the money for it?"

"Oh, we'll probably get the check to-day, sometime," replied Caldwell. "The buyer has until to-morrow at two-fifteen to pay up—just the same as with Stock Exchange transactions.

"But, say, Mr. Shadd, I think that if a man bought standard railroad stocks at this minute ——" He looked expectantly toward Mr. Shadd and instinctively reached for an order pad.

"That's all right, my boy," said Shadd.

He had decided that, before making any more money in Wall Street, he had better look at the color of what he had not yet received.

Also, he did not wish to hurt any feelings in this office, where everybody treated him so nicely; so he said paternally:

"You are a nice chap, Caldwell; but you are not—don't get huffy before you know what I'm going to say—you're not so old as you'll be at my age. Don't ask me to buy anything to-day!"

And Wilberforce Shadd walked out of the office moved by a sudden fear that David Caldwell and everybody else there might discover that he was bluffing, by means of words, looks and gestures—bluffing all the way through.

A spasm of honesty is liable to come to anyone. However, by the time he was halfway home his mind had reverted to thoughts of his wisdom and of the wealth that had come from his wisdom. He had bought at nine dollars and had sold at the top. He was worth sixty thousand dollars; and stocks were still going down, thereby increasing both the wisdom and the pleasure. He was completely successful! And yet, upon crossing the threshold of his own home, Wilberforce Shadd became uneasy.

II

MRS. SHADD was mending his socks. She had on spectacles—big imitation tortoise-shell goggles which gave her an owl-like aspect.

She saw him—empty-handed! She took off her goggles, as if she preferred not to see too clearly, and asked tremulously:

"Have you got the money?"

"No; I have not."

"Why not?"

"Because I couldn't get it."

She rose to her feet, her face pale, her eyes full of fear. He hastily explained:

"The buyer hasn't paid up yet."

"And you let the stocks go? Oh, Wilberforce!" she wailed like a child who is hurt.

"They have twenty-four hours in which to send a check." And he patted her back reassuringly, which naturally made her fear the worst.

"Yes; but the stock ——"

"When I get the check," said the adamantine Wilberforce, "they get the stock."

"Yes; but if they back out and don't send you a check, then you've lost the chance to sell it to somebody else, and ——"

"My dear, all business in Wall Street is done that way—with a nod of the head. A man says 'I'll take it,' and it's as good as a certified check."

"Are you sure about this particular man?" She looked at him eagerly, clutching at that blessed straw.

"Positive!" he replied with such assurance that even she could not disbelieve.

No longer doubting her husband or the buyer, but having to doubt her luck after all her dark years, she did not ask—she asserted: "Of course you didn't get the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars." There was a pause. She looked away and asked faintly: "Did you?"

"No," he answered slowly; "I did not."

She seemed instantly to deflate, with a pathetic nonblaming sort of sigh. He went on quickly:

"I got more than fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars."

"Wilberforce!" She jumped to her feet.

"I got," he told her proudly, "sixty thousand dollars!"

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she repeated.

"That means three hundred dollars a month as long as we live, without having to work or sweat or stew. We're rich, old lady!"

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she said, and threw herself into his arms.

Once there, she began to sob softly. After all, he was a man and this was the woman he had sworn to protect. He understood, first, why he had married her, and then why he had humored her all these married years. It had made him a coward to love her; but he wasn't a coward now, though he loved her.

"My dear," he said playfully, in order not to say it tearfully, "are you sorry we didn't lose the money?"

"N-no," she sobbed, concerned only with her own emotions.

"Well, there's no sense in crying over our being rich. Cheer up. The worst is yet to come!"

"How do you mean?" she gasped. She knew it!

"Well, we've got to invest the money"

"That's easy," she retorted, relieved. "Put it where it will be entirely safe and bring you in as much as possible. That way, before you know it, you'll have a lot saved up and getting interest on that."

"It's as easy as all that, isn't it?" smiled Wilberforce Shadd, veteran investor.

"Are you sarcastic?" asked Mrs. Shadd, not wishing to ask "Am I an idiot?" The tone of voice was the same.

"Oh, I merely wondered whether we were going to have war with Germany over the sinking of the Lusitania; and, if we did, what would happen to stocks and bonds."

"We don't have to buy any."

"Oh, yes, we have," contradicted Shadd in a voice that already was convictionless.

"I was talking to Mr. Marshall about this money ——"

"But you didn't know whether I'd be able to sell or not," objected Shadd.

"I knew you'd sell," she said, "because we needed the money. So I told Mr. Marshall that a friend of mine was asking me what she ought to invest some money in, and he said he'd advise her to buy New Jersey house-lots. He said they were bound to go up in price." She looked at him with an air of business.

"How can he guarantee that?" sneered Shadd.

"The idea," she explained very earnestly, "is this: You buy ——"

"I buy nothing!"

"You buy the lot," pursued Mrs. Shadd, who had inflicted stone-deafness upon herself, wife-fashion, "for one thousand dollars. Then you hold it ——"

"You bet you do!" hastily agreed Wilberforce.

"—— until it's worth three thousand dollars. Then you sell it; and you don't get any cash ——"

"You bet you don't!" again agreed Mr. Shadd.

"—— but you leave it on mortgages, because that way the buyer will put up a five-thousand-dollar house on your lot and you get a mortgage for your three thousand dollars at six per cent, which is as much as you are allowed to get. And your security is the lot and a five-thousand-dollar house on top of it; so you get a hundred and eighty dollars a year for every thousand dollars you invest now. So that if you buy sixty lots for sixty thousand dollars you get —— How much do you get?"

"You get left!" said Shadd, desperately humorous.

"Figure it out for me, dear," said Mrs. Shadd very seriously and still deaf.

"Don't you know how to multiply one hundred and eighty by sixty?"

"You have the lead pencil, dear." She pointed to Mr. Shadd's waistcoat pocket.

Mr. Shadd took a lead pencil out of that same pocket and held it toward his wife, who rose, got a sheet of paper from the desk, and gave it to him.

"I won't do it!" he said determinedly. He multiplied one hundred and eighty by sixty. Then, as he read over his figures, he said, much less angrily: "It's ten thousand eight hundred."

"What?"

"Dollars."

"For how long?"

"A year."

"Oh, Wilberforce! What will we do with ten thousand eight hundred dollars a year? We'll be sure to have bad luck in something else! Of course if we did not spend it all for luxuries, but saved ——"

"Before you spend any of it at all, find out whether you are going to have it to spend. Did you figure on the loss of interest in all the years the lots are going to be unsold? And then, how much will you have to pay for taxes and improvements, sewers, and streets, and ——"

"Oh, no! All improvements and titles are guaranteed, and ——"

"Who told you all this?"

"Mr. Marshall, the real-estate man who married Esther Lillie. He said ——"

"I know what I'd have said ——" began Wilberforce.

"And so I told him I'd bring the money ——"

"What money?" angrily cut in Wilberforce.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Why, our money, that we got from selling the stock you bought. I told him I'd bring it in to-morrow."

"Well then, you just untell him!" Shadd snarled. His upper lip was drawn back until his teeth showed. He looked like a mother-wolf fighting for her cubs. "We'll invest that money—that I made—in good safe bonds and gilt-edged dividend-paying stocks. If we can't get six per cent on all our securities we'll get five per cent. Three thousand a year is good enough for any white person. No bother; no waiting for your interest; no tales of woe to listen to if the mortgagor can't pay; no foreclosure proceedings and loss of time; and no lawyer's fees to eat up in one week your entire profits of six years! Bonds and stocks!"

There was much in what he said, but all she heard was his tone of voice. Her eyes, therefore, filled with tears.

"I—I—kn-knew it would bring bad luck. You are di-different already. Just because I said Mr. Marshall said lots were the safest! I saw a picture of them. It was a photograph; so it was not a fake picture, to fool buyers with. And I know, if we put the money in the lots ——"

"My money in your lots?" sneered Shadd.

Mrs. Shadd drew in a deep breath. This was what people meant by the curse of money. It had made a miser of Shadd. But she explained forgivingly:

"Our money in our lots."

"Oh, indeed!" The politeness in Mr. Shadd's voice was inexcusable.

"You took our savings," she reminded him. "You know how I kept at you ——"

"Yes; until I was a complete ——" He stopped. It would kill her to know the truth.

"And I wasn't satisfied with Mr. Marshall's advice," she went on accusingly; "so I telephoned to Mr. Warren that you and I would be in to see him in a day or two. He said he didn't take divorce cases, but that he'd listen to what we had to say. So I said it was not a case of divorce or separation, and that we'd be at his office at four o'clock to-day or to-morrow."

"I'm going to be very busy," said Shadd.

"And Wilberforce, dear, I'd like to go to the movies to-night—please! They've got a new play at the Universal by that man who writes the Wall Street stories I don't understand. I'd like you to explain it to me. I want you to have a nice time; so you can begin to enjoy your sixty thousand dollars ——"

"H'm!" muttered Shadd, realizing that a great fortune can turn to ashes in the mouth of the married possessor.

"I don't wish you to do anything you don't feel like doing," she pursued meekly.

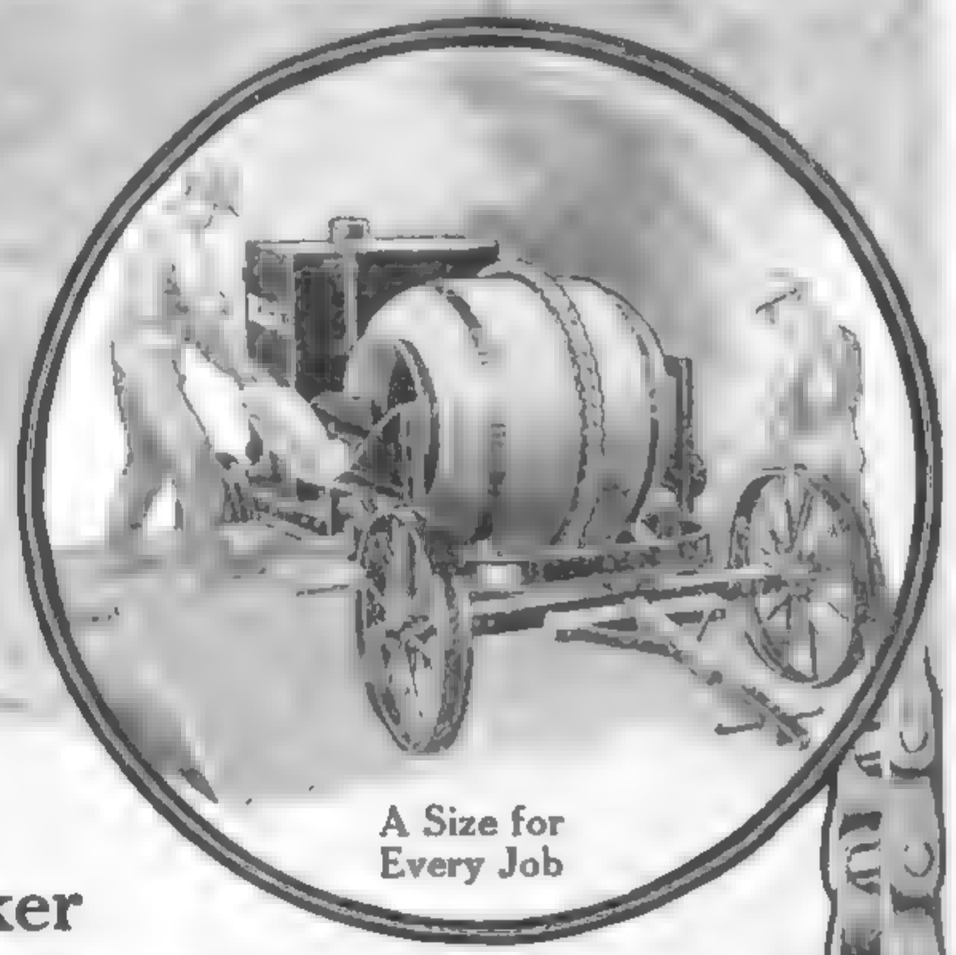
"Oh, I'll take you; I'll take you," he said.

But no Jersey lots for him!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

REX MIXER

For PERMANENCE in CONCRETE



A Size for Every Job

How a Chain Maker Affected the Cement Industry

C. W. Levalley's life, like that of all great achievers, is the story of an ideal. At the age when most men are ready to retire from business Mr. Levalley made his [illegible] industry [illegible] to be had spent his life with manufacturers of chain [illegible] machinery. It was his determination to make a better chain than was yet known.

Mr. Levalley twenty-five years later [illegible] business [illegible] Principle which Mr. Levalley's chain [illegible] with the chain, was his belief [illegible] of their quality Mr. Levalley began their manufacture. Chains for elevators and conveyors, concrete mixers and traveling water screens, illustrate the fields into which [illegible]

The Rex Concrete Mixer illustrates Mr. Levalley's foresight. Years ago he saw the coming importance of concrete construction. He believed that the success of concrete would depend largely upon the way it was mixed, and that the mixing process must be made as reliable and standard as the recording of time by good watches. His experience proved that a chain-driven mixer would best give that reliability so essential. He was right—success has come.

The sureness, the economy, the efficient mixing of the chain-driven Rex Mixer have brought it national prestige. "Rex" on a concrete mixer means that every part is made with the same care as the chain which built this great industry. Practically every part of the Rex Concrete Mixer is made by the Chain Belt Company, Milwaukee.

The Rex Mixer is made in a number of sizes from 4 cubic feet capacity up, to meet the needs of any contractor. It has a steel frame, steel truck, and cast semi-steel drum. Friction clutch, chilled semi-steel rollers, steel housing over the gasoline engine, are more items that show how thoroughly the Rex Mixer is equipped with "best" materials. Every gasoline-driven Rex Mixer is equipped with a Rex Engine.

Rex Mixers meet the needs of all contractors, regardless of their requirements. Often one Rex Mixer is the entire concrete equipment of a contractor in a small town. The biggest contractors in America are today using many Rex Mixers. On big jobs it is not unusual to find ten or a dozen Rex Mixers scattered about mixing the concrete where it is needed.

You cannot buy a better mixer than the Rex. They have demonstrated their ability to mix concrete properly and at a maximum speed. You can count on Rex Mixers giving you their rated amount of work day after day. In regard to the construction, economy of operation and initial price, they have every advantage that you naturally look for in choosing your mixer equipment.

Attention of the public—Concrete must be machine mixed to insure strength, permanence, economy. Your contractor must employ the [illegible] *how* it is mixed

One of the Rex Mixers owned by Nash Bros., Chicago, at work on Chicago's $60,000,000 sanitary improvements.

Dealers' Attention—In towns and cities where we are not already represented, there is a big opportunity for reliable agents to sell Rex Mixers [illegible]

One of the Rex Paving Mixers on the good roads in Wisconsin. Lehman Bros., Watertown, Wis., owners.

Write Today for the Rex Catalog, It's Free

You need a Rex Mixer whether you want to mix a few hundred or many thousand yards of concrete. Remember, the Rex is made in different sizes. There is a Rex for the smallest job and a Rex for the largest. There is a Rex for every kind of concrete work. Send today, then, for the complete, fully illustrated Rex Mixer Catalog E which will show you every model. It is free.

CHAIN BELT COMPANY

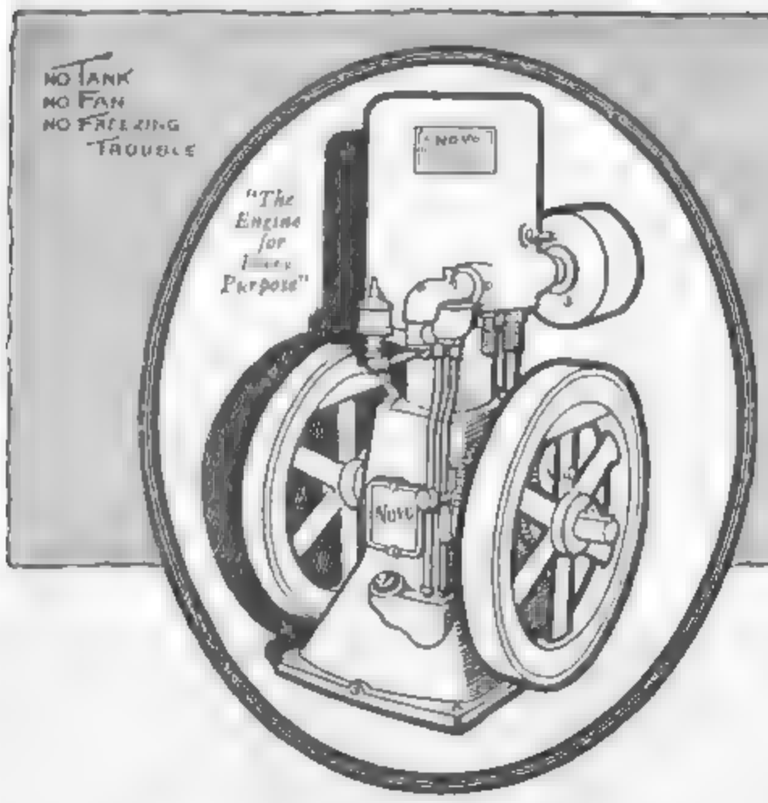
749 Park Street **Milwaukee, Wis.**

Here are a few of our products. Look for the name "REX" on them.

Chains for elevating, conveying and transmission	Malleable Elevator Buckets
Sprocket Wheels—Gears	Concrete Mixers
Shaft Couplings and Collars	Paving Mixers
	Traveling Water Screens

Write for interesting booklet on any of these

Be sure to look for this trade-mark— REX —when you buy any equipment listed above



NOVO ENGINES and OUTFITS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

If You Pay for Power— Know the Truth About It

A contractor who didn't know material and labor costs would soon go broke. And the same thing is getting to be true about power costs.

You can't go on using just any power for concrete mixing, hoisting, pumping and compressing. You've got to use the most economical, as well as the most reliable power.

The mixer manufacturers had to solve the power problem. On their own responsibility they had to install some kind of power as regular equipment. If the power failed, their whole outfits might be condemned. After subjecting all forms of power to the most brutal, racking tests known, eight out of every ten manufacturers have adopted Novo Engines as their Standard Power.

When you multiply the advantages of the Novo Engines on your mixers by the number you can use on all other equipment, you will have introduced the biggest economy possible in your business—Standardized Power. You won't be troubled by city regulations on boilers. You won't have heavy coal bills, big moving expenses, nor a long pay-roll of licensed help. You won't have to buy different motors to meet varying conditions.

No other form of power is more reliable than the Novo. The Novo Engine is simple, compact, self-contained, with practically no working parts exposed. It is of the vertical type, with fuel in the base and water in the cooling hopper. Positively guaranteed against freezing damage. Runs anything, anywhere, that requires less than 20 H. P. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, alcohol or distillate.

You will standardize your power the day you see the light. It pays the biggest contractors in America. It will pay you. There are 75 Novo Outfits—Hoists, Pumps, Air Compressors, Saw Rigs, etc.

Our book, ***"Standardized Power,"*** tells the whole story. Get a copy from one of the firms mentioned here, or write us. Feel free to write to our Engineering Department any time for real expert help on your most difficult power problems.

NOVO ENGINE CO. 711 Willow Street
Clarence E. Bement, Sec. & Gen. Mgr. Lansing, Michigan

Chicago Office: Lytton Building Minneapolis Office: 517–519 No. Third Street
European Office: Edgar Backlund, Representative, 13–14 Broad Street House, New Broad Street, London, E. C.

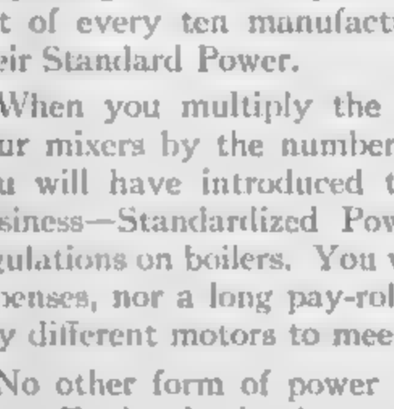


Figure 172—Novo Type "D H." Double Drum Hoist.

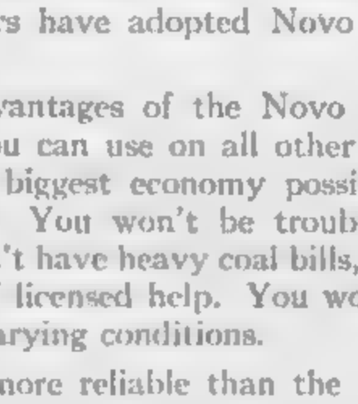


Figure 268—Novo Pyram d Force Pumping Outfit.

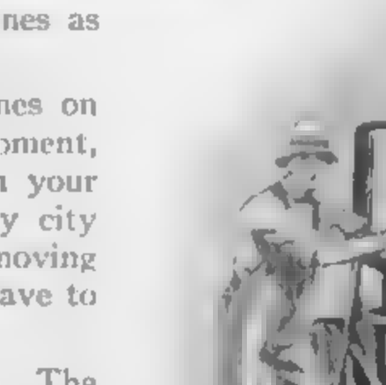


Figure 265—Novo Chain Driven Centrifugal Pumping Outfit.

Figure 134—Novo Portable Saw Rig No. 1.

POWER

These Manufacturers Know Power—

They know the advantages of standardized power. They know the necessity of dependable power. They know that the power is a vital part of their machine—that the best piece of power machinery is worthless when the power fails. They eliminate as far as possible the chance of power failure by equipping their machines with the Reliable Novo Engine.

Chain Belt Company, Milwaukee, Wis.—Rex Mixer
T. L. Smith Company, Milwaukee, Wis.—Smith Mixer
Keystone Mfg. Co., Cambridge Springs, Pa.—Keystone Mixer
The American Cement Machine Co., Keokuk, Iowa—Ross Mixer
Oshkosh Mfg. Co., Oshkosh, Wis.—Oshkosh Mixer
Ideal Concrete Machinery Co., Cincinnati, Ohio—Ideal Mixer
Standard Scale & Supply Co., Pittsburg, Pa.—The Standard Mixer
Municipal Engineering Company, Chicago—Cube Mixer
Ransome Concrete Machinery Co., Dunellen, N. J.—Ransome Mixer
Lansing Company, Lansing, Michigan—Lansing Mixer
Wega Concrete Machinery Co., Minneapolis, Minn.—The New Way Mixer
Waterloo Cement Machinery Corp'n, Waterloo, Ia.—Wonder Yen Paver
Republic Iron Works, Tecumseh, Mich.—Keystone Mixer
Milwaukee Concrete Mixer Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Mixer
Sterling Machinery Co., Inc., La Crescent, Minn.—Sterling Mixer
Marsh Capron Mfg. Co., Chicago—Marsh Capron Mixer
Chicago Builders Specialties Co., Chicago—Little Devil Mixer
Ransome Mixer Co., A. W. Ransome, Gen. Mgr., New York City
Olson Concrete Mixer Co., Elkhorn, Wis.
The Knickerbocker Co., Jackson, Mich.—Coltrin Mixer
Elite Mfg. Co., Ashland, Ohio—Low Down Mixer
The Keal Machine Co., Kent, Ohio—Kent Mixer
Fowling & Harnischfeger Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—Back Fillers
The Parsons Co., Newton, Ia.—Back Fillers
Oshkosh Mfg. Co., Oshkosh, Wis.—Back Fillers
Waterloo Cement Machinery Corp.—Back Fillers
Acme Road Machinery Co., Frankfort, N. Y.—Car Unloaders

Manufacturers' Agents—Call on the one nearest you

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Birmingham—*McClary & Jamison Machy. Co., Keystone Mixer, Engineering Co.
Mobile—*McGowin Lyons Hardware Co.

ARKANSAS

Little Rock—*Reuf D. Schaad, Sales Service & Gravel Co. (Smith)

CALIFORNIA

San Jose—*Bean Spray Pump Co. Los Angeles—[illegible] E. Dwan (Oshkosh), [illegible] Ideal, D. G. Bevis & Co., San Francisco—[illegible] crete Machinery Co. (Ransome), Lansing Company (Lansing), A. L. Young Machy. Co., [illegible] Electrical Works (Keystone and Ideal), American Cement Machine Co. (Boss), J. H. Maneer & Co. (Cube)

COLORADO

Denver—*H. W. Moore & Co., C. J. Pearson Mchy. Co. (Rex), T. B. Burnite (Smith), Intermountain Contractors' Equipment Co. [illegible] (Rex), Geo. W. Stevens & Co. (Oshkosh), The H. N. Steinhauer Co. (Cube), S. G. Elbe (Rex).

CONNECTICUT

Hartford—*Hartford Contractors' Supply Co. (Standard).

FLORIDA

De Land—*J. Gilson (Ideal), Jacksonville—*J. G. Christopher & Co., Cameron & Barkley (Rex), Tampa—H. M. Lott & Co. (Smith), West Coast Co. (Ideal),

GEORGIA

Atlanta—[illegible] Machy. Co. (Boss), Ransome Concrete Machinery Co. (Ransome), Columbus—T. P. Looser (Cube)

IDAHO

Pocatello—Pocatello Engineering Co. (Rex)

ILLINOIS

Chicago—*Novo Engine Company, *Crear Adams & Co., *Barrett Christie Co., *E. H. Hyland & Company, Mayo & Tallman, [illegible] Scully Jones & Co. (Keystone), Oshkosh Mfg. Co. (Local office—Oshkosh), American Cement Machine Co. (Boss), O. T. Carpenter & Co. (Ideal), Ideal Concrete Mchy. Co. (Ideal), W. D. Looser Co. (Rex), Lansing Company (Lansing), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), [illegible] & Supply Co. (Standard), Decatur—*Leader Iron Works.

INDIANA

Indianapolis—*Bock Equipment Co. (Boss), Stover-Longley Constr. Equip. [illegible] Marion—*Marion Machine Fdry. & Supply Co. Madison—Wm. Ogden (Rex), Vincennes—*Buck & Boyd.

IOWA

Woodburn—*E. L. Marun, Des Moines—*Globe Machinery & Supply Co., Contractors' Material Co. (Rex)

KENTUCKY

Louisville—*Roy C. Whayne Supply Co. (Milwaukee), [illegible] Smith), Dehler Bros. (Oshkosh), T. L. Barrett (Rex).

LOUISIANA

New Orleans—*Woodward, Wight & Co., [illegible] & Co. (Smith), Orr E. Olsen and Engineering Ideals, A. Baldwin [illegible]

MARYLAND

Baltimore—*Standard Scale & Supply Co. (Standard), Jewel Supply & Equipt. Co., Milwaukee), John C. Louis (Boss), Henry H. Meyer Co. (Rex)

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—*P. J. Perkins Co. (Smith) [illegible] Iron Works, *Central Supply Co. Cambridge [illegible]

MICHIGAN

Detroit—*W. H. Anderson Tool & Supply Co. [illegible] name), J. A. McCall [illegible] Koch, F. M. Leach (Ideal), E. C. Mosher [illegible] Kuhn (Rex), Saginaw—*Sullivan Supply Co. Grand Rapids—*The Kellogg Buringame Co. Palmyra—E. H. VanWey (Ideal)

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis—*Novo Engine Company, Wm. H. Haas Co. (Milwaukee), Thorman W. Kimball Co. (Keystone), Minneapolis Equipment Co. (Oshkosh), H. K. Erickson Co. (Boss), Lansing Company (Lansing), Wm. H. Zieger (Rex), St. Paul—*Raymer Howe Co. (Smith)

MISSOURI

Kansas City—*Victor L. Phillips, Ransome Hardware Co. (Smith), King Supply & Equipment Co. (Oshkosh), American Cement Machine Co. (Boss), J. P. Sprague Co. (Rex), Lansing Company (Lansing), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), St. Louis—*Geo. P. Smith (Smith), Blake C. Howard (Milwaukee), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), Joplin—H. E. Burkhardt [illegible]

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson—Clark Building Material Company (Rex)

MONTANA

Billings—Billings Hardware Co. (Smith), F. B. Connolly Co. (Cube), Butte—Anaconda Copper Mining Co. (Smith).

NEBRASKA

Omaha—*C. B. Bowman Hardware Co. (Smith), *Standish Equipment Co. (Boss), H. I. Purcell (Ideal), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), Redmon Distl Co. (Rex)

NEVADA

Reno—Nevada Eng. & Supply Co. (Rex).

NEW YORK

Buffalo—*H. B. Trevor Co., Henry W. Littlefield (Cube), New York City—*Standard Scale & Supply Co., C. H. Dodge & Co. [illegible] Co. (Boss, Wm. J. Cullen Smith), Dodge & Dodge (Oshkosh), E. B. Kelley Co. (Keystone) [illegible] *Rex, F. W. [illegible] Syracuse—*W. D. Dunning [illegible] Co. (Milwaukee), Rochester—[illegible] Owego—*Leader Iron Works

NORTH CAROLINA

Winston Salem—*Koster Machy. Co. Greensboro—J. D. Watkins (Smith)

OHIO

Akron—*The Hardware & Supply Co. Cincinnati—*Queen City Supply Co. (Smith), [illegible] Machy. Co. (Keystone), Wm. T. Johnston Rex, Worthington Mach. Co. (Oshkosh), Cleveland—*W. M. Pattison Supply Co., Chas. A. Hastings (Rex), M. Kenna Co. (Boss), Ransome Concrete Machy. Co. (Ransome), Standard Scale & Supply Co. (Standard), [illegible] Dayton—*M. D. Lucas Supply Co. (Ideal), Machine [illegible] Bros. Machine Works, Toledo—*National Supply Co., W. A. Kuhlman Smith), Columbus—Good Roads Supply Co. (Oshkosh), Sobert Milburn Co. (Smith), Sykes & Coffin [illegible]

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City—*J. S. Wynn Co. (Milwaukee) [illegible]

OREGON

Portland—*Contractors' Equipment Co. (Smith), Howard Cooper Corp. (Cube), Loggers & Contractors Machy. Co. (Rex)

PENNSYLVANIA

Kane—*Kane Supply Co. Philadelphia—*J. Jacob Shaw, A. A. Smith, *Standard Scale & Supply Co. (Standard), Lansing Co. [illegible] and Supply & Equipment Co. [illegible] Pittsburg—*Standard Scale & Supply Co. (Standard), [illegible] Smith), Contractors' Machy. & Supply Co. (Oshkosh), Engineering & Equipment Co. (Cube), H. B. [illegible] Co. (Ransome), Ward Equip. Co. [illegible] Erie—Erie Supply & Mfg. Co. (Ideal)

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia—*Gibbes Machy. Co. Charleston—Cameron & McAulay Co. (Rex), Darlington—A. Reeser (Ideal).

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga—*Mills & Lupton, *Robt. H. Nixon (Oshkosh and Rex) [illegible] *Summers Parrot Hardware Co. Knoxville—*The Grace Co. [illegible] Memphis—[illegible] Road Machy. Co. (Cube), Wilson-Ingram Co. (Oshkosh)

TEXAS

Dallas—*W. A. Browning (Standard), Chas. Jackson Co. (Cube), Dallas Mill & Supply Co. (Smith), Sam'l Elsberry (Rex) & Paso—*Dan A. Carpenter & Co., Kraemer Zork & Moyes (Cube), Milwaukee and Ide Rathbun Mix. Co. (Smith), Austin—Walter Tips (Ideal), Houston—Barnes, Rice & [illegible] Hartmann Co. (Rex), H. A. Paine (Smith), W. L. Mc[illegible] & Sons (Cube), San Antonio—J. H. Kampmann Co. (Rex), Fort Worth—Arthur S. [illegible]

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Salt Lake City—*Lander & Co. (Cube), Culmer Co. (Ideal), C. H. Jones Co. (Rex), F. C. Richmond Machy. Co. (Oshkosh),

VIRGINIA

Norfolk—General Utilities Co. (Oshkosh) [illegible] Richmond [illegible] Smith Courtney Co. (Boss)

WASHINGTON

Seattle—Hofius Steel & Equipment Co. (Boss), Contractors' Equipment Co. (Smith), E. P. Jamison (Milwaukee), F. T. Crowe & Co. (Rex & Keystone), Spokane—*Hofius Steel & Equipment Co. (Boss).

W. VIRGINIA

Charleston—*Capital City Supply Co. Huntington—*Miller Supply Co. (Smith)

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee—*C. H. Marker & Co. (Smith), Ramsey & Ramsey (Cube), B. Van Vechten [illegible]

CUBA

Habana—*J. F. Bermudez & Co. (Standard), [illegible] Bros. Co., Albert Mahony (Smith)

CANADA

Aylmer, Ontario—*Aylmer Pump & Scale Co. Montreal, Quebec—*Watson Jack & Co. Winnipeg, Manitoba—*Kelly Powell, Ltd. (Cube), Dominion Equipment & Supply Co., John Kilvert Co. (Milwaukee), Vancouver, B. C.—B. C. Equipment Co., Dominion Equipment & Supply Co. (Rex), St. John's, Newfoundland—*John Barnes & Co. Toronto, Ont.—A. A. Scully (Cube and [illegible]

AUSTRALIA

Sydney—*Wm. J. Hewett. Melbourne—British Australasian Metal Co. (Milwaukee)

Write any concern listed on this page for a copy of the Novo Book, "Standardized Power"

* The asterisk (*) before agents' names indicates that they are NOVO distributors and handle a complete line of NOVO Engines and Outfits

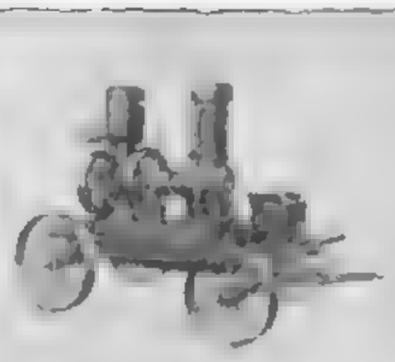


Figure 276—Novo Portable Air Compressor Outfit.

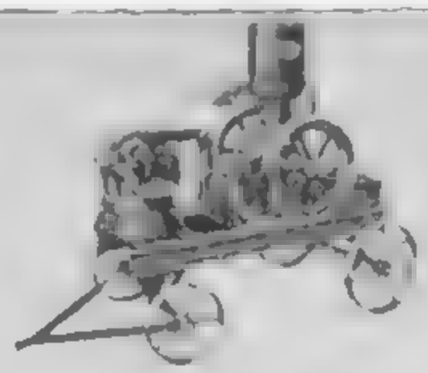


Figure 173—Novo Diaphragm Pumping Outfit.

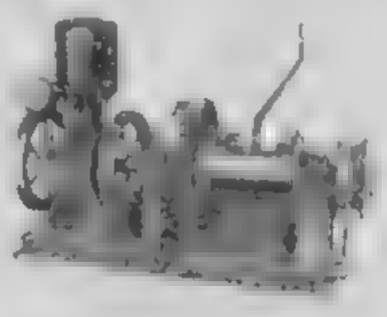


Figure 1447—Novo Type "T" Reversible Hoist.

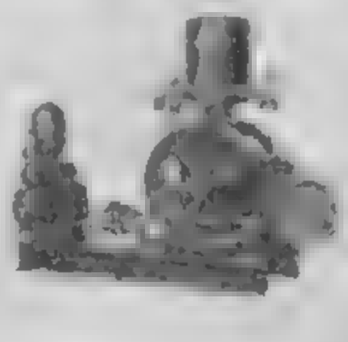


Figure 14139—Novo Type "U" High Pressure Pumping Outfit.

How Hudson Super-Six Saved the Six

A Review of the Crisis in Motordom

Only engineers knew it, but a year ago a crisis impended in Motordom. The light-weight Six—long the favorite type—seemed waning in popularity. The trend was toward Eights and Twelves. It appeared for a time that certain limitations might force the Six out of the field. Note how the Super-Six reversed that condition.

For years the Light Six was the leading type. Hudson was its foremost exponent.

It was so much smoother than former types that enthusiasts called it finality.

But it never fulfilled expectations. It nowhere near ended vibration. It won hardly a record. About every performance record that counted—save a few won by V-types—was still held by Fours.

Multi-Cylinders Came

At that juncture Hudson engineers—and numerous others—began to build V-type motors. That is, two Fours or two Sixes so set at angles as combat the Six limitations.

The trouble, remember, with all the types then known, lay in excessive vibration. That caused friction and wear. It lessened power and endurance. The object of the new types—the Eights and Twelves—was to minimize that waste.

Numerous upper-grade cars adopted them. The Hudson shop had its V-types perfected. For a time it seemed that the fate of the Six was sealed.

Then Came the Super-Six

But early in 1915 Hudson engineers discovered the cause of motor vibration. And they set out to remedy it in a new, mathematical way.

In June they applied for a patent. In December the patent was granted. It gave Hudson control of a basic invention which solved the problems better than anyone had dreamed.

It added 80 per cent to the efficiency of the best Six ever built. That is, to its power and endurance. It gave the new Six—the Super-Six—a supremacy too great to be questioned.

The First Year's Result

The Hudson Super-Six has been on the market a year now. It has won all worth-while records—that is, records made with a stock motor. In speed, power and endurance, in hill-climbing and quick acceleration, it has out-performed all other types. It won the chief record—the 24-hour record—by a margin of 52 per cent.

It twice broke all endurance records in a round trip from San Francisco to New York. It ran 7000 miles at over 80 miles an hour without showing any wear on the bearings.

It has gained the supreme place in Motordom. It has come to outsell any other front-rank car. It is now out-performing all rival cars for 25,000 owners.

Today every man who seeks the best in a fine car must choose the Hudson Super-Six.

Not Like Other Sixes

But don't confuse the Super-Six with Sixes of the old type. The Super-Six is a unique type—a basic invention, controlled by Hudson patents. It differs from other Sixes more than Eights or Twelves do.

Some makers abandoned the V-types because of the Super-Six. The added cylinders seemed useless additions when the Super-Six so excelled.

But no other Six is like the Super-Six. Our patents prevent approach.

A New Gasoline Saver

This year we add to the Super-Six another exclusive advantage. It is a gasoline saver, remarkably effective. At a nominal cost it can be added to any Hudson Super-Six.

And our latest bodies, in every style, are masterpiece productions. They are built to match the Super-Six supremacy.

Phaeton,	7-passenger, $1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster,	2-passenger, 1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet,	3-passenger, 1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HOW MUCH AND WHO GETS IT

(Concluded from Page 19

the form of rent, interest and dividends was turned over to labor the wage-earners' share would be increased only about one-half, which would bring the average wage to little over seventy dollars a month—still very decidedly too low for any scheme of living Penfield would be willing to accept.

Turning to the Interstate Commerce Commission's reports on railroads, Penfield found substantially the same situation. If capital got nothing at all, its total share being handed over to labor, the pay roll would be increased little over one-half. In other words, as with manufactures, about two dollars went to labor for one that went to capital. Excluding general officers and other officers—that is, the higher-salaried class—and beginning with clerks, there were, in round numbers, a million seven hundred thousand employees who received wages amounting to one and a third billion dollars. As railroads employ few women and child laborers, while a considerable part of this labor is highly skilled, well organized and relatively well paid, the average wage here is about eight hundred dollars a year. Interest on funded debt and dividends on capital stock amounted to seven hundred and fifty million dollars, or fifty-six per cent of the pay roll after excluding the higher-salaried employees.

Manufactures and railroads employed, in round numbers, at the date of the latest reports, ten million people. Assume that all the capital invested in them was owned by the rich, and suppose the total share of the rich was distributed to labor, leaving nothing whatever for capital; then labor's share might be increased about one-half. But even the Socialists, Penfield found, were not agreed upon outright confiscation of capital.

Moreover, a large and rapid increase in wages would, no doubt, involve a rise in prices; so labor's living would cost more. He didn't see how any scheme of distribution would increase labor's real share more than a quarter or a third; which brought him round again to the former conclusion that too little income was an even deeper trouble than faulty distribution of such income as there was; in short, that the country, though relatively rich—being much richer than any other—was positively poor.

Of course he ran across the famous doctrine of Malthus, that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence, and in a well-settled country the only way to heighten the well-being of the common man decisively is to have fewer of him. He learned that this doctrine was accepted as Gospel truth for a generation or so; then, for a long time, was assaulted and derided on all sides, while its exact opposite—namely, that mankind's chief duty consisted in breeding, regardless of consequences—was proclaimed by nearly all those who assumed social leadership. But latterly, he found—with human life so cheap and superfluous that Europe could devote her best energies for two and a half years to destroying it—the Malthusian doctrine was receiving more respectful consideration. Not only were some sober economists urging it anew but some irrepressible women were preaching on forbidden texts at the risk of going to jail.

The Measure of New Wealth

But to Penfield's mind well-being was something more than income. Whenever he and his acquaintances, discussing a given man, said he was "getting ahead," they almost always meant he was saving something, accumulating something. He knew that increases in wages, salary or profits might be canceled by increased cost of living. When he figured up at the end of a year the only thing he counted as a solid gain was the excess of income over outgo—what he had saved.

The economists told him that was highly important for the nation too—which simply means all the individual citizens taken together. Under any possible scheme, Socialist or other, if the country wanted to increase its production of wealth and its true well-being, it must save some of its income to build better plants, more railroads, more ships, and so on; also, to get better houses, parks, roads, libraries, and the like.

He found that Sir George Paish estimated the income of the people of the United States at thirty-five billion dollars—which, allowing for the difference in dates, would be about in line with Professor King's estimate of thirty billions—and their total savings at seven billions against about two billions for England before the war. But that evidently included increase in land values, which struck Penfield as a very dubious item.

Every normal year, for example, the market value of city land is marked up by some hundreds of millions of dollars—not because there is any more of it, or that it is really more useful, but because there is a greater demand for it. In actual experience it means that far the greater part of the city population pays more rent, while a small part, consisting of the landlords, gets more income. Obviously there is no true gain in total wealth by that operation.

America's Increased Savings

Wealth of the country, as reported by the census, begins with real estate—land and the improvements thereon. In the eight years ending with 1912 it increased in value at the rate of a little more than six billion dollars a year. But a great part of this increase evidently consisted in marking up the value of the same land, with the same improvements; and though a few people were better off by that process, many people who rented land or tenements were worse off.

On the other hand, when a new building goes up there is a gain in real wealth; somebody has saved up something for a useful, wealth-producing structure. In cities one must get a permit before putting up a building. The permits issued in leading cities in 1914 implied an expenditure on buildings of more than eight hundred million dollars. The value of farm buildings increased during the last census period at the rate of two hundred and seventy-five millions a year. Those two items come to more than a billion dollars a year.

Of course a great deal of building and improvement of buildings is not included in them—that in cities other than the leading ones, in towns and villages. When a farmer drains a piece of swamp land he adds to the country's wealth; but there is no satisfactory means of estimating that apart from enhanced land value. So, with the certainty that considerably more than a billion dollars a year is invested in buildings, the real-estate item may be dismissed.

Other items in the census estimate are: livestock; farm implements; manufacturing machinery; railroads and equipment; street railways; telephone, telegraph and lighting systems; farm products; manufactured products; imported merchandise; products of mines; clothing; and furniture. Clearly all these things are real wealth. If the stock of them increases it is because the nation's total production exceeds its total consumption; it is saving that much of its income.

The increased value of these things in eight years came to thirty-two billion dollars, or four billions a year. Add at least a billion for real-estate improvements, and there is a total of five billions. The country's savings before the war, it seems, could not have been less than that.

How much had two boom years increased this saving? To answer that, a new Federal census would be necessary. Meantime, however, Penfield found some significant items. Before the war a very important item in England's wealth consisted of investments in foreign countries. A calculation dated December 31, 1913, put the total at eighteen billion dollars, of which nearly nine billions had gone to India and the British colonies, nearly four billions to the United States, and the remainder largely to South America. This foreign investment was increasing at the rate of eight hundred million dollars a year, through British purchases of foreign stocks, bonds, and so on. France's foreign investment was put at nine billion dollars; Germany's at five billions.

No such item appeared in our balance sheet, for we had no such investments. Whatever we saved was invested at home. But a statement by the Federal Reserve Board put the amount of foreign obligations held in this country in October, 1916, just a little short of two billion dollars. Foreign loans floated here between then and the end of the year would bring the total above two billions.

At the same time a thorough canvass of the railroad offices showed that between January 31, 1915, and July 31, 1916, we bought back from foreign holders one billion three hundred million dollars of American railroad securities. In about the same period foreign holdings of stock of the United States Steel Corporation decreased by about a hundred million dollars, taking the market value of September, 1916. Many other American securities that cannot be exactly enumerated were sold back to us by Europe in 1915 and 1916.

Foreign loans, the purchases of foreign-held American securities, came to over three and a half billion dollars, or at the rate of one and three-quarter billion dollars a year. At least that much, then, must be added to other savings.

And other savings have clearly been at an unusually high rate. Turning back to that census estimate of wealth, Penfield found that manufacturing machinery, tools, and so on—what we commonly call plant equipment—railroads and their equipment, street railroads, telephone and telegraph systems, privately owned lighting and irrigating systems, manufacturing products and mine products came to forty-eight billion dollars, and had been increasing at the rate of more than two and a half billion dollars a year.

Such things, he knew, were almost all owned by corporations. Generally, when additions and permanent improvements were to be made to them, some corporation or other issued bonds or stock, and somebody who had saved up some money subscribed to the bond issue or stock issue. Corporation financing, therefore, is the means by which a very important part of the country's savings get invested in industry.

In 1916 corporations of such size and importance as to get noticed, issued well over two billion dollars of stocks, bonds and notes against less than a billion and a half in 1914 and 1915. The figures, of course, are suggestive rather than conclusive. Some stock may be issued for alleged goodwill and other intangible considerations; bonds or notes may be issued merely to pay off a former issue, in which case they do not represent any new saving. But corporation financing shows that saving for home investment was at a high rate last year.

There is the building record. Permits issued in leading cities indicated an investment in buildings for 1916 about twenty-five per cent above the average of the two preceding years—or about the same ratio in which corporation financing exceeds the average of the two preceding years.

For another indication there is the incorporation of new companies in six Eastern states, where an important part of the country's incorporating and financing takes place. Total authorized capitalization of the companies formed in those states in 1916 came to about two and three-quarter billion dollars against about a billion and a half in 1915 and less than a billion in 1914. Of course this is only an indication, for all the capital may not be subscribed or may not represent tangible values. But, along with the other indications, it shows home investment on an unusually large scale.

By the end of June, 1915, savings deposits in the United States had risen above eight and three-quarter billion dollars—far ahead of comparable deposits in any other country. This consisted of six billion three hundred million dollars of "savings" deposits, as bankers classify them, and nearly two and a half billion dollars of "time" deposits. But time deposits, in fact, are mostly savings deposits—money put by for investment. From October, 1914 –roughly corresponding to the beginning of the war—to September, 1916, time deposits in national banks increased one billion dollars. It will be several months before figures are available to show the total increase in savings deposits—including time deposits—during the war boom. But the showing for national banks alone suggests a very large increase.

If we saved five billion dollars a year before the war, we cannot, Penfield thought, be saving less than seven and a half billions a year now. That means more machinery, tools, railroad cars, and so on—in short, more production; consequently more income. We are in that much better position to solve the first problem of producing more goods to divide. As to the second problem, of how to divide them, it seemed clear the old impressionistic assumption, that nothing was necessary but to take from the rich and give to the poor, was untenable.

The real trouble ran far deeper than the millionaire line. It struck Penfield the chances of correcting that trouble would be much increased if everybody would just forget the "rich," the "plutocracy" and "Wall Street" for a spell, and devote their energies in more promising directions.

Sense and Nonsense

A Rush Message

GEORGE C. CARROTHERS has a young son who accompanied him on Villa's special train about two years ago. The boy was very fond of animals and carried a ground squirrel, attached to his coat by a fine chain, wherever he went. He called his pet Flossie.

"Wentworth," said his father as they sat with Pancho in his private car, "have you written to your mother yet? No? And you've been away a week! Sit down now and do it."

"Yes, indeed, *muchachito*," cried Pancho; "you must do that at once! Here, write her a telegram and I will give it precedence over all official business."

They brought him a blank and Wentworth sat down to give his mother the news. He thought for a long while and then wrote as follows:

"*Dear Mother:* Flossie is a mail!"

The Dark Horse

IN A CERTAIN Kentucky town is a grocer who does very little reading, but who is strong in the Democratic faith. One day last June a customer dropped in on him and remarked:

"Well, the last of the nominations are made."

"I didn't git time to look at the paper this mornin'," said the storekeeper. "Who've they nominated this time?"

"Wilson and Marshall are the nominees," said the other.

"Well," said the grocer, "I'll bet you Wilson beats him to a frazzle!"

"Beats who?"

"Beats this here Marshall!"

Birds and Birds

A YOUNG woman entered a book store in Chicago and asked the aid of the clerk in selecting suitable reading. She especially desired some native American fiction, she said.

"Why not try Allen's Kentucky Cardinal?" said the salesman, taking a copy of the book off the shelf. "That's a very popular book."

"No; I don't think I care for those theological stories," said the lady.

"But this cardinal was a bird!"

"I am not interested in the scandals of his private life," replied the young woman; and out she walked.

Just Right

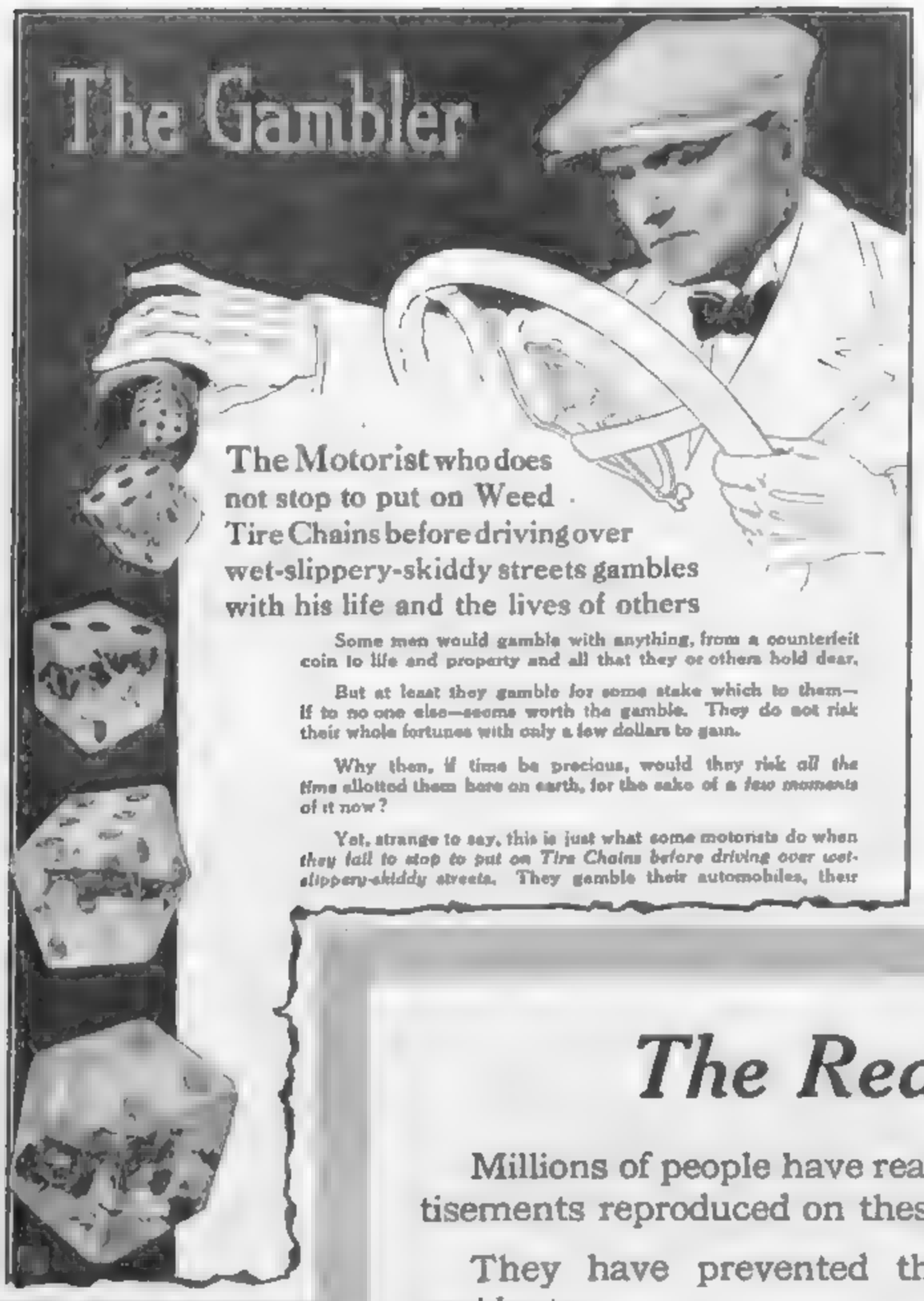
MANDY, who was a housemaid and colored, arrived late to begin her duties one morning and her mistress inquired as to the cause of delay.

"I's sorry, Miss Clara; indeed I is!" stated Mandy. "But I jest naturally couldn't get here no sooner'n what I is. I been at the party give by the Southern of the Mysterious Tent at the Odd Odd Fellers' Hall, right up the street. They started in late las' night, and they's still in full swing. You never seen so many folks packed in one little hall in all yore born days; and right now, ef you'll poke yore haid outen yore side winder you kin hear them folks whoopin' and laughin', and hear the orchestra playin'."

"Wasn't it rather tumultuous, Mandy?" asked the lady of the house.

"Oh, nome!" said Mandy. "Hit wuzn't a bit too mulchous—jest about mulchous enough!"

The Chain Campaign To Insure



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear.

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, would they risk *all the time* allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a *few moments* of it now?

Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when *they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets.* They gamble their automobiles, their

"What! My Car?"

"Yes! skidded—and it's up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She's on the way to the hospital painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she'll pull through. You'd better hurry to the hospital and then report to Headquarters"

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all makes and types of tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

These men do not appreciate, until too late, that by failing to provide Weed Anti-Skid Chains they expose their families to injury and death.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don't wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

The Real Test of Advertising

Millions of people have read the advertisements reproduced on these pages.

They have prevented thousands of accidents.

They have saved thousands of lives.

These advertisements were planned to sell tire chains by creating and directing a public opinion that will compel drivers of cars to take every precaution to make motoring safe.

The advertising is profitable to the manufacturers—otherwise they could not continue it—but it has been profitable only because it has performed ***a great public service.***

You can't measure human life or human suffering in dollars and cents.

The real test of the value of any advertising is not what it does ***to*** the public but what it does ***for*** the public.

This campaign benefits ***all*** the millions who come in contact with automobiles, whether they are car owners or not.

Its results are of immediate, personal concern to every man who wants to protect himself, his wife, his children—from the driver, always ready to take the gambler's chance.

Automobile accidents are so familiar that our senses have been dulled by the repetition of the news accounts. We forget we may be the victims next time.

We are prisoners of the greatest of conquerors—Old General Apathy.

The Chain campaign has been successful because it makes us realize an ***actual danger*** and presents a ***specific remedy.***

The chief cause of Automobile accidents is skidding, and chains are the only mechanical device yet invented that is absolutely dependable to make slippery roads safe.

AMERICAN CHAIN

Sole Manufacturers

BRIDGEPORT,

In Canada—Dominion Chain

Motoring Safety For Everyone

WHEN you feel your car skid—that feeling of utter helplessness with its attendant fear of disastrous consequences—it will be too late to do anything, except pray. No amount of human skill will then avert a crash against the curb, a nearby vehicle, or, worse yet, the innocent bystander.

But you don't have to suffer that terrible *"feeling of utter helplessness"* Appreciate *now* that the only thing to do is to use *the* dependable preventative—*Anti-Skid Chains on all four tires.*

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

"Criminal Negligence"

Skidded, fatally injuring a child, because he neglected to use Tire Chains

The conscience-stricken motorist knows only too well that he is directly responsible for the loss of the child's life. Failure to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet and greasy pavements was the actual and immediate cause of the accident and as such constituted "criminal negligence" on his part.

The Fight Against General Apathy

The problem is ***not to sell*** Weed Chains, but to make drivers of cars ***use*** the chains they already have.

Practically every car in operation has chains—in the locker. Even the novice knows there are times when he can't move without them.

The trouble comes in making drivers put them on the wheels ***before*** the accident.

Chains are only one of the essentials to make motoring safe. They are merely a mechanical device.

No mechanical device can supply a man with intelligence.

Those who are only thoughtless are awakened. These advertisements which ***vividly picture truths*** bring home a realization of the consequences of taking chances—of personal responsibility.

Only two things can reach the driver who habitually gambles with the lives of others as the stake—fear of the law, and the mightier power of public opinion.

These advertisements arouse and concentrate a public opinion that will compel drivers of cars to use intelligence and judgment that will safeguard the public against all preventable accidents.

Are ***you*** entirely free from blame?

Do ***you*** take chances?

Some of the ideas for these advertisements were suggested by men who don't own cars; others came from car owners who have the best interests of motoring at heart.

We want more of these ideas.

We want ***your*** ideas.

Don't think about selling Weed Chains; they are incidental. Think how an idea or illustration can make people ACT to safeguard all of us against that criminal thoughtlessness and carelessness of the driver who is the greatest enemy of motoring.

Help Us Insure Motoring Safety For Everyone

COMPANY, Incorporated

of Weed Chains

CONN., U. S. A.

Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

A·C

RICORO

The "Self-Made" Cigar

Imported from Porto Rico

CIGAR VALUE AND SERVICE

If you are not among the millions who have tested and proved United Cigar Store *values* and *proven* United Cigar *service*, we urge you to make the acquaintance of *both* through

RICORO—THE "SELF-MADE CIGAR"

RICORO is the greatest cigar value we have ever offered—an *imported* cigar selling at from six cents each to two for a quarter (according to size)—a value which is only *half-expressed* by these prices.

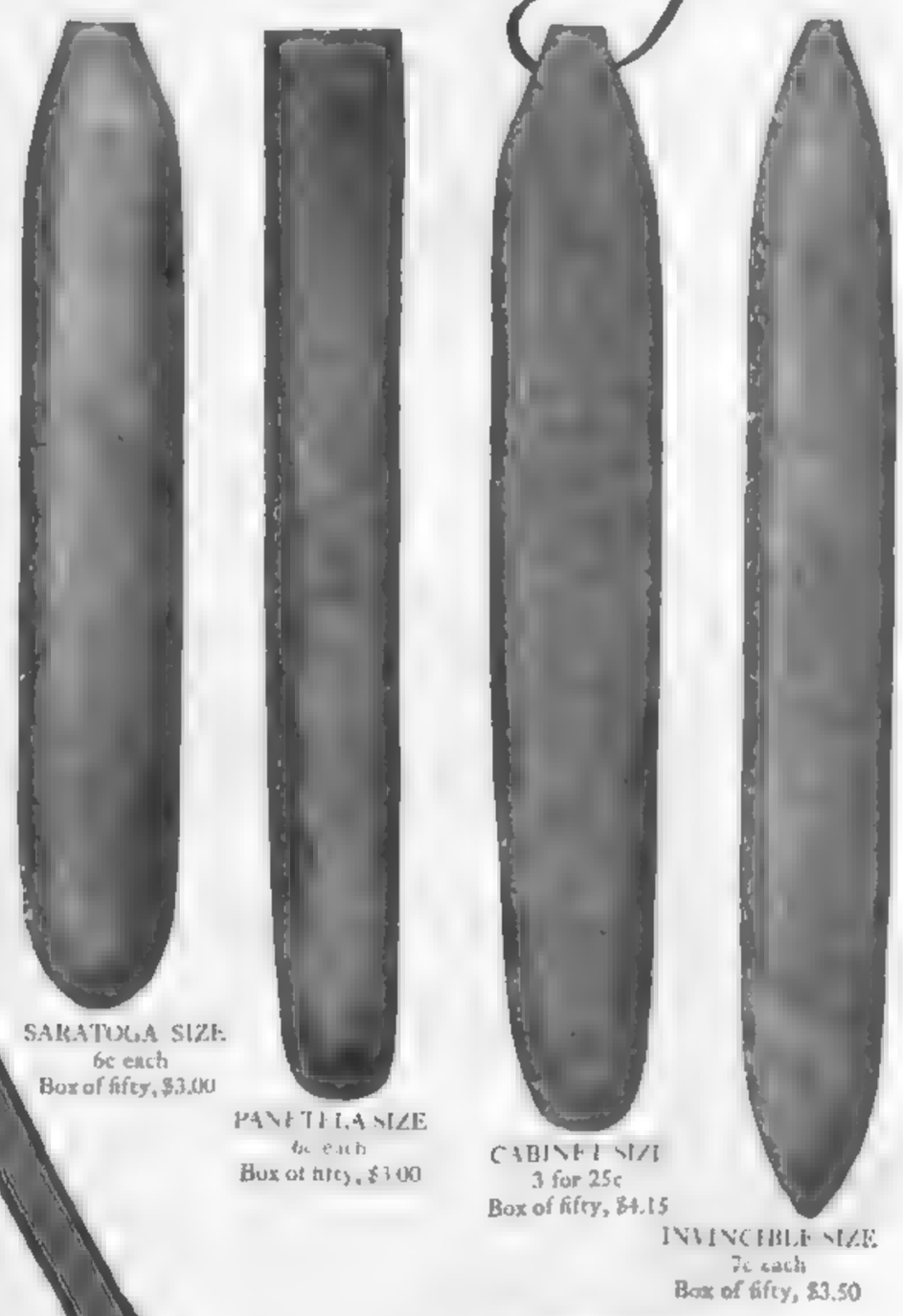
RICORO would sell at *twice* these prices if it were imported from anywhere except Porto Rico. Porto Rican cigars pay no duty—other imported cigars do.

Forget the question of low price. Try RICORO on its merit as a quality cigar only. You will be amazed at its tropic bouquet, its soothing mildness, its satisfying richness.

Four popular sizes of RICORO are shown here—you will find many other sizes and shapes in every UNITED CIGAR STORE and in United Agencies.

Try RICORO and you will understand why this business is the largest of its kind in the world—*why* every fourth man who buys cigars in a United Cigar Store asks for RICORO—*why* RICORO sells over 400 a minute, 24 hours a day.

THANK YOU.



UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES—EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK CITY

UNITED AGENCIES have been established in a large number of towns where stores directly under our management are not conducted. United Agencies handle Ricoro and other United cigars in cooperation with us. We ask you to trade in the United Cigar Stores or Agency which will best suit your convenience. Reliable dealers wishing to be one of our Agents where we are not already so represented, are invited to correspond with us. Address:

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY
Agency Department, 44 West 18th St., New York

CIGARS UNITED

MAIL ORDERS: We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service. If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price. Address mail orders to

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, at nearest city named below:
New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg.
San Francisco, 855 Howard St.

EPHEIMER

(Continued from Page 17)

"I guess," he said slowly, "it's time for some business. Three holes more, Mr. Sears, and I'll play you them for a hundred apiece."

Arnold Sears was surprised.

"Of course," he answered, "since it is your suggestion. Personally I think you're foolish."

He had no desire to slay a goose so prolific of golden eggs. He drove with—if possible—even greater care, safely over the first bunker in the middle of the course.

Epheimer, with a whacking swing, sent out a long, sliced ball, curving far into the trees that lined the fairway. Somewhere in the distant tangle of limbs it must have struck solidly, for it bounded high in air, directly back into the open.

"That's some screecher!" Epheimer declared complacently.

The green lay at the top of a high, abrupt bank; and, playing safe with an iron, Sears brought his ball to rest beneath the earthen wall, from where he would have an easy shot to the green. Epheimer summoned his caddie with impressive ceremony and drew from the bag a comparatively new, unused club. It was wooden, and from his position Sears identified it as a "spoon." Epheimer bent over his ball and played promptly. There was a high, flashing white arc of flight. . . . There wasn't any doubt about it—Epheimer must have comfortably reached the green.

"What the devil!" Arnold Sears exploded. "Who explained that club to you?"

Epheimer was a fountain of joy.

"That was the 'business'!" he cried. "I have a friend at Pineridge—Eidlemann—and he's been champion of Belgium twice already; and in two days he showed it to me—a spoon. He said: 'Epheimer, keep your head down and do like I say, and you will surprise any Methodist or Catholic gentleman whatever.'"

Sears said shortly, "Episcopalian," and tramped toward the steps that led to the green, where he found Epheimer's ball. Even there the latter exuberantly overran the hole, and the best he could get was a half. The next hole, after a feeble drive and a second shot into the rough, Epheimer took the spoon and laid his ball near enough to the hole narrowly to miss a putt. In spite of this failure he won, and Arnold Sears was only a hundred and forty dollars ahead. But one hole remained, the course leading back to the vicinity of the clubhouse. As usual, a number of men who had just finished were congregated there, adding scores and idly watching those still out come in.

Arnold Sears drove with an unaccustomed abandon; but, holding his form, the ball swung out in an impressive carry. Epheimer, under the pressure of the waiting audience, hit with such force that he swung completely round, facing the direction from which they had come. A section of the sod-stand flew even farther than the ball. After a second failure, a third rousing wallop, with better success, carried him up the course, when he again drew forth the "Scourge of the Gentiles." In some peculiar manner, under the influence of the twice champion of the Belgians, and though his other shots had been almost farcical, he played the spoon in excellent form and carried his ball to the plateau that held the final flag.

As they approached, Kettel detached himself from the little waiting throng.

"Man, but that was a fair shot!" he told Epheimer. "It ought to save you a bit."

Sears, with an accurate iron, had placed his ball below the green, where, in two, he lay as advantageously as did Epheimer above, in four. Yet Arnold Sears cherished a hidden arrogance; he could get but two hundred and forty dollars out of his opponent, when he should have had that again, and more still. He bent over with his mashie, playing it deep, when an unexpected resistance below the sand stopped his shot, and the ball trickled into the narrow bunker that guarded the edge of the green. He ejaculated one tense syllable and, with a niblick, unavoidably sent his ball to the farther end of the green. There it chanced to roll snugly into a small depression, which fitted it, Carter said, as accurately as if it had been cut by the most expensive sporting tailor.

Sears had now taken four, and lay alike with Epheimer. The latter rolled a simple shot to three feet of the hole. Sears chopped in the only manner possible at his ball, and the sphere promptly traveled back to the bunker from which it had just risen. Once more it returned to the upper slope. Arnold Sears was visibly shaken by wrath; he banged directly at the hole, over which, faultlessly directed, his ball squarely went, and back, back into the bunker.

There was a suppressed but audible amusement.

"Show him where the hole is!" an unidentified voice urged Epheimer. And Epheimer, flushed with success, and out of order, magnificently holed his putt. Sears had picked up.

v

THAT evening Epheimer, at bridge with his wife and the Solly Benjamins, showed a beaming countenance. Even from where Sears sat, once more in the group of his familiars, it could be told that Epheimer was bidding recklessly.

"I'll double four spades," Mr. Solly Benjamin declared stoutly.

"Again," Epheimer sweepingly came back.

"Your property is enjoying a little well-earned relaxation," Carter observed to Sears.

The latter replied enigmatically:

"They must play mighty good golf in Belgium!"

"I saw Epheimer drive a number of times this morning," Kettel commented; "and his ball sailed like a broken monoplane. I never thought, Sears, you would be so close with a good thing like that. It's better than stock in a powder concern right to-day. Are you thinking of taking any time off for pleasure? And if you do, what will you sell the temporary right to Epheimer for?"

Sears regarded him morosely.

"If you think the thing's a mint you are mistaken."

Sears commenced the tale of the spoon, then suddenly he stopped. His own game, he well knew, was worth a moderate amount. With the old Epheimer he could count on a very comfortable lead at the end of a day's play, but with the new he was at a loss to place his chances. Epheimer, he told himself, was certainly shot with luck—witness the drive that had rebounded from the trees; and now, with this spoon shot that apparently would not go wrong, Sears actually stood to lose money.

"What Sears ought to do," stated the lean individual in shell glasses, "since he has had such a good thing for ten days, is to offer Epheimer for sale. Give Kettel a chance at him, if Kettel will do the right thing; give us all a chance at him."

A young bondbroker grew immediately enthusiastic.

"That's it," he declared; "have a sale—Epheimer with all rights and privileges and goodwill! Sears can always withdraw him if he is not satisfied with the offers."

"If you are only trying to be funny," Sears announced, "stop where you are. I might take you all on."

"There's nothing humorous in the idea," Kettel announced. "I'd make a modest bid myself. Let's move over into the card room and consider the proposition."

Eight men gathered promptly in the privacy set apart for games of chance; the bondbroker added a friend, and a golfing individual of doubtful waistcoat and amateur standing completed the number.

"I shall ask," Carter commenced, "for two important pieces of information; though Epheimer is undoubtedly a good thing: I'd like to have some account of the actual receipts he affords; and I must be convinced of Sears' ability to transfer this property in the event of a sale."

"Fair enough," Sears agreed. "The first week I played with Epheimer I was the winner of about a thousand dollars ——"

"Minus a mere seven hundred at red dog," an irrelevant voice put in.

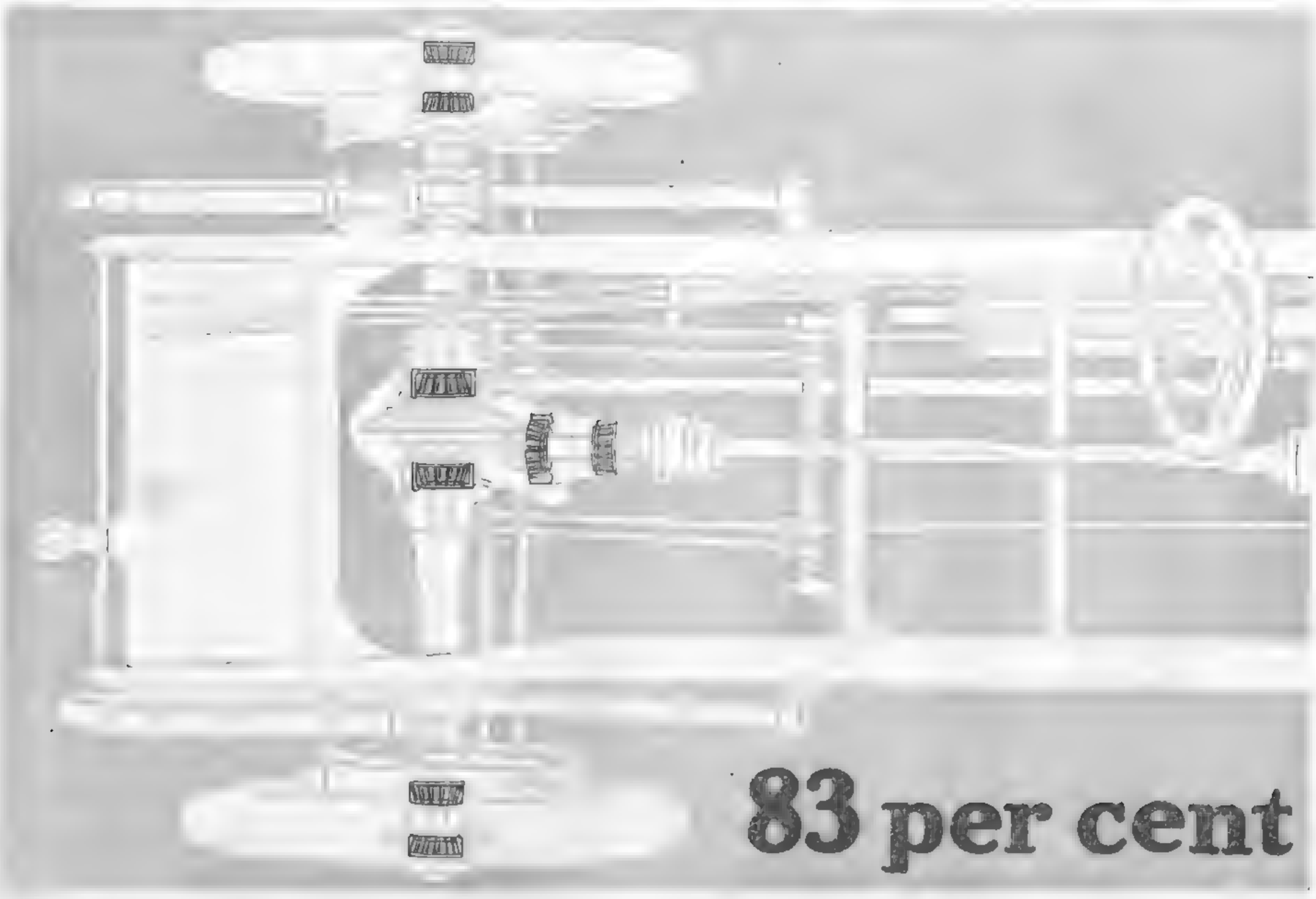
"About a thousand," Sears repeated with dignity. "And Epheimer shows a constant tendency to double the bet. This morning he suggested and was playing a hundred dollars a hole. As for my ability to transfer Epheimer—well, I can guarantee this, that the purchaser has two or three days of golf with him. The rest is a question of personal judgment."

"What if Epheimer leaves?"

"He engaged his rooms for a month and more than two weeks remain. I suppose

(Continued on Page 69)

Johns-Manville
NON-BURN
ASBESTOS
BRAKE LINING
The better the Asbestos the better the Lining
The safety and durability of a brake lining depend upon the quality of the Asbestos from which it is made.
J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining for motor cars is the development of a quarter century's experience in the making of all types of brake lining by the world's greatest manufacturers of Asbestos products.
High-grade long-fibre asbestos of a quality good enough for brake lining is becoming harder and harder to get. But, since Johns-Manville own their own asbestos mines, the quality of J-M Non-Burn is not handicapped by the necessity of purchasing the raw material in the open market.
It is because of this superiority of material that J-M Non-Burn wears down very slowly and retains its braking service to the very end.
It is this assured quality of material in J-M Non-Burn plus the resources and experience back of its production that make it advisable for you to ask if the brakes are Non-Burn lined when buying a car—and to insist on it when re-equipping.
H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
Branches in 55 Large Cities
Stop!
For years this signal has found instant response in the sure grip of J-M Asbestos Lined Brakes on big hoists where a slip means ruin.
Johns-Manville Service
COVERS THE CONTINENT
When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville



83 per cent

The above chassis shows where to look for Timken Bearings in high grade cars.

83 per cent of the 654,653 higher priced motor cars built in 1916 have Timken Bearings at one or more of the points of severest service — wheels, differential, pinion shaft, and transmission.

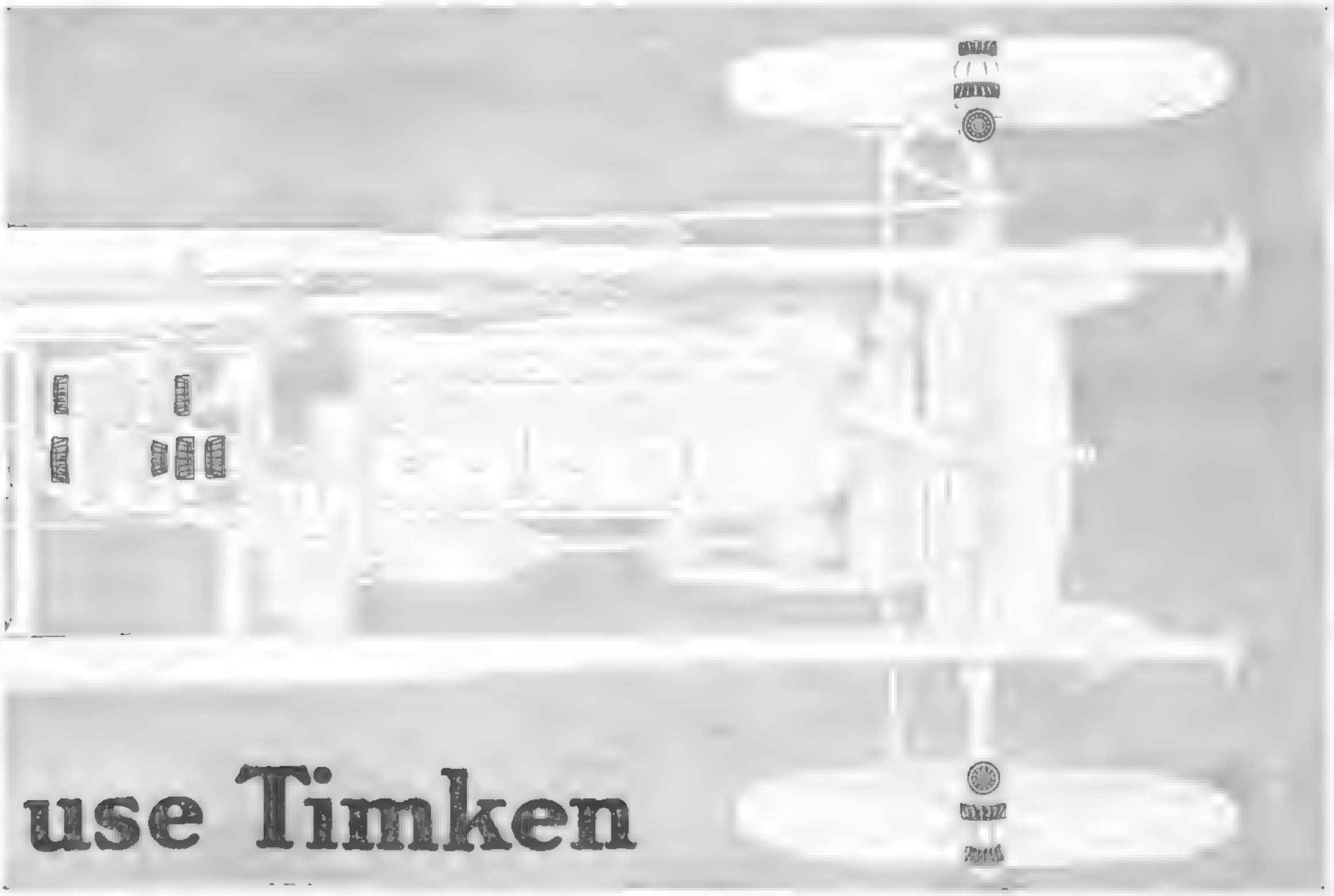
These are cars priced above $700, built in factories having a yearly output of one thousand or more. The 83 per cent that are Timken-equipped represent a total of 535,235 cars whose builders considered quality of greatest importance, even though the cost was more.

The superior quality of Timken Bearings has been proved and is accepted by automobile engineers and motor vehicle builders.

This is the standard of quality, safety and economy that *your* car should possess.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN



use Timken BEARINGS

The high quality cars listed on this page are equipped on front wheels, rear wheels, differential, pinion or transmission with Timken Bearings to take the heavy loads, the sudden shocks and the grinding side pressures that would wear out and destroy cheaper bearings of less proven quality.

CADILLAC
PACKARD
LOCOMOBILE
PIERCE-ARROW
STUTZ
PEERLESS
APPERSON
BUICK
MOON
OLDSMOBILE
HUDSON
VELIE
CASE
CHALMERS
DODGE BROS.
SAXON
HUPMOBILE
PREMIER
MOLINE-KNIGHT
KISSEL-KAR
MARMON
OVERLAND
WILLYS-KNIGHT
REO
STUDEBAKER
LIBERTY
WINTON
JORDAN

NOTE: The above list includes only pleasure cars priced above $700, with an annual production capacity of one thousand cars or more.

For *complete* list of over *180* makers of pleasure cars and motor trucks equipped with Timken Bearings giving points of application, write for booklet, A-1, "The Companies Timken Keeps."

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

The above chassis shows where to look for Timken Bearings in high grade cars

BEARINGS

NEPONSET

"The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century"

It is not alone beauty, nor economy, nor fire-resistance, nor wear, but a combination of all of these qualities that has given NEPONSET Twin Shingles their reputation.

Over 120 years in business, and 30 years in the development of a full line of NEPONSET Roofings for every type of building, has made possible this success.

Looks The colors, size, shape and slate-surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. They have the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Their soft green and red harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. You can be sure of eye-satisfaction.

Wear Tough felt, saturated with the best waterproofing material known (everlasting asphalt), then coated and recoated with crushed rock and asphalt, pressed and jammed into one solid, thick sheet, guarantees extra wear. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new. A roof of these shingles, when laid, being several times as thick, should last as long as the house.

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Patent applied for).

Fire-Resistance On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. NEPONSET shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Cost Notwithstanding their great beauty and durability, Neponset Twin Shingles belong in the class of economical roofings. Their uniform shape and double width halve the cost of laying, because two shingles are really laid at a time; and also lessen cracks and nail-holes.

Five layers, six processes build up Neponset Twin Shingles into one thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, sun, frost—undecaying and not affected by sparks or embers. Always remember "five layers, six processes."

There are three types of Neponset Shingles, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is **NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING**—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years. There are three types of NEPONSET Roll Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

See the NEPONSET Dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

Send for Free Booklet

"Repairing and Building"

It tells about the different Neponset Building Products—

NEPONSET Built-up Roof for Industrial plants.

NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers.

NEPONSET Wall Board for cottages, attics and ceilings in place of laths and plaster.

Lumber and Hardware Dealers Sell NEPONSET Products.

BIRD & SON Established 1795 262 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass. New York Chicago Washington Canadian Offices and Plant Hamilton, Ont.

Manufacturers of NEPONSET Floor Coverings—sold by department and furniture stores everywhere. Also manufacturers of Special Waterproof Papers, Special Paper Boxes and Fibre Shipping Cases.

(Continued from Page 65)

you will want me to insure him against injury or sudden death," Sears proceeded sarcastically. "I didn't organize this sale, you know. I'm not especially anxious to dispose of Epheimer. Call it off if you like."

"The terms of this sale," the young bondbroker announced, rising, "owing to its unusual conditions, are these: Payment must be made after satisfactory delivery of the property; and a fair construction of that, I should say, would be a check for the amount after the first day's play. Now, bids, please! Who'll say five thousand dollars for the privilege of playing golf with Epheimer?"

Kettel demanded:

"Is it a life interest you're disposing of?"

"Five? Five? Well, four? . . . Three?"

"Bid a hundred!" said the individual of the doubtful waistcoat.

"The gentleman has misunderstood the scope of the sale," the auctioneer declared. "We are not disposing of the privilege of putting with Mr. Epheimer on the home green. We are selling his entire range of golfing activities—driving and approaching, and language, from dawn till dark. This proceeding must not be interrupted by factitious bids."

"Two hundred!" Kettel added.

"And fifty!" Carter continued.

"No bids of fifty considered," the bondbroker announced. "I can only imagine what Mr. Sears' feelings must be at this depreciation of his unusual offer. Do I hear a thousand for the opportunity of teeing off every morning, for two momentous weeks, with Epheimer?"

"Three hundred!" Kettel appended.

"Three hundred . . . pounds. Good! Mr. Kettel is a Scotchman and has forgotten that we are dealing in dollars. A round fifteen hundred ——"

"Shillings!" Kettel put in.

"About three hundred and seventy-five dollars," the other instantly replied. "Make it four hundred!"

"Four hundred!" said Anderson, the taciturn, unexpectedly.

"Five! Five! Going! Going! Five—did I hear? And six! Six! Six! And fifty—all right! I'll waive this ruling. Six hundred and fifty dollars bid for the inexhaustible Epheimer, the golfer's golden goal; the ne plus ultra of the links; the man with the peerless slice!"

The bidding grew slower. Seven hundred was offered—seven hundred and twenty-five—and accepted. Then, after some auctioneering eloquence, seven hundred and fifty.

The door that had been closed upon the hall opened a space, and Epheimer's mild gaze swept the room.

"What's this?" he demanded, edging in. "Business or pleasure? I'll be in on either."

"This," said the bondbroker suavely, "is a private sale of the Screecher Mine—gold; seven to nine shafts, all swinging; profits constantly doubling and rolling up — —"

"Not a nickel!" Epheimer vociferated, backing toward the exit. "I thought it was cards, or some game of chance." He disappeared.

"Was it eight hundred?"

"I said seven hundred and fifty dollars," Kettel morosely declared.

Finally the bidding rose to nine hundred, where it obstinately hung, defying the auctioneer's best efforts.

"Mr. Sears," he said, "I sympathize with you. Do you wish to withdraw the opportunity for the present? Perhaps some real sports could be got together later in the week."

"Let it go," Sears decided. "I'm tired of it, anyhow."

"Going! Going! Gone! Mr. Kettel has become the owner of all the rights and privileges of Epheimer's golf, to operate or dispose of as he sees fit. According to terms of sale, full payment will be made at end of first day's play."

Laughter and comments rose, and Kettel was variously congratulated and baited. The latter solemnly contemplated the sum he had pledged and said:

"I've been awful bad through the green."

Sears said:

"You might play a spoon."

VI

THE following morning Sears, not in playing garb, met the impatient Epheimer in the Assembly Hall.

"Sorry," he said; "I'm following the Drag Hunt with Mrs. Sears. She doesn't play golf, you see, and time has been dragging for her. But Kettel will be looking for a partner—the Scotchman. It's a real pleasure to golf with the Scotch; after all, it's their game; they give it an inimitable atmosphere—all the little appropriate terms, and really wonderful cursing."

"It's their game, right enough," Epheimer agreed discontentedly; "they're at it from the day they can walk. What chance would I have with a player like that?"

"Excellent!" Sears declared. "A few days back I couldn't have honestly said that; and, Epheimer, I wouldn't. But with that new spoon shot—excellent! Personally I'd like to see you trim Kettel; so would some others of us. He's—well, he's so crabbed about the rules, and all that. Watch yourself or he'll count the slightest infraction against you. Here he is.

"Kettel, I'm turning Epheimer over to you for a day's sport. You two ought to make a good match; you're nearly on a par. Perhaps you should give him a little, because you are Scotch; but you can fix that up between you. . . . Sorry! There's Mrs. Sears."

The Drag Hunt went far into the pines and the Searses were late for dinner. When Arnold Sears had finished, and was lighting the first evening cigar, he made his way to the familiar gathering place; but the group was scattered. Anderson was talking to a newly arrived young woman; the Epheimers and Benjamins were again deep in bridge. Sears studied Epheimer's countenance, but it expressed neither elation nor dejection; he was bidding thoughtfully. A click of balls came from the billiard room, and there Sears found Kettel playing Kelly pool. When the latter saw Arnold Sears he drew him into a corner.

"Here's the sum." He reluctantly deposited a folded check in Sears' hand.

"Well," Sears asked, "what occurred? Naturally I'm a bit curious."

"Man," Kettel said fretfully, "if ever I played golf like a finnan haddie, it was today! Not one shot did I get off fair from the tee, and my irons could have been duplicated by any fat boy. I ought to have been seven to the good—at twenty-five dollars—and I was but a scant two. Epheimer nearly killed a woman three courses away and wanted to strangle a caddie for sneezing. He has the boomerang drive to perfection."

"Did he use a spoon?" Sears asked negligently.

"I think he did—once, toward the last; and made a fluke too—landed bang-up on the rim of the cup."

"It's getting colder," Sears observed. "I think I'll take a cue in this."

It was undoubtedly getting colder. When Arnold Sears went to bed he searched through a closet for supplementary blankets. He woke in the night, found his windows rattling like castanets, and reluctantly rose to plug them. He gazed out into the dark, and a sudden smile wreathed his swollen features—a rising wind was whipping through the moaning pines, and minute white particles, like goose feathers, were whirling in an eddy back of the inn.

"It's a good job," he muttered, "that no one put in a clause about weather rebates!"

In the morning a veritable blizzard was raging; huge flakes of snow were flung in white banks against the face of the Conifer Arms; white mantles hung heavily on the clipped shrubbery and coated the melancholy black pines. The snow gathered in heaps in breaks and angles, melting almost immediately and being immediately replaced.

Sears, with Mrs. Sears, had breakfast in his rooms. He did not appear until past eleven, when he found a thoroughly disgusted group of sportsmen gazing through the long glass doors at the inclement weather. Kettel refused even to reply to Sears' cheerful morning greeting. Carter, at the latter's shoulder, whispered:

"I hear Kettel was down at five o'clock; and what he has said about the elements since I turned up would blast a sand green!"

Epheimer, it seemed, had disappeared to change his golfing clothes. He came back shortly, in crisply ironed stripes, and joined Kettel.

"It's bad, ain't it?" he observed. "And we had such a nice game fixed! But they told me at the desk these storms always blow out by noon."

The snow did vanish by lunch, its place being taken by a forthright downpour of rain. The drumming on the roof continued until the loss of consciousness in sleep, and

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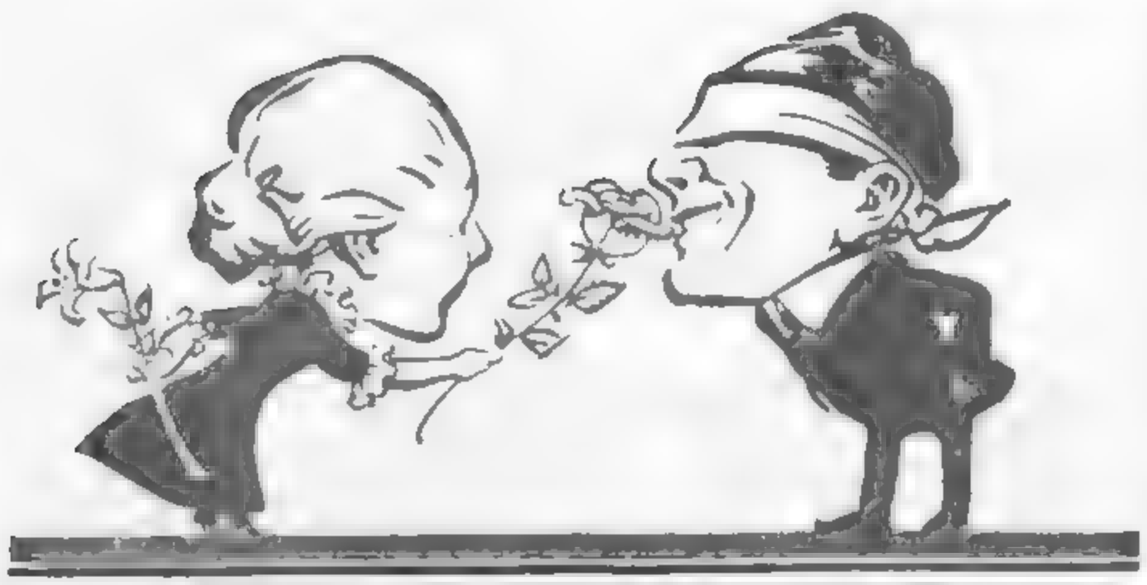
RUBBER footwear is the "Stop! Look! Listen!" preventive to the possible cold. It insulates the foot, keeping out cold and moisture, both of which are frequent causes of "snuffles." Many a cold in the head has traveled all the way up from "cold feet!"

But rubber footwear may be good, bad or indifferent—and only an expert can tell, by observation alone, which is which. So the leading makers put their brands on all their products to protect *you*. Almost from the very beginning of the rubber industry, these trade-marks have pointed the way to rubber footwear of supreme quality, style, fit and workmanship.

Seventy-four years of successful manufacturing and the experience of forty-seven great factories are back of every pair of rubber shoes, overshoes, arctics, boots, etc., produced by the United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Rubbers that fit wear twice as long as rubbers that do not fit.

United States Rubber Company



Could anyone fool you on a rose — with your eyes blindfolded ?

Of course NOT !

"Your Nose Knows"

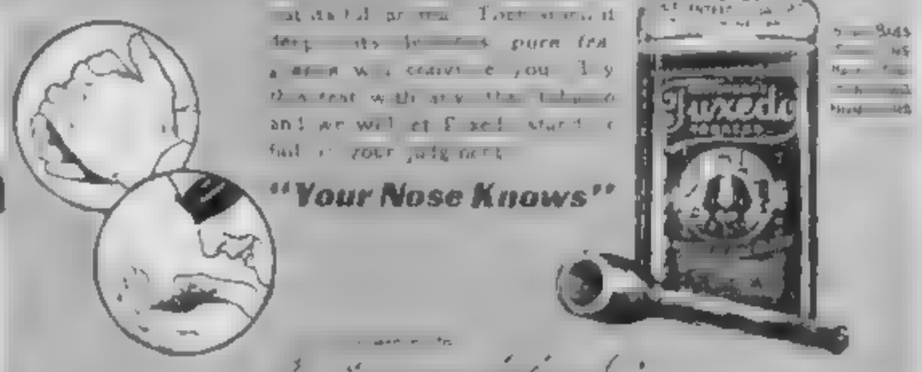
By its *fragrance* alone does the rose make its universal appeal. Nor can anyone fool you on tobacco, either, if you rely on your unerring, personal sense of *pure fragrance*. Tobacco without a definite fragrance is like a rose without perfume—"Your Nose Knows."

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

is the *rose of tobaccos*. Its rich, ripe Burley leaves, grown in the Blue Grass region of Old Kentucky are so carefully aged and blended that its *pure fragrance* is as individual, as appealing as the rose. There is no fragrance like it—"Your Nose Knows."

Try This Test —Rub a little Tuxedo moistened with water in the palm of your hand to bring out its full fragrance. Then smell it deeply—its delicious pure fragrance will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment.



"Your Nose Knows"

The Tuxedo Tobacco Co.

unabated it greeted the ear on the following morning. The third day it slackened to a mere drizzle, and at evening a serene bar of yellow showed in the west. Kettel, Sears thought, was quite purple with suppressed wrath.

"I'll play that Epheimer," he asseverated, "for any dizzy sum he'll agree to!"

VII

AFTER dinner Epheimer, followed by Mr. Solly Benjamin, stopped at the group huddled on their shoulders in lounging chairs and biting viciously on cigarette holders and cigars.

"I propose," said Epheimer, "a little sociable game—to forget our monotony; and Solly, here, can fill a hand with the best."

Six men were finally collected about the circular table in the card room. At Carter's suggestion the customary limit of twenty-five cents was raised to a half dollar; and a fresh pack was opened, chips counted and distributed. From the first deal the hands were very low. Sears won a modest pot on two little pairs; Mr. Solly Benjamin managed to collect three treys and two dollars-odd. The game threatened to drag lamentably.

"Make it a dollar?" Epheimer inquired, and the others agreed.

Sears, studying as much of Epheimer's game as the latter was forced to expose, found that the other skillfully mingled careful betting with the most admirably conducted bluffs. Benjamin's game was, if possible, even of a higher order; it rose to the plane of psychologic poker. Kettel never risked unless he held a strong combination of cards; Carter was more than adequate.

The deal went on and on; ten dollars was won, lost; no one was a gainer. Anderson counted his chips and withdrew, presumably in the direction of the dance music faintly audible through the closed door. Sears negligently picked up his hand and swiftly surveyed it; two nines were the best that showed, and he retained them, discarding the others. Solly Benjamin's face was as imperturbable as that of a Chinese; Kettel was frowning at his collection; Epheimer was regarding the ceiling.

"Three," Sears said listlessly.

"And three," echoed Benjamin, and flung away the resulting combination.

"I think," Kettel pronounced slowly—"yes, I'll take one."

He got it, and his face was as dour as one of his highland granite knobs.

"One here," Epheimer added, and shuffled his filled hand about, finally depositing it in a neat stack before him.

Arnold Sears' mouth contracted slightly—he had held a pair of nines, and had drawn two queens and another nine. Not only was it an exceptional hand, but he was certain that the number of cards he had demanded would put the others at sea.

"Dollar's bet," he said.

"And a dollar," Kettel added.

"Those two dollars and another," Epheimer came along.

Arnold Sears saw the raise, and continued it to the limit; and the others repeated this, again and again.

"Raise the limit?" Kettel asked. "This might go on till to-morrow."

"Five dollars!" Sears suggested tersely.

There came a knock at the door and Sears turned apprehensively. A house boy entered.

"Telegram for Mr. Epheimer!" He deposited the envelope at his hand. Epheimer gazed at it curiously.

"Not for nothing!" he announced—"not for nothing would I look at it betting a hand! Such bad luck! Raise the limit?"

The limit accordingly became ten dollars, and a round of seeing and betting followed. Epheimer fingered his telegram.

"Not for nothing!" he repeated.

Arnold Sears studied his hand thoughtfully; it was good, but not unbeatable. Both Kettel and Epheimer had drawn but one card; the former would never plunge to this extent, he decided, on a flush. Kettel—yes, Kettel had fours.

"I'm dropping," Sears decided regretfully.

A very material hole had been made in Kettel's check.

"And again," Epheimer said. "Solly, what do you think's in that wire?"

"Shall I look?" the other queried.

Epheimer shook his head.

"Anything's bad luck now, Solly."

"Back at you," went Kettel.

Beads of perspiration were ranged in rows on the Scotchman's forehead and he champed at the sad wreck of a ten-cent cigar. Carter counted the pot.

"About eight hundred dollars," he reported.

It rose steadily—almost doubled. Kettel was talking to himself. Epheimer was divided between the envelope before him and in betting in a loud voice.

"Kettel's pulse must be going up a beat a dollar!" Carter whispered to Arnold Sears; the other made a bet in a reverent whisper.

Suddenly Epheimer pounded with his fist on the table.

"I'm a donkey!" he declared. "But that telegram's got me beat. I've got to see it! Nobody who is anything ever calls at poker; it's raise or drop. I'll call."

Kettel exposed his hand with a stirring sigh of relief, and Sears congratulated himself on his acumen—Kettel had four new bright kings. Epheimer ran a finger through the envelope of his telegram, leaving Benjamin to face his cards. Kettel almost shouted:

"A straight!"

Sears corrected him:

"A flush!"

But Mr. Solly Benjamin spoke in the manner of one rebuking a sacrilege.

"Gentlemen," he said—"gentlemen, Epheimer has a straight flush in diamonds!"

But a sudden deep concern had stirred Epheimer's round, sympathetic countenance. He cried in a voice of apprehensive feeling:

"Solly, it's from home! And what do you think? Rosie, our little Rosie, has married that shine salesman traveling in shoes! You get the girls right away at the trunks. I've got to be immediately in New York!"

Kettel unsteadily mopped his brow.

"I'll need my check book!" he said in a solemn whisper.

His somber gaze sought Sears, and the latter hurriedly rose.

"I thought I heard my wife!" Arnold Sears declared.

It had occurred to him that his bill at the Conifer Arms had been permitted to lapse for three weeks, and he had that in his pocket on which it might be well to realize at once!

And Some to Spare

A MAN who makes a specialty of collecting anecdotes of the stage and the people of the stage says a young actress of his acquaintance rented a new apartment and hired a new maid. Immediately all the tradesmen in the vicinity began calling. When she was tired of these attentions the mistress called in the maid, whose name was Nancy and whose color was black.

"Nancy," she said, "I don't want to be bothered again by persons trying to sell us something. Tell all of them we have all of everything that we need. Now remember!"

A few minutes later a strange gentleman appeared at the hall door and asked permission to demonstrate an exterminator of his own designing.

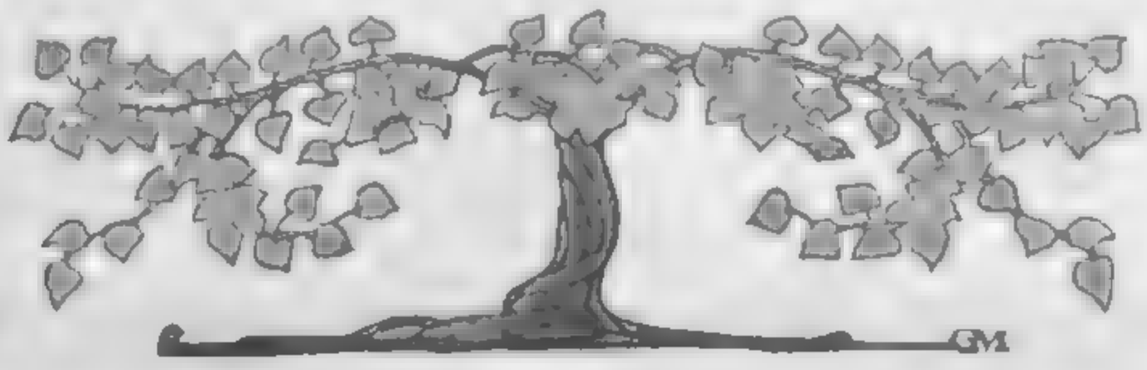
"An exter-which?" inquired Nancy.

"An exterminator."

"Whut's it fur?"

"It's for cockroaches," said the man.

"Nothin' doin'," stated Nancy; "we got all the cockroaches we wants!"



The Double Target Test—the best test for no glare, range and side-light

Front View of Corning Conaphore

The Double Target Test

The Only Headlight Glass That Passes It

The Double Target Test is the most important test of headlight efficiency. It is the best test for no glare, range and side-light.

Only one headlight glass passes this test—the Corning Conaphore, a new invention manufactured by the Corning Glass Works.

How the Test is Made

Two targets are placed on the road in front of a car.

The first target is 22 inches high and 10 feet from the car. The second is placed beyond the first one, 30 feet from the car. It is 4½ feet high and a horizontal line is drawn across it 42 inches from the road.

The intense beam from the Corning Conaphore shoots over the first target and completely illuminates the second target below the 42 inch line.

Other headlight glasses designed to prevent glare, dump the light right in front of the car, completely illuminating the first target, but throwing only a faint light on the second target.

Tilting headlights down may decrease glare, but it also decreases range. Tilting wastes your light.

The Corning Conaphore *does not dump* the reflected light in front of the car where it is not needed, but shoots it out in a low, wide, strong beam. It gives a 500-foot range, and ample side-light, with no glare.

A New Headlight Glass Perfected by Scientists

The Corning Conaphore has a smooth outer surface and a series of patented horizontal corrugations and cylinders on the inner face. It bends down the light rays and shoots them out in a long, intense beam, never more than 42 inches above the road, which has wonderful range and ample side-light, but no glare. The Conaphore gives 500-foot range, and ample side-light, with no glare.

In response to a general demand for an efficient headlight glass, scientists in the laboratories of the Corning Glass Works perfected the Corning Conaphore. The Corning Glass Works is the largest manufacturer of technical glass in the world. It makes most of the signal glass used on American railroads. The facilities, experience and reputation of this company are behind every pair of Corning Conaphores.

Noviol Glass Causes Light to Pierce Fog

Corning Conaphores are made of a new patented glass—Noviol Glass. This is a golden-tint glass which gives the Corning Conaphore a distinctive appearance.

Noviol Glass causes the beam of light to pierce fog or dust, and eliminates back-glare. It makes the green along the roadside stand out. No ordinary headlight glass has these features. Noviol Glass is controlled by the Corning Glass Works.

Five Major Advantages of Corning Conaphores *(First Four Exclusive)*

1. Gives headlight range of 500 feet when a standard bulb of 21 candle power or more is properly focused
2. Cuts out all the glare yet uses all the light, thus complying with all city and state no-glare laws.
3. Penetrates fog, dust or smoke, so you can easily drive 25 miles an hour under adverse weather conditions.
4. Has strong side-light which illuminates the roadside. The Noviol Beam makes the green stand out so you can distinguish bushes and ditches.
5. Never clogs with dust or mud in summer, or with ice or snow in winter, and is easily put on any car.

Made in Two Kinds of Glass

Corning Conaphores are made of clear glass as well as Noviol Glass. Clear Glass Conaphores are equally efficient in giving long range and eliminating glare, but lack the added advantages possessed by the Noviol Glass of eliminating back-glare and penetrating fog and dust. We strongly recommend the Noviol.

Easy to Install

You will find the Corning Conaphore easy to install. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Sizes are made to fit all cars. In ordering, give name, model and year of your car, and diameter of your present headlight glass. All progressive dealers now sell Corning Conaphores. Put a pair on your car today.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
4 to 4⅞ inches inclusive	$5.00	4 to 4⅞ inches inclusive	$4.00
5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	5.40	5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	5.00
7 to 8⅛ inches inclusive	5.80	7 to 8⅛ inches inclusive	6.00
8⅜ to 10 inches inclusive	4.50	8⅜ to 10 inches inclusive	3.00
10⅛ to 11⅛ inches inclusive	6.00	10⅛ to 11⅛ inches inclusive	4.00

Prices 25 cents more per pair West of Rocky Mts.
Sizes vary by steps of 3/16 inch.

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It is the only item of automobile equipment that absolutely dominates its field.
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No one make seems to stand out above and beyond all others. The opinion of car manufacturers is divided. Some choose this make—others that make.
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The Stewart Vacuum System is already adopted by 70 per cent of car manufacturers. In nearly every instance it has replaced pressure and gravity feed systems. Less than 30% still use these old fashioned, troublesome systems.
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There are also the popular Stewart Warning Signals—motor driven or hand operated—and the Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug with its four sparking points oil proof, soot proof, fracture proof core.
If you own a Ford don't fail to have the Stewart Ford Speedometer $10 or its equivalent in a handsomely engraved spun steel cowl board $11.50. It continually checks the efficiency and economy of your car.
All Stewart Products are backed by Stewart nation-wide service. Do not fail to have them on the car you buy.
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp.
Chicago, Illinois U. S. A.
Stewart Vacuum System $10
Stewart Fire Pump $12
Stewart Hand $3.50
Stewart Motor $6

THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

(Concluded from Page 15)

taken for comparison with the original: One may cause the accused to walk on sheets of white paper covered with lampblack. This method gives excellent prints. Florence suggests that one of the best methods is to make a mixture of water, glycerin and red aniline, soak a thick cloth in this solution, cause the accused to tread heavily on this cloth, and then walk on sheets of white paper. This method gives detailed imprints of the foot. This is perhaps the best method to obtain distinguishing footprints for comparison with the original.

But, as Niceforo points out, one must be very careful to see that the accused does not trick him. An acute criminal will give the foot an unnatural twist, or will press too heavily on a certain portion of it, or will exaggerate the toe or heel pressure, and in a variety of ways undertake to make the print misleading.

Niceforo says that one must not be content with a few prints. He must take hundreds of them, and then he can come to a conclusion about the peculiarities of the imprints only when he has several that show the same distinguishing characteristics.

Some distinguishing characteristic is always to be found by a skilled investigator. A typical case is reported by Doctor Frecon:

The police were puzzled by a mysterious incendiary. Fires broke out in a most extraordinary fashion and they were unable to obtain any clew whatever that would help them to arrive at the identity of the criminal. Finally, one morning, they found the track of a bare foot in the mud behind one of the buildings. This print was carefully molded by an expert. An exact reproduction was presented to the chief of the Criminal Investigation Department. He pointed out that the mold showed an indentation on the sole of the foot. Such an indentation meant, he said, that the person making it had a wart or protruding callus at that point on the sole of his foot. With this distinguishing clew, the police were finally able to run down the incendiary; and he was tried and condemned.

A learned criminologist at the University of Brussels points out that by the comprehensive examination of an imprint one ought to be able to disclose the sex, age, height, peculiarity in walking, and the profession or trade of the person who made it.

When the imprint of the accused has been obtained, as nearly as possible under conditions similar to those relating to the original imprint, the greatest difficulty in this branch of criminal investigation begins. The prints must be compared and one must be able to say what distinguishing characteristics are common to both, and finally to conclude whether they were both made by the same foot.

The Comparison of Prints

This is an exceedingly important branch of criminal investigation.

Niceforo points out that the first thing to do is to compare the prints for dimensions and form. See Figure 7.

The prints to be compared are inclosed in a rectangle touching the outlines of the print. This rectangle is bisected by a line running through the print at the point showing the deepest outline of the arch, and cut by a line showing the angle of the toes. This manner of treating the print is clearly shown from the figure: AB is the length of the foot; CD is the width; CE the depth of the arch. By placing the two prints in a geometrical figure of this character the gross dimensions and form are at once determined, and the resemblances of the two prints in outlines and dimensions are ascertained.

But when one has gone thus far the work is but half finished. It is necessary to locate precisely the resemblances in the prints, distinguishing characteristics, peculiarities, and so on. In order to do this with accuracy Causse suggests ruling the prints with an equal number of parallel lines and comparing the field of these lines, as is shown in Figure 8. By this means the investigator is able to see whether any peculiarity, like a callus, scar, or the like, is precisely in the same relative position on the two prints.

But by far the best method is a comparison of transparent photographs. By superimposing one above the other, anybody—judges, juries, examining magistrates, and so on—is able to see with what degree of exactness the two prints coincide.

It must also be remembered that the papillary lines of the *planta*, or the sole of the foot, and the balls of the toes, are as individual and permanent as those of the thumb and fingers, and may be used with an equal degree of certainty in establishing the identity of an individual. But it must be remembered that these lines differ in their whorls and structure from the papillary lines of the hands and fingers.

A knowledge of this fact was of conspicuous value in a noted case.

The Countess Z was assassinated in her villa on the Riviera, and her chambers looted. The servants, including her maid, had gone by permission to attend a carnival at Mentone. The police found three distinguishing clews in the villa and nothing more. First, the door of the countess' chamber was fastened by a rod laid transversely across the door on the side opposite to the direction in which the door opened, and lashed firmly to the knob. The second clew included three imprints of a bare foot in blood. And the third was a little drawing of a human face, wearing a peaked hat, above five lines branching out below it. See Figure 9.

Some Misleading Clews

The prefect of police sent for an expert. It seemed evident to him that the crime was the work of some of the Italian criminal orders, and that the mark on the wall was the graphic sign of the individual.

The expert came and went carefully over these three distinguishing clews in the villa.

Finally he declared that not one of the clews was indicatory of the assassin, and that all of them had been deliberately made for the purpose of misleading the police.

The expert pointed out that the drawing on the wall was, as the prefect of police concluded, a sign of the Italian Camorrists. But, instead of this figure's being a sign of an individual criminal, it was, in fact, the conventional sign used to indicate the prefect of police. It had been placed there by the criminal, he thought, either in ignorance of its precise meaning or in derision.

It was certain that the crime had been committed by some skillful criminal, for each of the three distinguishing clews had been manufactured for the purpose of misleading the police.

The manner in which the door was tied up indicated that the crime had been committed by a Transylvanian gypsy; the figure on the wall indicated a Neapolitan Camorrist; while the broad flat footprints indicated an Algerian of marked Negroid structure. But, he added, in going to the trouble of making these false evidences of the assassin the criminal had left excellent finger prints, by which his identity could be established.

The prefect of police asked him where the finger prints were.

He pointed out that the prints on the floor were not footprints, but had been made with the hand—the palm being used for the heel and the *planta* of the foot, and the fingers for the toes. This gave a broad, flat print, Negroid in aspect and apt to mislead the casual observer. See Figure 10. But they could not mislead anybody who understood the difference between the structure of the whorls and the papillary network of the hand and fingers as distinguished from those of the foot and toes.

However, here were excellent finger prints. These were taken off in the usual manner and sent out to be compared with the finger prints in the police archives of neighboring cities. It was presently established that the assassin was a well-known leader of one of the gangs of Marseilles Nervi.

A predominating percentage of our criminal class is from Southeastern Europe. It is therefore evident that, to deal with it intelligently, we must find out the methods used by the leading European criminologists.

The most distinguishing clew to these foreign criminals is the footprint. It is an old and persistent trick of Southeastern Europe to go barefoot behind a man to kill him. This habit of the foreign criminal is apt to leave the police with a distinguishing clew in almost every crime committed with violence or entry.

Author's Note—See Niceforo: citations from Florence, Frecon, Causse, Coutagne, and others; La Police et l'Enquête Judiciaire Scientifique, for data and figures.

The Genuine — packed this way for your protection

This is the master package. In it are packed 12 rings—each ring in its own sealed container (see point 1).

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1 It is your protection against substitution when you buy LEAK-PROOF Piston Rings. The genuine—the McQuay-Norris manufacture—are packed, individually, in these plainly labeled, sealed parchment containers.

2 It protects the garage and repair man from having palmed off on him inefficient, imitation rings which are substituted when LEAK-PROOF is asked for, with the purpose of deceiving him into thinking he is getting the genuine—substitute rings which, should he sell them to you, would hurt his reputation for fair dealing and mechanical knowledge and skill.

3 The package protects the rings themselves from rust and the effects of rough handling while in stock. Delivers them to you just as they left the factory—perfect in fit and finish, accurate to 1/1000 of an inch. This micro-metric care in manufacture is the McQuay-Norris method of ensuring 100% efficiency: its preservation is your protection.

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Take Full Advantage of this Protection

As an assurance of getting the genuine, have your garage or repair man send you the empty containers—one container for each ring—with his bill.

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"To Have and to Hold Power"—the standard handbook on gas engine compression. Simple, sensible, informative—of great value to anyone who owns or operates any motor or engine. Write Dept. E.

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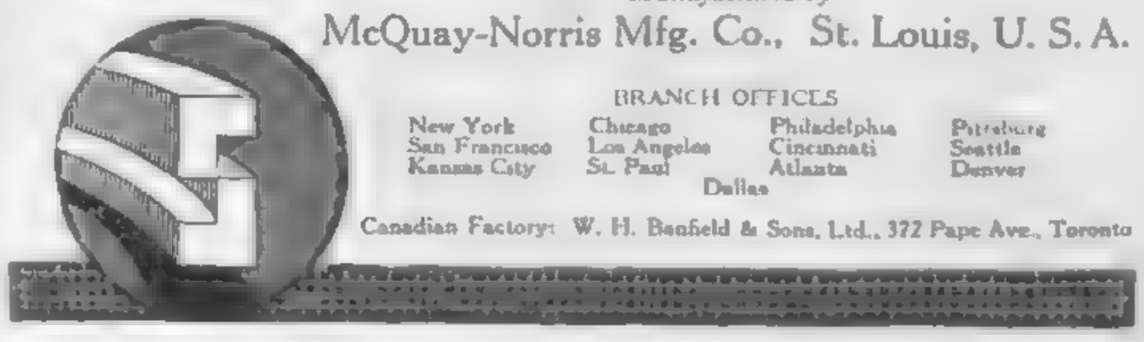
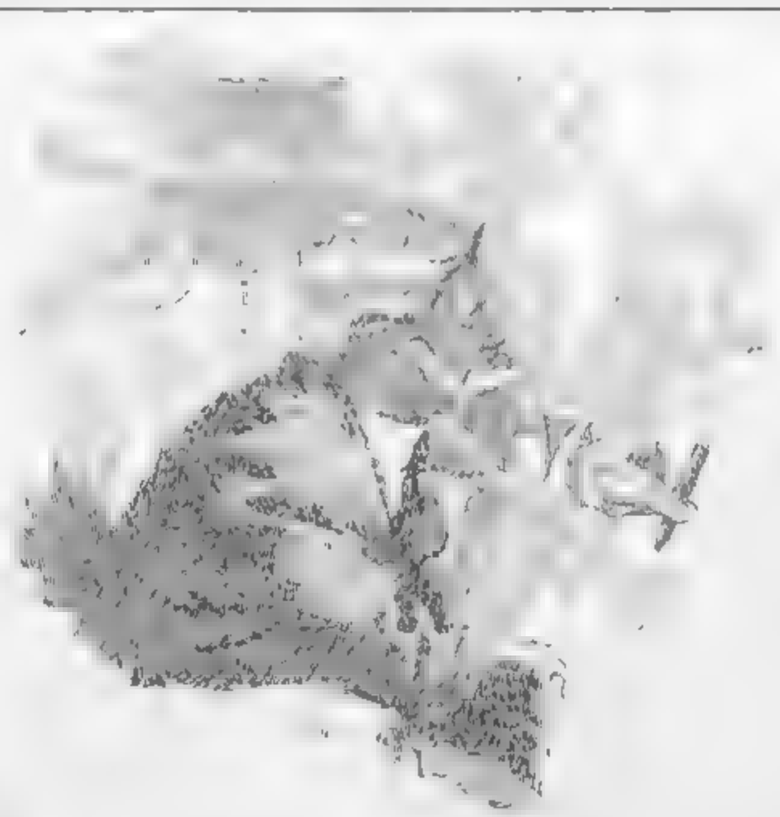
This angle-to-angle interlocking construction is the distinctive feature of the genuine McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Ring.





The still small voice that warns the smoker.

Sometimes, in every smoker's life, a small voice warns: "Don't smoke-fuddle yourself, my friend,—you need your working edge. Stick to the mild cigars!"

Yet I doubted mild cigars for a taste like mine—keyed up to heavier tobacco.

This was before I smoked ROBERT BURNS.

Now, when I sit and blow the smoke wreaths out, I have to smile. For I feel not alone the keen joys of a really gratifying smoke—*I feel better, too.*

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The blend and the curing tell the story. Its Havana filler gives its fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

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And moving forward with the times, it is today a better cigar than ever!

Have you tried one lately?

ROBT BURNS
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)

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Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢

STRATTON & STORM BRANCH,
119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE BIG-GAME HUNT ON KENAI

(Continued from Page 10)

would soon expire trying to reach that stove, and I said I thought bending was such fine exercise, but he had only meant comparatively speaking; so I stirred up some corn-beef mulligan, saying:

"Fresh meat to-morrow—eh, Uncle Dan? We always use the tongue the first day; it is fine boiled."

"Yes; Kel said he wants to git up by four, kid; so, bein' as I'm tired an'll sleep heavy, you got to wake the bunch," said Ike. "Or are you too spent, Kelly?"

"No. Not at all; not at all," said Uncle shortly.

I washed the dishes in a cup, as the three buckets were full of water and cooking, and asked Uncle to tell about my Maine cousins; but he kept yawning, and Ike said there was one guy ready for the feathers. Mr. Devlin put his gun and knife in his bed; so I put the mush to soak and turned in.

There was a moon for a while, glowing through the tent, while rabbits thumped about outside; and I snugged in my robe, hoping Joe Torrance—we are almost engaged—would stay away from the dance Seward was giving to the men of the government railroad's commission. I was on the reception and floor committee, and had an angelic pale yellow dress all ready; but a girl has her duty, and mine was to give Uncle a happy time. I felt very kind toward him; so I would wake and look at my watch that was in my pants, which I used for a pillow; and at three it had begun to rain some, and was dark. Moose stay in timber if it rains hard, but at nearly four it was just misting; so I said into their tent:

"Get up! Four o'clock! Ike! Come on, Unk! Four o'clock!"

Ike mumbled; but Uncle said plainly he did not care what it was, and to get away! So I took the water bucket and hit it hard with a big spoon, and hollered again; and finally I went in and threw water at Uncle, as I do with Pa when he plays being a perfect dope, to make me mad. Uncle Dan cussed to Mr. Devlin, who was moaning; and I said:

"You come on, Unk! Me stay awake half a night to rout you out! Get up!"

So he did, stumbling after Ike, who was laughing, to the creek. I made two sacks of lunch and Ike hurried in to fry hot cakes. Uncle and Mr. Devlin were consulting secretly under the tree where Ike had put a couple of inches of mirror, in case somebody wished to shave. They walked quite stiffly, and I asked Uncle if his back hurt, but he said no, it did not, he was all right; so I knew we could make a nice long day.

I headed him up the hill back of camp. Ike was guiding Mr. Devlin. Uncle puffed loudly, and when I told him to quit he would keep in; but it just made more noise when he let go again. The brush was wet; and after about four miles, when we were in the next valley, he said a curse on him who had made those trousers; now they were soaked and weighed a ton. Climbing up a steep hill, I showed him a moose lick down on the flat, all muddy and cut up with tracks. In one direction the flat stretched off toward Cook Inlet, the browning tundra spotted with ponds. The other way there were mountains, white with new snow on top, dark and bare on the lower slopes.

"The sheep are in those high peaks, Unk," I whispered. "Scrooch down—quick! See him—that big bull just walking from the alders? No, not there—look where I point. Want him?"

"He's a pippin! I'll have him mounted giving the call!" he hissed, and we crept down toward the lick; and suddenly Uncle fired and missed.

Then he fired again, and some more, and fumbled wildly in a pocket for shells, but had put his tobacco can in that one.

"Lovely dove! Pa would have downed him the first crack—near as he was," I said.

"Your father is certainly a wonder," he said coldly; and I said:

"Pa is the best man alive, Mr. Kelly!"

After we had both felt mean for a little, he said well, well, no gun was infallible, and the trouble was that the rear sight on the Bass was dim and hard to see at two hundred yards. I could see it—I tried at once, and said to take my thirty rimless if he wished; and he did, and went on, saying the pans on that moose were not regular, anyway, and we would nail one with a wider spread of horn.

Soon we heard another bull beating his horns against a tree; so I knew he had to be in a clump of spruces, and motioned Unk to go after him alone. Will you believe he missed that one? And he took seven shots—enough to scare all the game for ten miles! So then he said the stock on my gun was too short for him, and I said, pity's sake! take the Bass, or else run the next down!

"Pa would have him skinned by now," I said. "Try not shutting one eye."

"Elizabeth, I am high man in our Bangor gun club," he said. "But after yesterday's strain, likely I am not steady enough."

"Why, Ike said he gave you only eighty the second trip, and you said you'd carried a hundred and fifty in the lumber woods!" I said; and he merely snorted.

It was two o'clock when we returned to the lick, and there were Ike and Mr. Devlin, crouched back of a bush; and Ike said get down by them, there was a moose apiece coming into range.

"Noble animals!" said Mr. Devlin with emotion, but Ike said shut up; so he did.

Uncle's eyes were gleaming, and he was all shaky with excitement, and Mr. Devlin squinted through his sights, saying he would give his to the museum.

"Listen now; take your time. It was hurryin' made you miss all them others," counseled Ike; and he looked at me, shaking his head sadly and moving to the rear.

I got back of him, because I had an idea, and I was carrying it out as Uncle and Mr. Devlin fired.

"Got him, pal!" said Ike, grinning; and Uncle Dan jumped up and down, yelling to me how was that for a fancy shot, for his moose had gone to its knees and then sogged into the mud of the lick.

We had to tell them to beware of getting a final kick, and Mr. Devlin shook hands all round, and Uncle Dan laughed and told again about the shots he had made at home, and how he had aimed for the heart. I saw Ike looking at Uncle's moose and shaking his head sort of privately. It was not often you could get two fine heads traveling together, but Uncle's measured sixty-five spread and Mr. Devlin's was a smidge over sixty-two.

"Glorious! Glorious!" said Mr. Devlin; and as the rain had been stopped a long time and the sun was bright I took their pictures by the two moose, and Ike cut out the tongues and sharpened his knife to cut the thick hide below the shoulders.

The moose lay only a hundred feet apart; so we could all holler at each other. The flies had been pretty bad, but now with us not moving they bit like sixty, and we were all grease from fly salve and gore from moose, and standing to our knees in a water hole. I skinned at the cape while Uncle turned him, and lifting that great head was all he could handle; so he got down to his undershirt again, and the white-stocking flies would burrow under it.

"Yes; I have saw a feller's entire arm swole from them bites," Ike was telling Mr. Devlin, who had to sit right in a water hole to work on their moose. "Bites got to-day you'd feel for a couple weeks."

"By George, let's leave these till to-morrow! We have done enough!" called Uncle, but I explained you can't do that, the hide would be spoiled unless it is winter, and the brownies would come for the meat in the night and tear the heads.

Uncle unbent himself and stretched then, and wearily did some more turning; and to even him I described the big bears, and promised surely, if we didn't get him one round there, we would run into some up in the sheep ranges, and then we would have sport.

"I'm not so peppy-eyes about their charging man, I think," he said. "They would be the scared ones."

"No, sir; they will so attack people!" I said. "Didn't one catch Pa with just one shell left, and Mac saved him only by a gamble shot from a hill? That is the hide you saw in our sitting room when you came to supper. Pa wants you to get one."

"No, no; them ain't the tenderloins," Ike was saying; and Mr. Devlin said:

"Darn him! Are these it, then? I have cut until my wrist aches!"

"Elizabeth, even your talented parent could not alone turn over a whole moose," said Uncle Dan after he heaved and pushed, and could not budge it.

I had to begin on the other side of the head, and Ike brought the ax and chopped

(Continued on Page 77)

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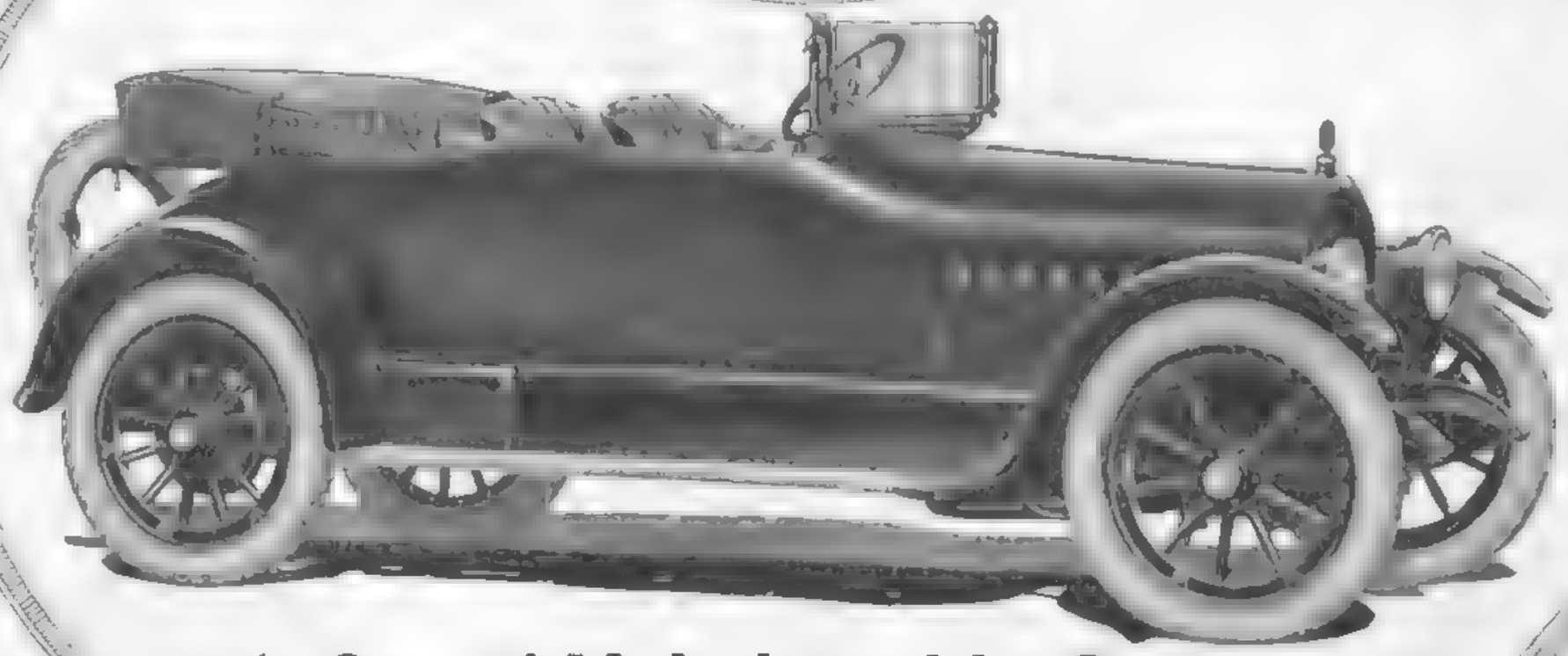
Peerless

"All that the name implies"



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10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors
With New Ash Tray Top

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

(Continued from Page 74)

off a hind quarter to make it lighter; but he went right back, winking at me, and Uncle was all in when he got the job done. Mr. Devlin was doing their skinning, and he had a million cuts in the cape; but he had studied how to do it in Trapper and Trader's Friend, and insisted on his way. It takes a long time to get a nose properly skinned, and Uncle was eager to do that; so I let him, and sat up on a nub of moss, with my feet in the mud, and told him how—and thought about Joe, and whether Pa and Mac were lonesome for me. It was nearly dark when Ike said:

"Kel an' me and Dev got our packboards; so we kin git a hind quarter an' both capes an' one set o' horns to camp tonight, Betsy bringin' someone's gun, an' the tenderloins in the lunch sack. Now them capes'll weigh forty each, an' horns seventy-five; but in the dark they're hard packin'. Let Kel pack the meat."

"At least, will you take this rifle?" said Uncle, while he put on his glary look and got the hind quarter hoisted on himself; but I wouldn't, because a gun would overbalance Ike, who was carrying horns.

"I have a dog-gone sight meaner pack right here," said Uncle, trying to untrack his feet and get on the gravel of the hill. "What are those horns? He has a cinch!"

We would struggle up a rise and down into a swamp, me ahead finding a trail for them in the gloom, and Ike crashing along in the rear. Then Mr. Devlin abruptly shouted that he couldn't get the two capes any farther for anyone; but, just the same, he did, after I took his gun, which made three I had; so, for fun, I said then:

"Look out! Brown bear!"

"Run, boys, for your lives!" yelled Mr. Devlin, and he tripped and lit on his head. "They are twelve feet long!"

Before he could get up I grabbed his foot and growled deeply, but Ike killed it by saying come on, and not let that kid make a sucker of him; so Mr. Devlin rose, panting, and I heard him tell Uncle it was lucky for me I did not belong to him; and Uncle said yes, you bet, but it seemed up here they ran wild. Just for that, at camp, I said I supposed Uncle would wish to make supper, as he had suggested each should cook in turn, and mine was yesterday.

"Very well," he replied in a lifeless tone, and he dumped the meat and leaned his back on it, heaving.

I washed and stayed outside, reflecting, while he was blowing into the stove and claiming it would not draw, which is untrue. I was cutting some gun rags and wondering where I had put the powder solvent, and whether to order one of those blue serge gowns with the colored wool embroidery; but anything that's such a rage goes out so fast, and every ad. in Outside papers has them—there is my rose taffeta, with the side puffs—good as new; yet puffs are plumb dead in the East!

"I mix a can of corn in with the flour and so need only one dish," Uncle was saying above a loud frying.

There was a reek of burnt lard when he called to hurry, as they were only good eaten hot. It was a Trapper and Trader's Friend recipe; a big burnt doughy-hearted cake each, and some fierce coffee. I took only an edge to seem courteous, as I slept in the cooktent, where the grub was; the rest ate two apiece, though I kept motioning Ike, but it was too smoky with the frying to see.

"Well, leave us flash them capes an' git it over," said Ike, building a log fire in a hollow to make light. "Git every shred of meat off, fellers. After that we do the saltin'."

It was cold now and the capes were icy to work on, and Mr. Devlin's had meat all over it. I was not going to be a slave, so I told Uncle to get busy with his knife; and he would hold his back and sort of hiss, and scrape languidly, knocking the climate because it did not stay one way; and he was in his undershirt and damp pants and had left his big coat back at the lick, and his shirt too. It seemed he had not brought his extra flannel shirts, and said I told him not to.

"I never!" I said indignantly. "Just towels and handkerchiefs and truck."

"I guess you have much of the Hjorts in you, Betsy," he said later. "The Kellys don't fly up at every word."

"Are you cracking at the Russian part of me, Uncle Dan?" I demanded. "Because, though I want you to have a lovely happy hunt, if Grandma Hjort or Aunt Anna Gagoff heard it, they would chase you clear to Maine!"

"That is going far enough, Elizabeth," he said angrily. "Use a little respect!"

"Respect nothing! You began it," I said; but Ike coughed, so I gulped, and then said excuse me, but I wanted him to enjoy the hunt, and was he?

Next morning Mr. Devlin had a severe cramp and demanded the medicine chest; and Uncle Dan flushed, remarking now how did that get left back at the lake? But after beautiful brown hot cakes, ham, and coffee that Ike made, Mr. Devlin got well, though he kept saying you surely did miss chairs.

This day Uncle was just to fetch his horns, and the rest cut wood and bake, and monkey round camp; so, looking wistful, Uncle started, but got lost and had to come back to start over. And Ike said fire his gun if he missed it again; but couldn't he see the big trees? I made a chocolate pudding in a last year's lard bucket I picked up, and picked enough low-bush cranberries—they grow on vines and are little and good—for a cranberry duff for supper.

Next we heard a shot; so Ike shot, but after a long wait and more exchange of shots we all climbed the hill, and Uncle was sitting there, with a packstrap busted, and trying to get the wide horns between trees he was worn out, but said just take his gun and he would make it.

We fixed him better, and were right at camp when Ike said there was only eight miles to the lake with the horns; and Uncle had forgotten that part, I think, for he stopped suddenly and looked wildly up at the sky.

"I wanted to bring packers," I said, but he was silent until in camp he saw Mr. Devlin crawling round a moose cape, salting it wearily; then he asked was Devlin insane—it was already salted!

"The first was to git out the moisture," said Ike. "You got to shake yours out an' give it another go to-day, Kel; then, when we git 'em to the lake, one more saltin'll put 'em so they kin ride to Maine an' last ten years without tannin'."

After lunch and my pudding Uncle sighed and got his cape; and he had it nearly done when I said I bet Aunt Nora would be tickled with that head, and satisfied at it costing a hundred and fifty dollars to take out—Pa says she sure hates to give up!

"What do you mean?" he asked, holding a handful of salt poised, and shooing the little flies.

"Can't no moose heads be took from the Territory without payin' a license of a hundred and fifty dollars each," said Ike—"an' then only by the guy who shot it for his own use or a museum. That's the law."

"I already got a license, stopping off at Juneau."

But that was only to hunt on, and Mr. Devlin spiritedly called us a predacious Territory—why, Alaskans pay, too, if a head goes Outside!

"A man pack those horns and do that skinning!" said Uncle. "Robbers! Highwaymen!"

"The darn capes weigh even more now with the salt," said Mr. Devlin. "It is something to pack eternally, it seems, Dan'l."

To be agreeable I showed him the cranberries, all cooked; and in the top of a flour sack I thinned out a sweet dough to hold them, explaining that would help, as it was his turn to cook supper. But he began about his cramp and having brought prepared rations, and packed them, too—he wasn't responsible for gasoline getting into them. Uncle said he had been the mark last night; and he and Mr. Devlin got very snippy toward each other, and Uncle walked off on the flat alone. Mr. Devlin burnt the rice and swore because the heat fevered his fly bites; and Ike cut moose steaks and was silent. I washed my other socks and whistled.

"I figger you been overdoin' your strength, Kel," Ike said later. "I kin pack them horns to the lake to-morrow, and Betsy a cape; an' say next day we move toward the sheep range."

"Why, I won't do it!" I exclaimed. "We are both smaller than he is, and Unk would be 'shamed to lazy round camp and us working—wouldn't you?"

"Oh, assuredly—I am all right, Ike," Uncle said then, and straightened more; though Mr. Devlin just sat humped over and scratching his bites.

So Ike asked was he sure and would we move? And Mr. Devlin moodily scraped

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the rice bucket, because it had to hold breakfast mush, and said again:

"Oh, for a chair!"

It was pretty cold in the night, and when I got out of my robe a bit before daylight I could see more snow on the one peak in sight; and by the time we had the packs on us it was coming down thickly where we were, and Ike had to tell Mr. Devlin twice that sometimes it will be the middle of October before there is any lower than the peaks—only this year it was early.

When we had gone a mile up the valley a hard wind hit us, and wet up Mr. Devlin's glasses, driving snow in his face, and he kept stopping, crying that he felt the cramp some more; but when we all went on he followed.

"Now you savvy about the stove. There will be a couple of feet where we camp if she keeps on," Ike hollered. "Shoot that owl asleep on the top of the dead tree, kid."

I offered to let Uncle do it—owls eat the baby grouse and ptarmigan; but what did he care what they ate? Pa and Mac would bet on who could hit it in the eye with my .22 pistol! I think he is as mean as sin round home! Once he looked back as if about to ask something, but acted melancholy, and went on until he got bogged in some mucky going—the snow hid sinky places in the tundra; and I was getting my pack even again after an abrupt sit-down when he said:

"Elizabeth, I have been thinking that, on your account, this is wrong—are we not by this journey keeping you from the school you should be in?"

"School? Golly! I am all done with that, Unk," I laughed. "So just enjoy the outing and forget that old office down in Bangor; there is only four days of our month gone, so far."

"Month!"

We had to hold to alders to get into a little pass, and Ike had put a hand to Mr. Devlin's back to keep headway on him. I hollered that we must count three days for towing the boat up the river, and another for the lake if it was blowing; and we were on top of the hill, holding to bushes and resting a minute, when he said towing a boat against rapids would be very jolly if you did not freeze stiff.

"Look! Look! Bull an' two cows! See 'em?" said Ike, but Mr. Devlin hardly glanced where they were, as he was peeved over water in his boots; and he said:

"Very nice! Very nice! Darn the wind; there goes my hat!"

"Well, squ'ish it on tighter; mine sticks on," said Uncle; and Mr. Devlin said if he wished advice he would let people know.

He had the stove, and he argued with Ike, saying anyway we could leave that in the sheep camp, but Ike showed him we couldn't, needing it going up the river, with people wet from slipping and falling in; and Uncle said:

"She is surely a sweet country! Lucky I don't listen to every nut telling me to throw away serviceable warm trousers for thin drills!"

"But it may be hot to-morrow," I said, and he made a savage sound.

We could look down from the pass at the Kelly River, flowing between spruce woods. Beyond was a great tundra flat, rolling toward the mountains, which were hidden by the snow, and there was six or seven miles of mushing from the Kelly to a sheltered cañon, though we would not really be anywhere then. For sheep we had to make a higher camp, and then climb as high as they did.

"Yes; an' we want corks in our boots—in shoepacs a guy'd break his neck edgin' round them rocks," said Ike.

"Betsy got a swell ram last year. Sheep's the best eatin' in the hills, boys."

"It is only five dollars to get a sheep head out," I said; but Uncle would not feel cheerful, and he said:

"As I view it, what we eat is no less weight, for heads will more than make it up, and we lug back even more than is brought! That is correct, is it not?"

But Mr. Devlin was clamoring for Ike to look at his arm, asking was the man who suffered so swollen worse than that from bites? He insisted that circulation being retarded from packstraps made him throb, and his cramp had returned.

"We best camp," said Uncle. "He is a sick man."

"He is just plain dogging it," I said hotly. "I saw him rub hard to make them bulge! Anyhow, it is all tundra here; do you care to sleep in a water hole?"

At the river Ike and I found our boat, that Pa and Andy Simonds built out of canvas over a frame. Only two can go in it; so we were some time crossing, with Mr. Devlin looking greeny when it tipped—I was rowing him—and holding to the gunwale, as if that would aid, when we swirled a trifle in midstream.

Jumping ashore, I saw Ike talking to a man, and it was Windy Wagner, coming from his cabin on Kasilov Lake, and of course he was tickled to get a ride across; so Ike took him, because we must have the boat on our side, and Uncle and Mr. Devlin, who had only grunted a little to Windy's kind greeting, whispered under a tree.

"She's blowin' fierce on the flat. I seen a brownie an' a couple cubs two hours back!" Windy hollered above the water's noise.

Ike was asking where. Windy said:

"Runnin', last I seen; but I guess I beat her out. It was me takin' a shot at one cub; then them two others loomed up an' I tore along the trail."

Mr. Devlin suddenly rose and stared affrightedly into the timber ahead.

When Ike had joined us he said it was sensible to throw a shell into the chamber, as brownies never give a person much time; and Uncle began to look like he did coming down the rapids, and kept his gun ready. Ike yelled to me that Windy was going to Seldovia.

"That's on Cook Inlet," said Uncle. "Gosh! Now my neuralgia is starting!"

"He goes to Kenai Town and takes a launch over," I said.

After a second he asked did Windy know the way, and I said well, he ought to by now, going twice a year.

"He could go down the Tustumena from his place; but he has to pick up Red Stanniford, and they ——"

"Well, sir, I've dropped my gold match box; and our Congressman gave it to me! Oh, Dev—hey! Come help me look for my match box! Go on, my love, you and Ike; we shall not be long."

Mr. Devlin slumped sullenly after him, saying the cramp was terrible; and Ike said:

"Guess they mean to sneak a shot in the arm, kid. I know Kel has a bottle cached on him; but he ain't said join us to me yet."

I decided if I found it I would bust it, because I am for Prohibition, and there shall be no hooch appearing on trips with me! After quite a while I stopped, declaring I would just go meet him and tell him so; so, snickering, Ike followed, until, near the water, he clutched me and cried:

"What's become of the skiff?"

"My land!" I said, staring. "It's gone! We pulled it up; can they have—Uncle Dan! Too-oo-hoo! Uncle!"

Nobody answered.

"Mighty mysterious doin's!" said Ike. "Lookit! She was shoved into the water here—kin they been swep' down? Kel is awful ignorant in a boat."

"Ike," I said, "I see the boat on the other side, drawn up by that drift tree. Now, Ike dear, you are a snide swimmer and I am a good one—oblige me by going into the brush and not looking until I get back and holler."

Golly! That old Kelly was cold! But I was hot enough inside to make me speedy, and I took a swift glance and rowed back, hustled into my clothes and told Ike to come on. I was too mad to talk, and we put up the boat and left our packs, Ike looking very serious until we reached two packs tossed to one side of the trail.

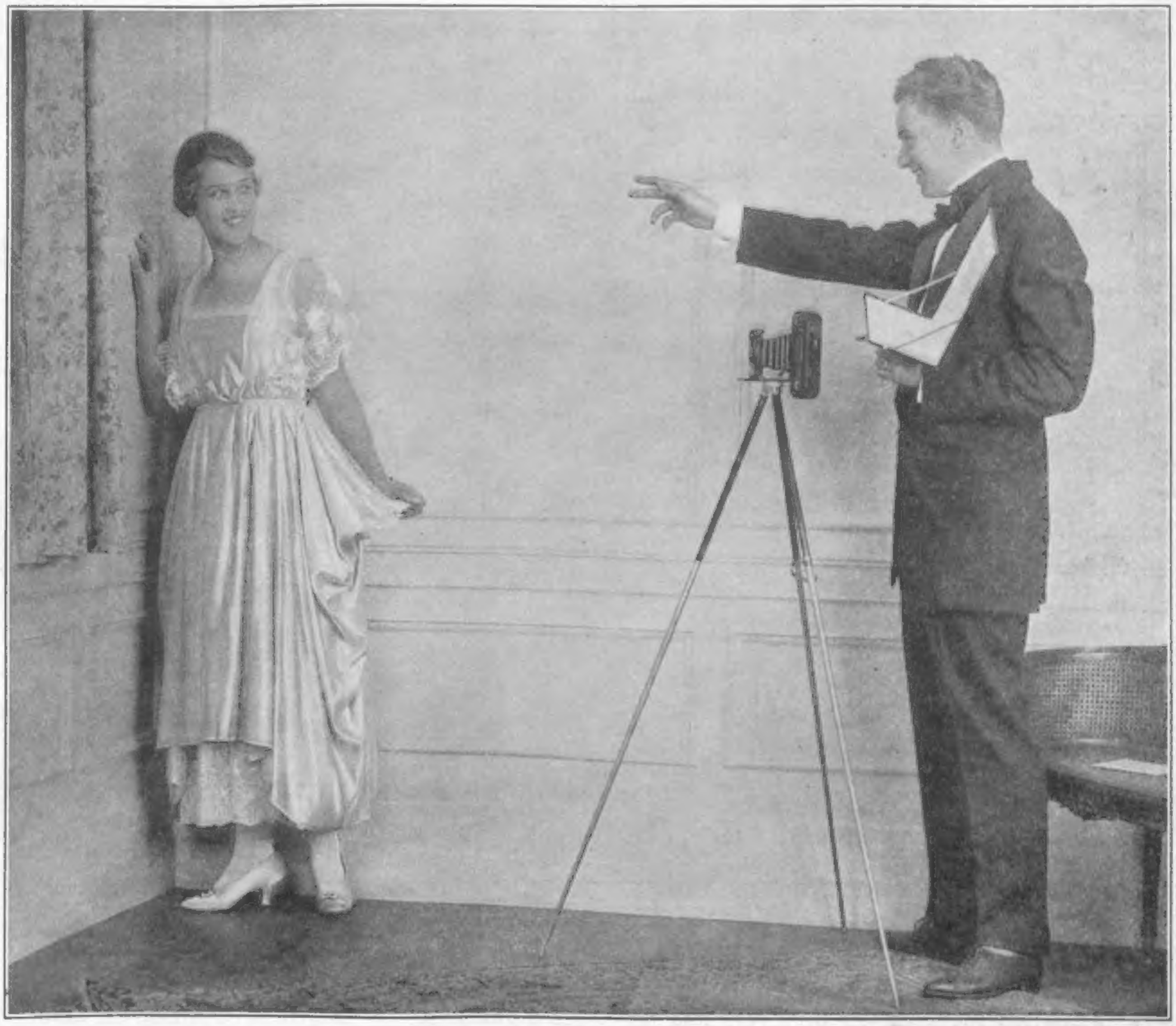
Then he grinned, for the foot tracks got farther apart from there, and they had taken water holes in jumps instead of going round. I laughed bitterly at a print in the snow of Mr. Devlin, falling flat as usual; and when Ike picked up and offered to me the last of his green hat feather I spurned the unmanly thing! Half a mile more and they had caught Windy Wagner, and their tracks showed a slowing.

"So they're goin' out by Kenai Village," said Ike, halting. "Betsy, up to now I been a gentleman an' not tattled from the huntin' field—I shot Devlin's moose; he couldn't hit it if you tied it!"

"And I shot Uncle Dan's," I said. "And now—now ——"

"Leave them two sissies go; they gimme a pain from the jump!" Ike said; and we sat down in the snowstorm and rested, Ike stroking my shoulder, because he knew how I felt.

It was pretty tough to think that the whole of Alaska would soon know that my own Pa's brother was just a fireside series!



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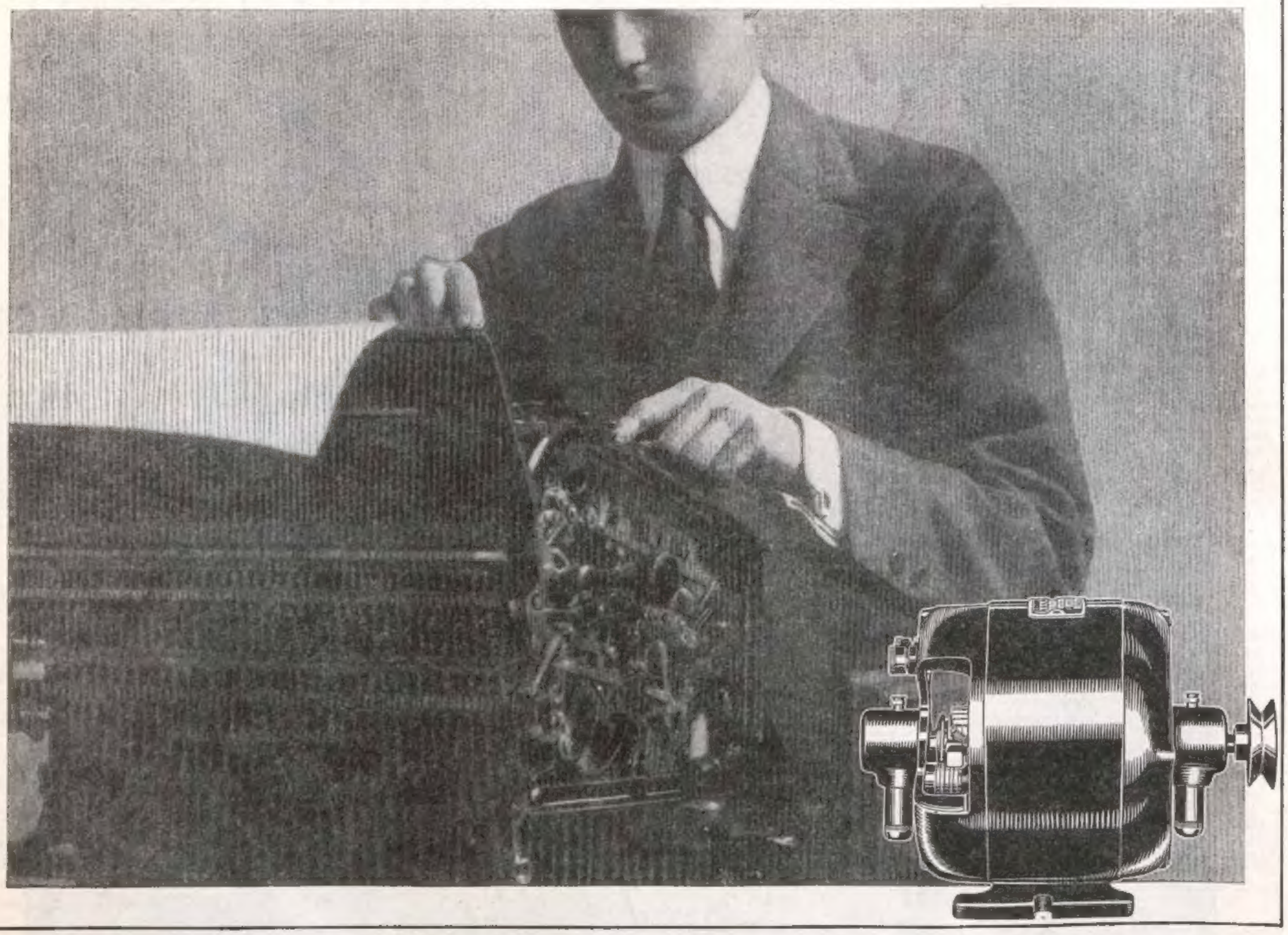

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